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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A.M., Ph.D., L.H.D., EDITOR IN CHIEF

FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

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OVER FIFTY HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

Volume VII

NEW YORK
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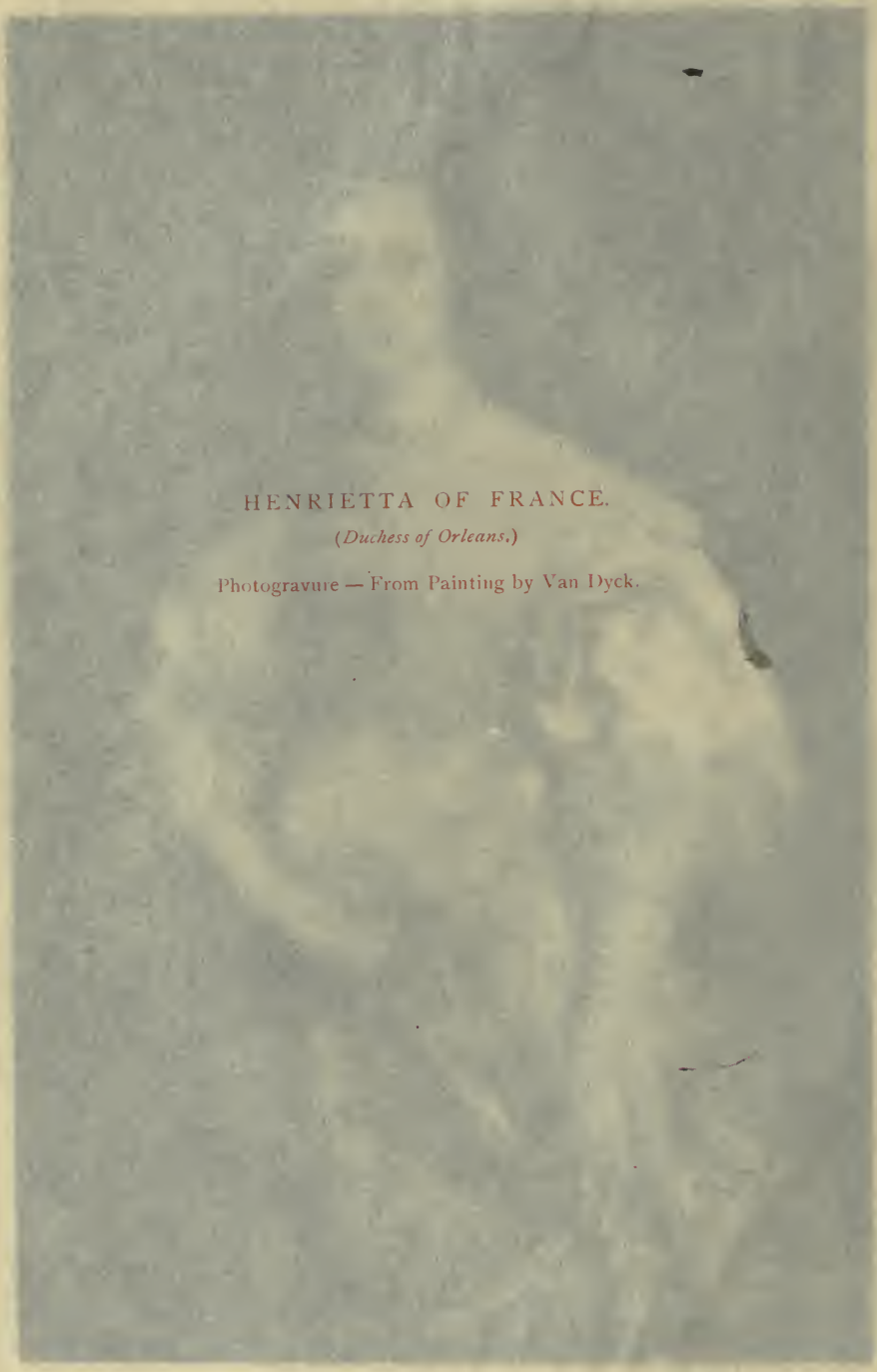

HENRIETTA OF FRANCE.

(*Duchess of Orleans.*)

Photogravure — From Painting by Van Dyck.

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VOLUME III

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CUTHBERT BEDE.

Bede, Cuthbert, pseudonym of Edward Bradley, an English author; born in Kidderminster in 1827; died in Lenton, December 12, 1889. He graduated at Durham University, and was rector of Denton, Stretton, and finally Lenton from 1883 until his death. He contributed to "Punch" and other London periodicals, and published the "Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman" (London, 1855), a humorous picture of college life. His other works include: "Mr. Verdant Green Married and Done For" (1856); "The White Wife," a collection of Scottish legends (1864); "Little Mr. Bouncer and his Friend Verdant Green" (1873–74); and many books of travels.

From "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green."

Mr. Verdant Green Matriculates, and Makes a Sensation.

Mr. Green could not, of course, leave Oxford until he had seen his beloved son in that elegant cap and preposterous gown which constitute the present academical dress of the Oxford undergraduate; and to assume which, with a legal right to the same, matriculation is first necessary. As that amusing and instructive book, the University Statutes, says in its own delightful and unrivalled canine Latin, "*Statutum est, quod nemo pro Studente, seu Scholari, habeatur, nec ullis Universitatis privilegiis, aut beneficiis*" (the cap and gown, of course, being among these), "*gaudeat, nisi qui in aliquod Collegium vel Aulam admissus fuerit, et intra quindenam post talem admissionem in matriculam Universitatis fuerit relatus.*" So our hero put on the required white tie, and then went forth to complete his proper costume.

There were so many persons purporting to be "Academical robe-makers" that Mr. Green was some little time in deciding who should be the tradesman favored with the order for his son's adornment. At last he fixed upon a shop, the window of which contained a more imposing display than its neighbors of gowns, hoods, surplices, and robes of all shapes and colors, from the

black velvet-sleeved proctor's to the blushing gorgeousness of the scarlet robe and crimson silk sleeves of the D. C. L.

"I wish you," said Mr. Green, advancing towards a smirking individual, who was in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, but in all other respects was attired with great mangnificence, — "I wish you to measure this gentleman for his academical robes, and also to allow him the use of some to be matriculated in."

"Certainly, sir," said the robe-maker, who stood bowing and smirking before them, — as Hood expressively says, —

> "Washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water,"—

"certainly, sir, if you wish it; but it will scarcely be necessary, sir, as our custom is so extensive that we keep a large ready-made stock constantly on hand."

"Oh, that will do just as well," said Mr. Green; "better indeed. Let us see some."

"What description of robe would be required?" said the smirking gentleman, again making use of the invisible soap, — "a scholar's?"

"A scholar's!" repeated Mr. Green, very much wondering at the question, and imagining that all students must of necessity be also scholars; "yes, a scholar's, of course."

A scholar's gown was accordingly produced; and its deep, wide sleeves, and ample length and breadth, were soon displayed to some advantage on Mr. Verdant Green's tall figure. Reflected in a large mirror, its charms were seen in their full perfection; and when the delighted Mr. Green exclaimed, "Why, Verdant, I never saw you look so well as you do now!" our hero was inclined to think that his father's words were the words of truth, and that a scholar's gown was indeed becoming. The *tout ensemble* was complete when the cap had been added to the gown; more especially as Verdant put it on in such a manner that the polite robe-maker was obliged to say, "The hother way, if you please, sir, — immaterial perhaps, but generally preferred. In fact, the shallow part is *always* the forehead, — at least in Oxford, sir."

While Mr. Green was paying for the cap and gown (N. B. the money of governors is never refused) the robe-maker smirked, and said, "Hexcuse the question; but may I hask, sir, if this is the gentleman that has just gained the Scotland Scholarship?"

"No," replied Mr. Green. "My son has just gained his matriculation, and, I believe, very creditably; but nothing more, as we only came here yesterday."

"Then I think, sir," said the robe-maker, with redoubled smirks, — "I think, sir, there is a leetle mistake here. The gentleman will be hinfringing the University statues, if he wears a scholar's gown and has n't got a scholarship; and these robes 'll be of no use to the gentleman, yet awhile at least. It will be an undergraduate's gown that he requires, sir."

It was fortunate for our hero that the mistake was discovered so soon, and could be rectified without any of those unpleasant consequences of iconoclasm to which the robe-maker's infringement of the "statues" seemed to point; but as that gentleman put the scholar's gown on one side, and brought out a commoner's, he might have been heard to mutter, "I don't know which is the freshest, the freshman or his guv'nor."

When Mr. Verdant Green once more looked in the glass, and saw hanging straight from his shoulders a yard of bluish-black stuff, garnished with a little lappet, and two streamers whose upper parts were gathered into double plaits, he regretted that he was not indeed a scholar, if it were only for the privilege of wearing so elegant a gown. However, his father smiled approvingly, the robe-maker smirked judiciously; so he came to the gratifying conclusion that the commoner's gown was by no means ugly, and would be thought a great deal of at the Manor Green when he took it home at the end of the term.

Leaving his hat with the robe-maker, who, with many more smirks and imaginary washings of the hands, hoped to be favored with the gentleman's patronage on future occasions, and begged further to trouble him with a card of his establishment, — our hero proceeded with his father along the High Street, and turned round by St. Mary's, and so up Cat Street to the Schools, where they made their way to the classic "Pig-market," to await the arrival of the Vice-Chancellor.

When he came, our freshman and two other white-tied fellow-freshmen were summoned to the great man's presence; and there, in the antechamber of the Convocation House,[1] the edifying and imposing spectacle of Matriculation was enacted. In the first place, Mr. Verdant Green took divers oaths, and sincerely promised and swore that he would be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria. He also pro-

[1] "In apodyterio domui congregationis."

fessed (very much to his own astonishment) that he did "from his heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever." And, having almost lost his breath at this novel "position," Mr. Verdant Green could only gasp his declaration, "that no foreign prince, person, prelate, State, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." When he had sufficiently recovered his presence of mind, Mr. Verdant Green inserted his name in the University books as "Generosi filius natu maximus;" and then signed his name to the Thirty-nine Articles, — though he did not endanger his matriculation, as Theodore Hook did, by professing his readiness to sign forty if they wished it! Then the Vice-Chancellor concluded the performance by presenting to the three freshmen (in the most liberal manner) three brown-looking volumes, with these words: "Scitote vos in Matriculam Universitatis hodie relatos esse, sub hac conditione, nempe ut omnia Statuta hoc libro comprehensa pro virili observetis." And the ceremony was at an end, and Mr. Verdant Green was a matriculated member of the University of Oxford. He was far too nervous — from the weakening effect of the Popes, and the excommunicate princes, and their murderous subjects — to be able to translate and understand what the Vice-Chancellor had said to him, but he thought his present to be particularly kind; and he found it a copy of the University Statutes, which he determined forthwith to read and obey.

Though if he had known that he had sworn to observe statutes which required him, among other things, to wear garments only of a black or "subfusk" hue; to abstain from that absurd and proud custom of walking in public *in boots*, and the ridiculous one of wearing the hair long;[1] statutes, moreover, which demanded of him to refrain from all taverns, wineshops, and houses in which they sold wine or any other drink, and the herb called nicotiana or "tobacco;" not to hunt wild beasts with dogs or snares or nets; not to carry crossbows or other "bombarding" weapons, or keep hawks for fowling; not to frequent theatres or the strifes of gladiators; and only to carry

[1] See the Oxford Statutes, tit. xiv., "De vestitu et habitu scholastico.

a bow and arrows for the sake of honest recreation,[1] — if Mr. Verdant Green had known that he had covenanted to do this, he would perhaps have felt some scruples in taking the oaths of matriculation. But this by the way.

Now that Mr. Green had seen all that he wished to see, nothing remained for him but to discharge his hotel bill. It was accordingly called for, and produced by the waiter, whose face — by a visitation of that complaint against which vaccination is usually considered a safeguard — had been reduced to a state resembling the interior half of a sliced muffin. To judge from the expression of Mr. Green's features as he regarded the document that had been put into his hand, it is probable that he had not been much accustomed to Oxford hotels; for he ran over the several items of the bill with a look in which surprise contended with indignation for the mastery, while the muffin-faced waiter handled his plated salver, and looked fixedly at nothing.

Mr. Green, however, refraining from observations, paid the bill; and muffling himself in greatcoat and travelling-cap, he prepared himself to take a comfortable journey back to Warwickshire, inside the Birmingham and Oxford coach. It was not loaded in the same way that it had been when he came up by it, and his fellow-passengers were of a very different description; and it must be confessed that, in the absence of Mr. Bouncer's tin horn, the attacks of intrusive terriers, and the involuntary fumigation of himself with tobacco (although its presence was still perceptible within the coach), Mr. Green found his journey *from* Oxford much more agreeable than it had been *to* that place. He took an affectionate farewell of his son, somewhat after the manner of the "heavy fathers" of the stage; and then the coach bore him away from the last lingering look of our hero, who felt anything but heroic at being left for the first time in his life to shift for himself.

His luggage had been sent up to Brazenface, so thither he turned his steps, and with some little difficulty found his room. Mr. Filcher had partly unpacked his master's things, and had left everything uncomfortable and in "the most admired disorder;" and Mr. Verdant Green sat himself down upon the "practicable" window-seat, and resigned himself to his thoughts. If they had not already flown to the Manor Green, they would soon have been carried there; for a German band, just outside the college-gates, began to play "Home, sweet home," with that

[1] Oxford Statutes, tit. xv., "De moribus conformandis."

truth and delicacy of expression which the wandering minstrels of Germany seem to acquire intuitively. The sweet melancholy of the simple air, as it came subdued by distance into softer tones, would have powerfully affected most people who had just been torn from the bosom of their homes, to fight, all inexperienced, the battle of life; but it had such an effect on Mr. Verdant Green, that — but it little matters saying *what* he did; many people will give way to feelings in private that they would stifle in company; and if Mr. Filcher on his return found his master wiping his spectacles, why, that was only a simple proceeding which all glasses frequently require.

To divert his thoughts, and to impress upon himself and others the fact that he was an Oxford MAN, our freshman set out for a stroll; and as the unaccustomed feeling of the gown about his shoulders made him feel somewhat embarrassed as to the carriage of his arms, he stepped into a shop on the way and purchased a light cane, which he considered would greatly add to the effect of the cap and gown. Armed with this weapon, he proceeded to disport himself in the Christ Church meadows, and promenaded up and down the Broad Walk.

The beautiful meadows lay green and bright in the sun; the arching trees threw a softened light, and made a checkered pavement of the great Broad Walk; "witch-elms *did* counterchange the floor" of the gravel-walks that wound with the windings of the Cherwell; the drooping willows were mirrored in its stream; through openings in the trees there were glimpses of gray old college-buildings; then came the walk along the banks, the Isis shining like molten silver, and fringed around with barges and boats; then another stretch of green meadows; then a cloud of steam from the railway station; and a background of gently rising hills. It was a cheerful scene, and the variety of figures gave life and animation to the whole.

Young ladies and unprotected females were found in abundance, dressed in all the engaging variety of light spring dresses; and, as may be supposed, our hero attracted a great deal of their attention, and afforded them no small amusement. But the unusual and terrific appearance of a spectacled gownsman with a cane produced the greatest alarm among the juveniles, who imagined our freshman to be a new description of beadle or Bogy, summoned up by the exigencies of the times to preserve a rigorous discipline among the young people; and, regarding his cane as the symbol of his stern sway, they harassed their

nursemaids by unceasingly charging at their petticoats for protection.

Altogether, Mr. Verdant Green made quite a sensation.

MR. VERDANT GREEN DINES, BREAKFASTS, AND GOES TO CHAPEL.

Our hero dressed himself with great care, that he might make his first appearance in Hall with proper *éclat;* and, having made his way towards the lantern-surmounted building, he walked up the steps and under the groined archway with a crowd of hungry undergraduates who were hurrying in to dinner. The clatter of plates would have alone been sufficient to guide his steps; and, passing through one of the doors in the elaborately carved screen that shut off the passage and the buttery, he found himself within the hall of Brazenface. It was of noble size, lighted by lofty windows, and carried up to a great height by an open roof, dark (save where it opened to the lantern) with great oak beams, and rich with carved pendants and gilded bosses. The ample fireplaces displayed the capaciousness of those collegiate mouths of "the windpipes of hospitality," and gave an idea of the dimensions of the kitchen-ranges. In the centre of the hall was a huge plate-warmer, elaborately worked in brass with the college arms. Founders and benefactors were seen or suggested, on all sides; their arms gleamed from the windows in all the glories of stained glass; and their faces peered out from the massive gilt frames on the walls, as though their shadows loved to linger about the spot that had been benefited by their substance. At the further end of the hall a deep bay-window threw its painted light upon a dais, along which stretched the table for the Dons; Masters and Bachelors occupied side-tables; and the other tables were filled up by the undergraduates; every one, from the Don downwards, being in his gown.

Our hero was considerably impressed with the (to him) singular character of the scene; and from the "Benedictus benedicat" grace-before-meat to the "Benedicto benedicamur" after-meat, he gazed curiously around him in silent wonderment. So much indeed was he wrapped up in the novelty of the scene that he ran a great risk of losing his dinner. The scouts fled about in all directions with plates, and glasses, and pewter dishes, and massive silver mugs that had gone round the

tables for the last two centuries, and still no one waited upon Mr. Verdant Green. He twice ventured to timidly say, "Waiter!" but as no one answered to his call, and as he was too bashful and occupied with his own thoughts to make another attempt, it is probable that he would have risen from dinner as unsatisfied as when he sat down, had not his right-hand companion (having partly relieved his own wants) perceived his neighbor to be a freshman, and kindly said to him, "I think you'd better begin your dinner, because we won't stay here long. What is your scout's name?" And when he had been told it, he turned to Mr. Filcher and asked him, "What the doose he meant by not waiting on his master?" which, with the addition of a few gratuitous threats, had the effect of bringing that gentleman to his master's side, and reducing Mr. Verdant Green to a state of mind in which gratitude to his companion and a desire to beg his scout's pardon were confusedly blended. Not seeing any dishes upon the table to select from, he referred to the list, and fell back on the standard roast-beef.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said Verdant, turning to his friendly neighbor. "My rooms are next to yours, and I had the pleasure of being driven by you on the coach the other day."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fosbrooke, for it was he; "ah, I remember you now! I suppose the old bird was your governor. *He* seemed to think it anything but a pleasure, being driven by Four-in-hand Fosbrooke."

"Why, pap — my father — is rather nervous on a coach," replied Verdant. "He was bringing me to college for the first time."

"Then you are the man that has just come into Smalls' old rooms? Oh, I see. Don't you ever drink with your dinner? If you don't holler for your rascal, he'll never half wait upon you. Always bully them well at first, and then they learn manners."

So, by way of commencing the bullying system without loss of time, our hero called out very fiercely, "Robert!" and then, as Mr. Filcher glided to his side, he timidly dropped his tone into a mild "Glass of water, if you please, Robert."

He felt rather relieved when dinner was over, and retired at once to his own rooms; where making a rather quiet and sudden entrance, he found them tenanted by an old woman, who wore a huge bonnet tilted on the top of her head, and was busily and dubiously engaged at one of his open boxes. "Ahem!" he

coughed, at which note of warning the old lady jumped round very quickly, and said — dabbing curtseys where there were stops, like the beats of a conductor's *bâton*: "Law bless me, sir. It's beggin' your parding that I am. Not seein' you a comin' in. Bein' 'ard of hearin' from a hinfant. And havin' my back turned. I was just a puttin' your things to rights, sir. If you please, sir, I 'm Mrs. Tester. Your bedmaker, sir."

"Oh, thank you," said our freshman, with the shadow of a suspicion that Mrs. Tester was doing something more than merely "putting to rights" the pots of jam and marmalade, and the packages of tea and coffee, which his doting mother had thoughtfully placed in his box as a provision against immediate distress. "Thank you."

."I've done my rooms, sir," dabbed Mrs. Tester. "Which if thought agreeable, I 'd stay and put these things in their places. Which it certainly is Robert's place. But I never minds putting myself out. As I always perpetually am minded. So long as I can obleege the gentlemen."

So, as our hero was of a yielding disposition, and could, under skilful hands, easily be moulded into any form, he allowed Mrs. Tester to remain, and conclude the unpacking and putting away of his goods, in which operation she displayed great generalship.

"You 've a deal of tea and coffee, sir," she said, keeping time by curtseys. "Which it 's a great blessin' to have a mother. And not to be left dissolute like some gentlemen. And tea and coffee is what I mostly lives on. And mortial dear it is to poor folks. And a package the likes of this, sir, were a blessin' I should never even dream on."

"Well, then," said Verdant, in a most benevolent mood, "you can take one of the packages for your trouble."

Upon this, Mrs. Tester appeared to be greatly overcome. "Which I once had a son myself," she said. "And as fine a young man as you are, sir. With a strawberry mark in the small of his back. And beautiful red whiskers, sir, with a tendency to drink. Which it were his rewing, and took him to be enlisted for a sojer. When he went across the seas to the West Injies. And was took with the yaller fever, and buried there. Which the remembrance, sir, brings on my spazzums. To which I 'm an hafflicted martyr, sir. And can only be heased with three spots of brandy on a lump of sugar. Which your good mother, sir, has put a bottle of brandy. Along with the jam and the

clean linen, sir. As though a purpose for my complaint. Ugh! oh!"

And Mrs. Tester forthwith began pressing and thumping her sides in such a terrific manner, and appeared to be undergoing such internal agony, that Mr. Verdant Green not only gave her brandy there and then, for her immediate relief, — "which it heases the spazzums deerectly, bless you," observed Mrs. Tester, parenthetically, — but also told her where she could find the bottle in case she should again be attacked when in his rooms; attacks which, it is needless to say, were repeated at every subsequent visit. Mrs. Tester then finished putting away the tea and coffee, and entered into further particulars about her late son; though what connection there was between him and the packages of tea, our hero could not perceive. Nevertheless he was much interested with her narrative, and thought Mrs. Tester a very affectionate, motherly sort of woman; more especially when Robert having placed his tea-things on the table) she showed him how to make the tea, — an apparently simple feat that the freshman found himself perfectly unable to accomplish. And then Mrs. Tester made a final dab, and her exit, and our hero sat over his tea as long as he could, because it gave an idea of cheerfulness; and then, after directing Robert to be sure not to forget to call him in time for morning chapel, he retired to bed.

The bed was very hard, and so small that, had it not been for the wall, our hero's legs would have been visible (literally) at the foot; but despite these novelties, he sank into a sound rest, which at length passed into the following dream. He thought that he was back again at dinner at the Manor Green, but that the room was curiously like the hall of Brazenface, and that Mrs. Tester and Dr. Portman were on either side of him, with Mr. Fosbrooke and Robert talking to his sisters; and that he was reaching his hand to help Mrs. Tester to a packet of tea, which her son had sent them from the West Indies, when he threw over a wax-light, and set everything on fire; and that the parish engine came up; and that there was a great noise, and a loud hammering; and, "Eh? yes! oh! the half-hour is it? Oh, yes! thank you!" And Mr. Verdant Green sprang out of bed, much relieved in mind to find that the alarm of fire was nothing more than his scout knocking vigorously at his door, and that it was chapel-time.

"Want any warm water, sir?" asked Mr. Filcher, putting his head in at the door.

"No, thank you," replied our hero; "I — I — "

"Shave with cold. Ah, I see, sir. It 's much 'ealthier, and makes the 'air grow. But anything as you *does* want, sir, you 've only to call."

"If there is any thing that I want, Robert," said Verdant, "I will ring."

"Bless you, sir," observed Mr. Filcher, "there ain't no bells never in colleges! They 'd be rung off their wires in no time. Mr. Bouncer, sir, he uses a trumpet like they does on board ship. By the same token, that 's it, sir!" And Mr. Filcher vanished just in time to prevent little Mr. Bouncer from finishing a furious solo, from an entirely new version of "Robert le Diable," which he was giving with novel effects through the medium of a speaking-trumpet.

Verdant found his bedroom inconveniently small; so contracted, indeed, in its dimensions, that his toilet was not completed without his elbows having first suffered severe abrasions. His mechanical turnip showed him that he had no time to lose; and the furious ringing of a bell, whose noise was echoed by the bells of other colleges, made him dress with a rapidity quite unusual, and hurry downstairs and across quad. to the chapel steps, up which a throng of students were hastening. Nearly all betrayed symptoms of having been aroused from their sleep without having had any spare time for an elaborate toilet; and many, indeed, were completing it, by thrusting themselves into surplices and gowns as they hurried up the steps.

Mr. Fosbrooke was one of these; and when he saw Verdant close to him, he benevolently recognized him, and said, "Let me put you up to a wrinkle. When they ring you up sharp for chapel, don't you lose any time about your absolutions, — washing, you know; but just jump into a pair of bags and Wellingtons, clap a top-coat on you, and button it up to the chin, and there you are, ready dressed in the twinkling of a bedpost."

Before Mr. Verdant Green could at all comprehend why a person should jump into two bags, instead of dressing himself in the normal manner, they went through the ante-chapel, or "Court of the Gentiles," as Mr. Fosbrooke termed it, and entered the choir of the chapel through a screen elaborately decorated in the Jacobean style, with pillars and arches, and festoons of fruit and flowers, and bells and pomegranates. On either side of the door were two men, who quickly glanced at

each one who passed, and as quickly pricked a mark against his name on the chapel lists. As the freshman went by, they made a careful study of his person, and took mental daguerreotypes of his features. Seeing no beadle, or pew-opener (or, for the matter of that, any pews), or any one to direct him to a place, Mr. Verdant Green quietly took a seat in the first place that he found empty, which happened to be the stall on the right hand of the door. Unconscious of the trespass he was committing, he at once put his cap to his face and knelt down; but he had no sooner risen from his knees, than he found an imposing-looking Don, as large as life and quite as natural, who was staring at him with the greatest astonishment, and motioning him to immediately "come out of that!" This our hero did with the greatest speed and confusion, and sank breathless on the end of the nearest bench; when, just as, in his agitation, he had again said his prayer, the service fortunately commenced, and somewhat relieved him of his embarrassment.

Although he had the glories of Magdalen, Merton, and New College chapels fresh in his mind, yet Verdant was considerably impressed with the solemn beauties of his own college chapel. He admired its harmonious proportions, and the elaborate carving of its decorated tracery. He noted everything: the great eagle that seemed to be spreading its wings for an upward flight, the pavement of black and white marble, the dark canopied stalls, rich with the later work of Grinling Gibbons, the elegant tracery of the windows; and he lost himself in a solemn reverie as he looked up at the saintly forms through which the rays of the morning sun streamed in rainbow tints.

But the lesson had just begun; and the man on Verdant's right appeared to be attentively following it. Our freshman, however, could not help seeing the book, and, much to his astonishment, he found it to be a Livy, out of which his neighbor was getting up his morning's lecture. He was still more astonished, when the lesson had come to an end, by being suddenly pulled back when he attempted to rise, and finding the streamers of his gown had been put to a use never intended for them, by being tied round the finial of the stall behind him, —the silly work of a boyish gentleman, who, in his desire to play off a practical joke on a freshman, forgot the sacredness of the place where college rules compelled him to show himself on morning parade.

Chapel over, our hero hurried back to his rooms, and there

to his great joy found a budget of letters from home; and surely the little items of intelligence that made up the news of the Manor Green had never seemed to possess such interest as now!

About this time also our hero laid the nest-eggs for a very promising brood of bills, by acquiring an expensive habit of strolling into shops and purchasing "an extensive assortment of articles of every description," for no other consideration than that he should not be called upon to pay for them until he had taken his degree. He also decorated the walls of his rooms with choice specimens of engravings; for the turning over of portfolios at Ryman's and Wyatt's usually leads to the eventual turning over of a considerable amount of cash; and our hero had not yet become acquainted with the cheaper circulating-system of pictures, which gives you a fresh set every term, and passes on your old ones to some other subscriber. But, in the mean time, it is very delightful, when you admire anything, to be able to say, "Send that to my room!" and to be obsequiously obeyed, "no questions asked," and no payment demanded; and as for the future, why,—as Mr. Larkyns observed, as they strolled down the High,—"I suppose the bills *will* come in some day or other, but the governor will see to them; and though he may grumble and pull a long face, yet he 'll only be too glad you 've got your degree, and, in the fulness of his heart, he will open his check-book. I dare say old Horace gives very good advice when he says, 'carpe diem;' but when he adds, 'quam minimum credula postero,'[1] about 'not giving the least credit to the succeeding day,' it is clear that he never looked forward to the Oxford tradesmen and the credit-system. Do you ever read Wordsworth, Verdant?" continued Mr. Larkyns, as they stopped at the corner of Oriel Street, to look in at a spacious range of shop windows, that were crowded with a costly and glittering profusion of *papier-maché* articles, statuettes, bronzes, glass, and every kind of "fancy goods" that could be classed as "art-workmanship."

"Why, I 've not read much of Wordsworth myself," replied our hero; "but I 've heard my sister Mary read a great deal of his poetry."

"Shows her taste," said Charles Larkyns. "Well, this shop—you see the name—is Spiers'; and Wordsworth, in his sonnet to Oxford, has immortalized him. Don't you remember the lines?—

[1] Car. i. od. xi.

'O ye Spiers of Oxford! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason!'[1]

It was very queer that Wordsworth should ascribe to Messrs. Spiers all the intoxication of the place; but then he was a Cambridge man, and prejudiced. Nice shop, though, is n't it? Particularly useful, and no less ornamental. It 's one of the greatest lounges of the place. Let us go in and have a look at what Mrs. Caudle calls the articles of bigotry and virtue."

Mr. Verdant Green was soon deeply engaged in an inspection of those *papier-maché* "remembrances of Oxford" for which the Messrs. Spiers are so justly famed; but after turning over tables, trays, screens, desks, albums, portfolios, and other things, — all of which displayed views of Oxford from every variety of aspect, and were executed with such truth and perception of the higher qualities of art that they formed in themselves quite a small but gratuitous Academy exhibition, — our hero became so confused among the bewildering allurements around him, as to feel quite an *embarras de richesses*, and to be in a state of mind in which he was nearly giving Mr. Spiers the most extensive (and expensive) order which probably that gentleman had ever received from an undergraduate. Fortunately for his purse, his attention was somewhat distracted by perceiving that Mr. Slowcoach was at his elbow, looking over inkstands and reading-lamps, and also by Charles Larkyns calling upon him to decide whether he should have the cigar-case he had purchased emblazoned with the heraldic device of the Larkyns, or illuminated with the Euripidean motto, —

Τὸ βακχικὸν δώρημα λαβέ, σε γὰρ φιλῶ.

When this point had been decided, Mr. Larkyns proposed to Verdant that he should astonish and delight his governor by having the Green arms emblazoned on a fire-screen, and taking it home with him as a gift. "Or else," he said, "order one with the garden view of Brazenface, and then they 'll have more satisfaction in looking at that than at one of those offensive cockatoos, in an arabesque landscape, under a bronze sky,

[1] We suspect that Mr. Larkyns is again intentionally deceiving his freshman friend; for on looking into our Wordsworth ("Misc. Son." iii. 2) we find that the poet does *not* refer to the establishment of Messrs. Spiers and Son, and that the lines, truly quoted, are —

"O, ye *spires* of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! Your presence," etc.

We blush for Mr. Larkyns!

which usually sprawl over everything that is *papier-maché.* But you won't see that sort of thing here; so you can't well go wrong, whatever you buy." Finally, Mr. Verdant Green (N. B. Mr. Green, senior, would have eventually to pay the bill) ordered a fire-screen to be prepared with the family arms, as a present for his father; a ditto, with the view of his college, for his mother; a writing-case, with the High Street view, for his aunt; a netting-box, card-case, and a model of the Martyrs' Memorial, for his three sisters; and having thus bountifully remembered his family circle, he treated himself with a modest paper-knife, and was treated in return by Mr. Spiers with a perfect *bijou* of art, in the shape of "a memorial for visitors to Oxford," in which the chief glories of that city were set forth in gold and colors, in the most attractive form, and which our hero immediately posted off to the Manor Green.

"And now, Verdant," said Mr. Larkyns, "you may just as well get a hack, and come for a ride with me. You 've kept up your riding, of course?"

"Oh, yes — a little!" faltered our hero.

Now, the reader may perhaps remember that in an early part of our veracious chronicle we hinted that Mr. Verdant Green's equestrian performances were but of a humble character. They were, in fact, limited to an occasional ride with his sisters when they required a cavalier; but on these occasions, the old cob, which Verdant called his own, was warranted not to kick, or plunge, or start, or do anything derogatory to its age and infirmities. So that Charles Larkyns' proposition caused him some little nervous agitation; nevertheless, as he was ashamed to confess his fears, he, in a moment of weakness, consented to accompany his friend.

"We 'll go to Symonds'," said Mr. Larkyns; "I keep my hack there; and you can depend upon having a good one."

So they made their way to Holywell Street, and turned under a gateway, and up a paved yard, to the stables. The upper part of the yard was littered down with straw, and covered in by a light, open roof; and in the stables there was accommodation for a hundred horses. At the back of the stables, and separated from the Wadham Gardens by a narrow lane, was a paddock; and here they found Mr. Fosbrooke and one or two of his friends, inspecting the leaping abilities of a fine hunter, which one of the stable-boys was taking backwards and forwards over the hurdles and fences erected for that purpose.

The horses were soon ready, and Verdant summoned up enough courage to say, with the Count in "Mazeppa," "Bring forth the steed!" And when the steed was brought, in all the exuberance of (literally) animal spirits, he felt that he was about to be another Mazeppa, and perform feats on the back of a wild horse; and he could not help saying to the ostler, "He looks rather — vicious, I 'm afraid!"

"Wicious, sir!" replied the groom; "bless you, sir! she 's as sweet-tempered as any young ooman you ever paid your intentions to. The mare 's as quiet a mare as was ever crossed; this ere 's ony her play at comin' fresh out of the stable!"

Verdant, however, had a presentiment that the play would soon become earnest; but he seated himself in the saddle (after a short delirious dance on one toe), and in a state of extreme agitation, not to say perspiration, proceeded at a walk, by Mr. Larkyns' side, up Holywell Street. Here the mare, who doubtless soon understood what sort of rider she had got on her back, began to be more demonstrative of the "fresh"-ness of her animal spirits. Broad Street was scarcely broad enough to contain the series of *tableaux vivants* and heraldic attitudes that she assumed. "Don't pull the curb-rein so!" shouted Charles Larkyns; but Verdant was in far too dreadful a state of mind to understand what he said, or even to know which *was* the curb-rein; and after convulsively clutching at the mane and the pommel, in his endeavors to keep his seat, he first "lost his head," and then his seat, and ignominiously gliding over the mare's tail, found that his lodging was on the cold ground. Relieved of her burden, the mare quietly trotted back to her stables; while Verdant, finding himself unhurt, got up, replaced his hat and spectacles, and registered a mental vow never to mount an Oxford hack again.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Charles Larkyns, consolingly; "these little accidents *will* occur, you know, even with the best-regulated riders! There were not *more* than a dozen ladies saw you, though you certainly made very creditable exertions to ride over one or two of them. Well! if you say you won't go back to Symonds' and get another hack, I must go on solus; but I shall see you at the Bump-supper to-night! I got old Blades to ask you to it. I 'm going now in search of an appetite, and I should advise you to take a turn round the Parks and do the same. *Au reservoir!*"

So our hero, after he had compensated the livery-stable keeper, followed his friend's advice, and strolled round the neatly kept potato-gardens denominated "the Parks," looking in vain for the deer that have never been there, and finding them represented only by nursery-maids and — others.

Mr. Blades, familiarly known as "old Blades" and "Billy," was a gentleman who was fashioned somewhat after the model of the torso of Hercules; and, as Stroke of the Brazenface boat, was held in high estimation, not only by the men of his own college, but also by the boating men of the University at large. His University existence seemed to be engaged in one long struggle, the end and aim of which was to place the Brazenface boat in that envied position known in aquatic anatomy as "the head of the river;" and in this struggle all Mr. Blades' energies of mind and body — though particularly of body — were engaged. Not a freshman was allowed to enter Brazenface but immediately Mr. Blades' eye was upon him; and if the expansion of the upper part of his coat and waistcoat denoted that his muscular development of chest and arms was of a kind that might be serviceable to the great object aforesaid, — the placing of the Brazenface boat at the head of the river, — then Mr. Blades came and made flattering proposals to the new-comer to assist in the great work. But he was also indefatigable, as secretary to his college club, in seeking out all freshmen, even if their thews and sinews were not muscular models, and inducing them to aid the glorious cause by becoming members of the club. A Bump-supper — that is, O ye uninitiated! a supper to commemorate the fact of the boat of one college having, in the annual races, bumped, or touched the boat of another college immediately in its front, thereby gaining a place towards the head of the river — a Bump-supper was a famous opportunity for discovering both the rowing and paying capabilities of freshmen, who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, would put down their two or three guineas, and at once propose their names to be enrolled as members at the next meeting of the club.

And thus it was with Mr. Verdant Green, who, before the evening was over, found that he had not only given in his name ("proposed by Charles Larkyns, Esq., seconded by Henry Bouncer, Esq."), but that a desire was burning within his breast to distinguish himself in aquatic pursuits. Scarcely

anything else was talked of during the whole evening but the prospective chances of Brazenface bumping Balliol and Brasenose, and thereby getting to the head of the river. It was also mysteriously whispered that Worcester and Christ Church were doing well, and might prove formidable; and that Exeter, Lincoln, and Wadham were very shady, and not doing the things that were expected of them. Great excitement, too, was caused by the announcement that the Balliol stroke had knocked up, or knocked down, or done something which Mr. Verdant Green concluded he ought not to have done; and that the Brazenose bow had been seen with a cigar in his mouth, and also eating pastry in Hall, — things shocking in themselves, and quite contrary to all training principles. Then there were anticipations of Henley; and criticisms on the new eight out-rigger that Searle was laying down for the University crew; and comparisons between somebody's stroke and somebody else's spurt; and a good deal of reference to Clasper and Coombes, and Newall and Pococke, who might have been heathen deities for all that our hero knew, and from the manner in which they were mentioned.

The aquatic desires that were now burning in Mr. Verdant Green's breast could only be put out by the water; so to the river he next day went, and, by Charles Larkyns' advice, made his first essay in a "tub" from Hall's. Being a complete novice with the oars, our hero had no sooner pulled off his coat and given a pull, than he succeeded in catching a tremendous "crab," the effect of which was to throw him backwards, and almost to upset the boat. Fortunately, however, "tubs" recover their equilibrium almost as easily as tombolas, and "the Sylph" did not belie its character; so the freshman again assumed a proper position, and was shoved off with a boathook. At first he made some hopeless splashes in the stream, the only effect of which was to make the boat turn with a circular movement towards Folly Bridge; but Charles Larkyns at once came to the rescue with the simple but energetic compendium of boating instruction, "Put your oar in deep, and bring it out with a jerk!"

Bearing this in mind, our hero's efforts met with well-merited success; and he soon passed that mansion which, instead of cellars, appears to have an ingenious system of small rivers to thoroughly irrigate its foundations. One by one, too, he passed those house-boats which are more like the Noah's

arks of toy-shops than anything else, and sometimes contain quite as original a mixture of animal specimens. Warming with his exertions, Mr. Verdant Green passed the University barge in great style, just as the eight was preparing to start; and though he was not able to "feather his oars with skill and dexterity," like the jolly young waterman in the song, yet his sleight-of-hand performances with them proved not only a source of great satisfaction to the crews on the river, but also to the promenaders on the shore.

He had left the Christ Church meadows far behind, and was beginning to feel slightly exhausted by his unwonted exertions, when he reached that bewildering part of the river termed "the Gut." So confusing were the intestine commotions of this gut, that, after passing a checkered existence as an aquatic shuttlecock, and being assailed with a slang-dictionary-full of opprobrious epithets, Mr. Verdant Green caught another tremendous crab, and before he could recover himself the "tub" received a shock, and, with a loud cry of "Boat ahead!" ringing in his ears, the University Eight passed over the place where he and "the Sylph" had so lately disported themselves.

With the wind nearly knocked out of his body by the blade of the bow-oar striking him on the chest as he rose to the surface, our unfortunate hero was immediately dragged from the water, in a condition like that of the child in "The Stranger" (the only joke, by the way, in that most dreary play), "not dead, but very wet!" and forthwith placed in safety in his deliverer's boat.

"Hallo, Gig-lamps! who the doose had thought of seeing you here, devouring Isis in this expensive way!" said a voice very coolly. And our hero found that he had been rescued by little Mr. Bouncer, who had been tacking up the river in company with Huz and Buz and his meerschaum. "You *have* been and gone and done it now, young man!" continued the vivacious little gentleman, as he surveyed our hero's draggled and forlorn condition. "If you 'd only a comb and a glass in your hand, you 'd look distressingly like a cross-breed with a mermaid! You ain't subject to the whatdyecallems — the rheumatics, are you? Because, if so, I could put you on shore at a tidy little shop where you can get a glass of brandy-and-water, and have your clothes dried; and then mamma won't scold."

"Indeed," chattered our hero, "I shall be very glad indeed; for I feel — rather cold. But what am I to do with my boat?"

"Oh, the 'Lively Polly,' or whatever her name is, will find her way back safe enough. There are plenty of boatmen on the river who 'll see to her and take her back to her owner; and if you got her from Hall's, I dare say she 'll dream that she 's dreamt in marble halls, like you did, Gig-lamps, that night at Smalls', when you got wet in rather a more lively style than you 've done to-day. Now, I 'll tack you up to that little shop I told you of."

So there our hero was put on shore, and Mr. Bouncer made fast his boat and accompanied him; and did not leave him until he had seen him between the blankets, drinking a glass of hot brandy-and-water, the while his clothes were smoking before the fire.

This little adventure (for a time at least) checked Mr. Verdant Green's aspirations to distinguish himself on the river; and he therefore renounced the sweets of the Isis, and contented himself by practising with a punt on the Cherwell. There, after repeatedly overbalancing himself in the most suicidal manner, he at length peacefully settled down into the lounging blissfulness of a "Cherwell water-lily;" and on the hot days, among those gentlemen who had moored their punts underneath the overhanging boughs of the willows and limes, and beneath their cool shade were lying, in *dolce far niente* fashion, with their legs up and a weed in their mouth, reading the last new novel, or some less immaculate work, — among these gentlemen might haply have been discerned the form and spectacles of Mr. Verdant Green.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Beecher, Henry Ward, a noted American Congregational clergyman, reformer, lecturer, and author; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was the fourth son of Dr. Lyman Beecher and his wife Roxana Foote. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and afterward studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O., an institution of which his father was president. In 1837 he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and two years afterward pastor of a church at Indianapolis. In 1847 he accepted the pastorate of the newly organized Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he soon took rank as one of the foremost pulpit-orators of the country; and for a long series of years he continued to be a most earnest advocate of all reformatory efforts, especially of those having in view the abolition of slavery and the promotion of temperance. He was also one of the most popular lecturers in the country. While a minister in Indiana he edited an agricultural journal, "The Farmer and Gardener." When the New York "Independent" was established, in 1847, he became a frequent contributor to its columns, and was its chief editor from 1861 to 1863. About 1870 he took editorial charge of "The Christian Union," a weekly religious journal, a post which he filled for ten years.

Apart from this journalistic work, Mr. Beecher put forth many separate volumes. Among these are: "Lectures to Young Men" (1844); "Star Papers" (1855), selected from his contributions to "The Independent," which bore the signature of a star (*); "Life Thoughts" (1858); "Pleasant Talks about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," selected from earlier writings (1859); "Eyes and Ears" (1862); "Freedom and War" (1863); Royal Truths (1864); "Aids to Prayer" (1864); "Pulpit Pungencies" (1866); "Norwood," a novel, written originally as a serial for the New York "Ledger" (1867); "Lecture-Room Talks" (1870); "Yale Lectures on Preaching," 3 vols. (1872–74); "A Summer Parish," (1874); "Sermons on Evolution and Religion" (1885); "Life of Christ" (1871–87).

Sermon. — Poverty and the Gospel.[1]

Texts: Luke iv. 17–21; Matt. xi. 2–6.

Here was Christ's profession of his faith; here is the history also of his examination, to see whether he were fit to preach or not. It is remarkable that in both these instances the most significant indication that he had, both of his descent from God and of his being worthy of the Messiahship, consisted in this simple exposition of the line of his preaching, — that he took sides with the poor, neglected, and lost. He emphasized this, that his gospel was a gospel of mercy to the poor; and that word "poor," in its most comprehensive sense, looked at historically, includes in it everything that belongs to human misery, whether it be by reason of sin or depravity, or by oppression, or by any other cause. This, then, is the disclosure by Christ himself of the genius of Christianity. It is his declaration of what the gospel meant.

It is still further interpreted when you follow the life of Christ, and see how exactly in his conduct he interpreted, or rather fortified, the words of the declaration. His earliest life was that of labor and poverty, and it was labor and poverty in the poorest districts of Palestine. The dignified, educated, and aristocratic part of the nation dwelt in Judea, and the Athens of Palestine was Jerusalem. There Christ spent the least part of his life, and that in perpetual discussions. But in Galilee the most of his miracles, certainly the earlier, were performed, and the most of his discourses that are contained bodily in the gospels were uttered. He himself carried out the declaration that the gospel was for the poor. The very miracles that Christ performed were not philosophical enigmas, as we look at them. They were all of them miracles of mercy. They were miracles to those who were suffering helplessly where natural law and artificial means could not reach them. In every case the miracles of Christ were mercies, though we look at them in a spirit totally different from that in which he performed them.

In doing thus, Christ represented the best spirit of the Old Testament. The Jewish Scriptures teach mercy, the very genius of Jewish institutions was that of mercy, and especially to the poor, the weak, the helpless. The crimes against which the prophets thundered their severest denunciations were crimes upon the helpless. It was the avarice of the rich, it was the

[1] Reprinted by permission of Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, New York.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

unbounded lust and cruelty of the strong, that were denounced by them. They did not preach against human nature in general. They did not preach against total depravity and the original condition of mankind. They singled out violations of the law in the magistrate, in the king, in rich men, everywhere, and especially all those wrongs committed by power either unconsciously or with purpose, cruelty upon the helpless, the defenceless, the poor and the needy. When Christ declared that this was his ministry, he took his text from the Old Testament; he spoke in its spirit. It was to preach the gospel to the poor that he was sent. He had come into the world to change the condition of mankind. Beginning at the top? No; beginning at the bottom and working up to the top from the bottom.

When this view of the gospel enters into our understanding and is fully comprehended by us, how exactly it fits in with the order of nature, and with the order of the unfolding of human life and human society! It takes sides with the poor; and so the universal tendency of Providence and of history, slowly unfolded, is on the whole going from low to high, from worse to better, and from good toward the perfect. When we consider, we see that man begins as a helpless thing, a baby zero without a figure before it; and every step in life adds a figure to it and gives it more and more worth. On the whole, the law of unfolding throughout the world is from lower to higher; and though when applied to the population of the globe it is almost inconceivable, still, with many back-sets and reactions, the tendency of the universe is thus from lower to higher. Why? Let any man consider whether there is not of necessity a benevolent intelligence somewhere that is drawing up from the crude toward the ripe, from the rough toward the smooth, from bad to good, and from good through better toward best. The tendency upward runs like a golden thread through the history of the whole world, both in the unfolding of human life and in the unfolding of the race itself. Thus the tendency of nature is in accordance with the tendency of the gospel as declared by Jesus Christ, namely, that it is a ministry of mercy to the needy.

The vast majority of mankind have been and yet are poor. There are ten thousand men poor where there is one man even comfortably provided for, body and soul, and hundreds of thousands where there is one rich, taking the whole world together. The causes of poverty are worthy a moment's consideration. Climate and soil have much to do with it. Men whose winter lasts

nine or ten months in the year, and who have a summer of but one or two months, as in the extreme north, — how could they amass property, how could they enlarge their conditions of peace and of comfort? There are many parts of the earth where men live on the borders of deserts, or in mountain fastnesses, or in arctic rigors, where anything but poverty is impossible, and where it requires the whole thought, genius, industry, and foresight of men, the year round, just to feed themselves and to live. Bad government, where men are insecure in their property, has always been a very fertile source of poverty. The great valley of Esdraelon in Northern Palestine is one of the most fertile in the world, and yet famine perpetually stalks on the heels of the population; for if you sow and the harvest waves, forth come hordes of Bedouins to reap your harvest for you, and leave you, after all your labor, to poverty and starvation. When a man has lost his harvest in that way two or three times, and is deprived of the reward of his labors, he never emerges from poverty, but sinks into indolence; and that, by and by, breeds apathetic misery. So where the government overtaxes its subjects, as is the case in the Orient with perhaps nearly all of the populations there to-day, it cuts the sinews and destroys all the motives of industry; and without industry there can be neither virtue, morality, nor religion in any long period. Wars breaking out, from whatever cause, tend to absorb property, or to destroy property, or to prevent the development of property. Yet, strange as it may seem, the men who suffer from war are those whose passions generally lead it on. The king may apply the spark, but the combustion is with the common people. They furnish the army, they themselves become destroyers; and the ravages of war, in the history of the human family, have destroyed more property than it is possible to enter into the thoughts of men to conceive.

But besides these external reasons of poverty, there are certain great primary and fundamental reasons. Ignorance breeds poverty. What is property? It is the product of intelligence, of skill, of thought applied to material substances. All property is raw material that has been shaped to uses by intelligent skill. Where intelligence is low, the power of producing property is low. It is the husbandman who thinks, foresees, plans, and calls on all natural laws to serve him, whose farm brings forth forty, fifty, and a hundred fold. The ignorant peasant grubs and groans, and reaps but one handful where he has sown two. It

is knowledge that is the gold mine; for although every knowing man may not be able to be a rich man, yet out of ignorance riches do not spring anywhere. Ignorant men may be made the factors of wealth when they are guided and governed by superior intelligence. Slave labor produced gigantic plantations and estates. The slave was always poor, but his master was rich, because the master had the intelligence and the knowledge, and the slave gave the work. All through human society, men who represent simple ignorance will be tools, and the men who represent intelligence will be the master mechanics, the capitalists. All society to-day is agitated with this question of justice as between the laborer and the thinker. Now, it is no use to kick against the pricks. A man who can only work and not think is not the equal in any regard of the man who can think, who can plan, who can combine, and who can live not for to-day alone, but for to-morrow, for next month, for the next year, for ten years. This is the man whose volume will just as surely weigh down that of the unthinking man as a ton will weigh down a pound in the scale. Avoirdupois is moral, industrial, as well as material, in this respect; and the primary, most usual cause of unprosperity in industrial callings therefore lies in the want of intelligence, — either in the slender endowment of the man, or more likely the want of education in his ordinary and average endowment. Any class of men who live for to-day, and do not care whether they know anything more than they did yesterday or last year — those men may have a temporary and transient prosperity, but they are the children of poverty just as surely as the decrees of God stand. Ignorance enslaves men among men; knowledge is the creator of liberty and wealth.

As with undeveloped intelligence, so the appetites of men and their passions are causes of poverty. Men who live from the basilar faculties will invariably live in inferior stations. The men who represent animalism are as a general fact at the bottom. They may say it is government, climate, soil, want of capital, they may say what they please, but it is the devil of laziness that is in them, or of passion, that comes out in eating, in gluttony, in drinking and drunkenness, in wastefulness on every side. I do not say that the laboring classes in modern society are poor because they are self-indulgent, but I say that it unquestionably would be wise for all men who feel irritated that they are so unprosperous, if they would take heed to the moral condition in which they are living, to self-denial in their

passions and appetites, and to increasing the amount of their knowledge and fidelity. Although moral conditions are not the sole causes, they are principal causes, of the poverty of the working classes throughout the world. It is their misfortune as well as their fault; but it is the reason why they do not rise. Weakness does not rise; strength does.

All these causes indicate that the poor need moral and intellectual culture. "I was sent to preach the gospel to the poor:" not to distribute provisions, not to relieve their wants; that will be included, but that was not Christ's primary idea. It was not to bring in a golden period of fruitfulness when men would not be required to work. It was not that men should lie down on their backs under the trees, and that the boughs should bend over and drop the ripe fruit into their mouths. No such conception of equality and abundance entered into the mind of the Creator or of Him who represented the Creator. To preach the gospel to the poor was to awaken the mind of the poor. It was to teach the poor — "Take up your cross, deny yourselves, and follow me. Restrain all those sinful appetites and passions, and hold them back by the power of knowledge and by the power of conscience; grow, because you are the sons of God, into the likeness of your Father." So he preached to the poor. That was preaching prosperity to them. That was teaching them how to develop their outward condition by developing their inward forces. To develop that in men which should make them wiser, purer, and stronger, is the aim of the gospel. Men have supposed that the whole end of the gospel was reconciliation between God and men who had fallen — though they were born sinners in their fathers and grandfathers and ancestors; to reconcile them with God — as if an abstract disagreement had been the cause of all this world's trouble! But the plain facts of history are simply that men, if they have not come from animals, have yet dwelt in animalism, and that that which should raise them out of it was some such moral influence as should give them the power of ascension into intelligence, into virtue, and into true godliness. That is what the gospel was sent for; good news, a new power that is kindled under men, that will lift them from their low ignorances and degradations and passions, and lift them into a higher realm; a power that will take away all the poverty that needs to be taken away. Men may be doctrinally depraved; they are much more depraved practically. Men may need to be brought into the knowledge of God specu-

latively; but what they do need is to be brought into the knowledge of themselves practically. I do not say that the gospel has nothing in it of this kind of spiritual knowledge; it is full of it, but its aim and the reason why it should be preached is to wake up in men the capacity for good things, industries, frugalities, purities, moralities, kindnesses one toward another; and when men are brought into that state they are reconciled. When men are reconciled with the law of creation and the law of their being, they are reconciled with God. Whenever a man is reconciled with the law of knowledge, he is reconciled with the God of knowledge, so far. Whenever a man is reconciled with the law of purity he is so far reconciled with a God of purity. When men have lifted themselves to that point that they recognize that they are the children of God, the kingdom of God has begun within them.

Although the spirit and practice of the gospel will develop charities, will develop physical comfort, will feed men, will heal men, will provide for their physical needs, yet the primary and fundamental result of the gospel is to develop man himself, not merely to relieve his want on an occasion. It does that as a matter of course, but that is scarcely the first letter of the alphabet. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things [food and raiment] shall be added unto you." The way to relieve a man is to develop him so that he will need no relief, or to raise higher and higher the character of the help that he demands.

In testing Christianity, then, I remark first that it is to be tested not by creeds, but by conduct. The evidence of the gospel, the reality of the gospel that is preached in schools or churches, is to be found in the spirit that is developed by it, not in the technical creeds that men have constructed out of it. The biography of men who have died might be hung up in their sepulchres; but you could not tell what kind of a man this one had been, just by reading his life there — while he lay dead in dust before you. There are thousands of churches that have a creed of Christianity hung up in them, but the church itself is a sepulchre full of dead men's bones; and indeed many churches in modern times are gnawing the bones of their ancestors, and doing almost nothing else.

The gospel, changed from a spirit of humanity into a philosophical system of doctrine, is perverted. It is not the gospel. The great heresy in the world of religion is a cold heart, not a

luminous head. It is not that intelligence is of no use in religion. By no means. Neither would we wage a crusade against philosophical systems of moral truth. But where the active sympathy and humanity of loving hearts for living men, and for men in the ratio in which they are low, is laid aside or diminished to a minimum, and in its place is a well-elaborated philosophical system of moral truths, hewn and jointed, — the gospel is gone. If you go along the sea-shores, you will often find the shells of fish — the fish dead and gone, the shells left. And if you go along the shores of ecclesiastical organization, you will find multitudes of shells of the gospel, out of which the living substance has gone long ago. Organized Christianity —that is, the institutions of Christianity have been in the first instance its power, and in the second instance its damnation. The moment you substitute the machinery of education for education itself, the moment you build schools and do not educate, build colleges that do not increase knowledge in the pupils, you have sacrificed the aim for the instrument by which you were to gain that aim. In churches, the moment it is more important to maintain buildings, rituals, ministers, chanters, and all the paraphernalia of moral education than the spirit of personal sympathy, the moment these are more sacred to men than is the welfare of the population round about which they were set to take care of, that very moment Christ is dead in that place; that very moment religion in the midst of all its institutions has perished. I am bound to say that in the history of the world, while religious institutions have been valuable and have done a great deal of good, they have perhaps done as much harm as good. There is scarcely one single perversion of civil government, there is scarcely one single persecution of men, there is scarcely a single one of the great wars that have depopulated the globe, there is scarcely one great heresy developed out of the tyranny of the church, that has not been the fruit of institutional religion; while that spirit of humanity which was to give the institution its motive power has to a certain extent died out of it.

Secondly, churches organized upon elective affinities of men are contrary to the spirit of the gospel. We may associate with men who are of like taste with ours. We have that privilege. If men are knowledgeable and intellectual, there is no sin in their choosing for intimate companions and associates men of like pursuits and like intellectual qualities. That is right. If men are rich, there is no reason why men who hold like property

should not confer with each other, and form interests and friendships together. If men are refined, if they have become æsthetic, there is no reason why they should not associate in the realm of beauty, artists with artists, nor why the great enjoyers of beauty should not be in sympathy. But all these are not to be allowed to do it at the price of abandoning common humanity; you have no right to make your nest in the boughs of knowledge, and let all the rest of the world go as it will. You have no right to make your home among those who are polished and exquisite and fastidious in their tastes, whose garments are beauty, whose house is a temple of art, and all whose associations are of like kind, and neglect common humanity. You have no right to shut yourself up in a limited company of those who are like you in these directions, and let all the rest of men go without sympathy and without care. It is a right thing for a man to salute his neighbor who salutes him; but if you salute those who salute you, says Christ, what thank have ye — do not even the publicans so? It is no sin that a man, being intellectual in his nature, should like intellectual people, and gratify that which is divine and God-like in him; but if, because he likes intellectual people, he loses all interest in ignorant people, it convicts him of depravity and of moral perversion. When this is carried out to such an extent that churches are organized upon sharp classification, upon elective affinities, they not only cease to be Christian churches, but they are heretical; not perhaps in doctrine, but worse than that, heretical in heart. . . .

The fact is that a church needs poor men and wicked men as much as it does pure men and virtuous men and pious men. What man needs is familiarity with universal human nature. He needs never to separate himself from men in daily life. It is not necessary that in our houses we should bring pestilential diseases or pestilential examples, but somehow we must hold on to men if they are wicked; somehow the circulation between the top and the bottom must be carried on; somehow there must be an atoning power in the heart of every true believer of the Lord Jesus Christ who shall say, looking out and seeing that the world is lost, and is living in sin and misery, "I belong to it, and it belongs to me." When you take the loaf of society and cut off the upper crust, slicing it horizontally, you get an elect church. Yes, it is the peculiar elect church of selfishness. But you should cut the loaf of society from the top down to the bottom, and take in something of everything.

True, every church would be very much edified and advantaged if it had in it scholarly men, knowledgeable men; but the church is strong in proportion as it has in it something of everything, from the very top to the very bottom.

Now, I do not disown creeds — provided they are my own! Well, you smile; but that is the way it has been since the world began. No denomination believes in any creed except its own. I do not say that men's knowledge on moral subjects may not be formulated. I criticise the formulation of beliefs from time to time, in this: that they are very partial; that they are formed upon the knowledge of a past age, and that that knowledge perishes while higher and nobler knowledge comes in; that there ought to be higher and better forms; and that while their power is relatively small, the power of the spirit of humanity is relatively great. When I examine a church, I do not so much care whether its worship is to the one God or to the triune God. I do not chiefly care for the catechism, nor for the confession of faith, although they are both interesting. I do not even look to see whether it is a synagogue or a Christian church — I do not care whether it has a cross over the top of it or is Quaker plain. I do not care whether it is Protestant, Catholic, or anything else. Let me read the living — the living book! What is the spirit of the people? How do they feel among each other? How do they feel toward the community? What is their life and conduct in regard to the great prime moral duty of man, "Love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself," whether he be obscure or whether he be smiling in the very plenitude of wealth and refinement? Have you a heart for humanity? Have you a soul that goes out for men? Are you Christ-like? Will you spend yourself for the sake of elevating men who need to be lifted up? That is orthodox. I do not care what the creed is. If a church has a good creed, that is all the more felicitous; and if it has a bad creed, a good life cures the bad creed.

One of the dangers of our civilization may be seen in the light of these considerations. We are developing so much strength founded on popular intelligence, and this intelligence and the incitements to it are developing such large property interests, that if the principle of elective affinity shall sort men out and classify them, we are steering to the not very remote danger of the disintegration of human society. I can tell you that the classes of men who by their knowledge, refinement, and wealth think they are justified in separating themselves, and in

making a great void between them and the myriads of men below them, are courting their own destruction. I look with very great interest on the process of change going on in Great Britain, where the top of society had all the "blood," but the circulation is growing larger and larger, and a change is gradually taking place in their institutions. The old nobility of Great Britain is the lordliest of aristocracies existing in the world. Happily, on the whole, a very noble class of men occupy the high positions: but the spirit of suffrage, this angel of God that so many hate, is coming in on them; and when every man in Great Britain can vote, no matter whether he is poor or rich, whether he has knowledge or no knowledge, there must be a very great change. Before the great day of the Lord shall come, the valleys are to go up and the mountains are to come down; and the mountains have started already in Great Britain and must come down. There may be an aristocracy in any nation, — that is to say, there may be "best men;" there ought to be an aristocracy in every community, — that is, an aristocracy of men who speak the truth, who are just, who are intelligent: but that aristocracy will be like a wave of the sea; it has to be reconstituted in every generation, and the men who are the best in the State become the aristocracy of that State. But where rank is hereditary, if political suffrage becomes free and universal, aristocracy cannot live. The spirit of the gospel is democratic. The tendency of the gospel is levelling; levelling up, not down. It is carrying the poor and the multitude onward and upward.

It is said that democracies have no great men, no heroic men? Why is it so? When you raise the average of intelligence and power in the community it is very hard to be a great man. That is to say, when the great mass of citizens are only ankle-high, when among the Lilliputians a Brobdingnagian walks, he is a great man. But when the Lilliputians grow until they get up to his shoulder, he is not so great a man as he was by the whole length of his body. So, make the common people grow, and there is nobody tall enough to be much higher.

. . . . . .

The remarkable people of this world are useful in their way; but the common people, after all, represent the nation, the age, and the civilization. Go into any town or city: do not ask who lives in that splendid house; do not say, This is a fine town, here are streets of houses with gardens and yards, and every-

thing that is beautiful the whole way through. Go into the lanes, go into the back streets, go where the mechanic lives; go where the day-laborer lives. See what is the condition of the streets there. See what they do with the poor, with the helpless and the mean. If the top of society bends perpetually over the bottom with tenderness, if the rich and strong are the best friends of the poor and needy, that is a civilized and a Christian community; but if the rich and the wise are the cream and the great bulk of the population skim-milk, that is not a prosperous community.

There is a great deal of irreligion in men, there is a great deal of wickedness and depravity in men, but there are times when it is true that the church is more dissipated than the dissipated classes of the community. If there is one thing that stood out more strongly than any other in the ministry of our Lord, it is the severity with which he treated the exclusiveness of men with knowledge, position, and a certain sort of religion, a religion of particularity and carefulness; if there is one class of the community against which he hurled his thunderbolts without mercy and predicted woes, it was the scribes, Pharisees, scholars, and priests of the temple. He told them in so many words, "The publican and the harlot will enter the kingdom of God before you." The worst dissipation in this world is the dry-rot of morality, and of the so-called piety that separates men of prosperity and of power from the poor and ignoble. They are our wards. . . .

I am not a socialist. I do not preach riot. I do not preach the destruction of property. I regard property as one of the sacred things. The real property established by a man's own intelligence and labor is the crystallized man himself. It is the fruit of what his life-work has done; and not in vain, society makes crime against it amongst the most punishable. But nevertheless, I warn these men in a country like ours, where every man votes, whether he came from Hungary, or from Russia, or from Germany, or from France or Italy, or Spain or Portugal, or from the Orient, — from Japan and China, because they too are going to vote! On the Niagara River, logs come floating down and strike an island, and there they lodge and accumulate for a little while and won't go over. But the rains come, the snow melts, the river rises, and the logs are lifted up and down, and they go swinging over the falls. The stream of suffrage of free men having all the privileges of the State, is this great

stream. The figure is defective in this, that the log goes over the Niagara Falls, but that is not the way the country is going or will go. . . . There is a certain river of political life, and everything has to go into it first or last; and if, in days to come, a man separates himself from his fellows without sympathy, if his wealth and power make poverty feel itself more poor and men's misery more miserable, and set against him the whole stream of popular feeling, that man is in danger. He may not know who dynamites him, but there is danger; and let him take heed who is in peril. There is nothing easier in the world than for rich men to ingratiate themselves with the whole community in which they live, and so secure themselves. It is not selfishness that will do it; it is not by increasing the load of misfortune, it is not by wasting substance in riotous living upon appetites and passions. It is by recognizing that every man is a brother. It is by recognizing the essential spirit of the gospel, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is by using some of their vast power and riches so as to diffuse joy in every section of the community.

Here then I close this discourse. How much it enrolls! How very simple it is! It is the whole gospel. When you make an application of it to all the phases of organization and classification of human interests and developments, it seems as though it were as big as the universe. Yet when you condense it, it all comes back to the one simple creed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Who is my neighbor? A certain man went down to Jericho, and so on. That tells you who your neighbor is. Whosoever has been attacked by robbers, has been beaten, has been thrown down — by liquor, by gambling, or by any form of wickedness; whosoever has been cast into distress, and you are called on to raise him up — that is your neighbor. Love your neighbor as yourself. That is the gospel.

ETHELINDA (ELIOT) BEERS.

Beers, Ethelinda (Eliot), an American poetess who wrote under the name of Ethel Lynn, was born in Goshen, N. Y., January 13, 1827; died at Orange, N. J., October 10, 1879. She is the author of numerous war lyrics and other poems, the best known of which is "The Picket Guard," or "All Quiet Along the Potomac." The authorship has been erroneously claimed by or for several other persons.

The Picket Guard.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'T is nothing — a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle.
Not an officer lost — only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep, —
For their mother, — may Heaven defend her.

THE PICKET GUARD

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree, —
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle — "Ah! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, —
The picket 's *off duty*, forever!

EDWARD BELLAMY.

Bellamy, Edward, an American journalist and novelist; born at Chicopee Falls, Mass., March 26, 1850; died May 22, 1898. He was a son of the Rev. R. K. Bellamy. He studied at Union College, taking a part of the regular course, and also spent a year in study in Germany. After his return to this country he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he never practised, his tastes leading him into literature. In 1871 he became connected with the New York "Evening Post" as an outside editorial writer, and soon after an editorial writer and reviewer on the Springfield, Mass., "Union." His health failing, he in 1877 went to the Sandwich Islands, where he spent a year. He published his first novel, "A Nantucket Idyl," in 1878; "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," in 1880; "Miss Ludington's Sister," in 1884; and "Looking Backward," in 1888. Besides these books, he contributed many short stories to all the leading magazines. In 1891, in connection with others, he founded in Boston a new Nationalist paper, called "The New Nation," of which he was the editor-in-chief. This paper advocates all industrial reforms, the nationalization of the telegraph, telephone, and express service, and gives place to the discussion of social and industrial problems. His last book, "Equality," was published in 1897.

The Awakening.[1]

(From "Looking Backward.")

"He is going to open his eyes. He had better see but one of us at first."

"Promise me, then, that you will not tell him."

The first voice was a man's, the second a woman's, and both spoke in whispers.

"I will see how he seems," replied the man.

"No, no, promise me," persisted the other.

"Let her have her way," whispered a third voice, also a woman.

"Well, well, I promise, then," answered the man. "Quick, go! He is coming out of it."

There was a rustle of garments and I opened my eyes. A

[1] Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

fine-looking man of perhaps sixty was bending over me, an expression of much benevolence mingled with great curiosity upon his features. He was an utter stranger. I raised myself on an elbow and looked around. The room was empty. I certainly had never been in it before, or one furnished like it. I looked back at my companion. He smiled.

"How do you feel?" he inquired.

"Where am I?" I demanded.

"You are in my house," was the reply.

"How came I here?"

"We will talk about that when you are stronger. Meanwhile, I beg you will feel no anxiety. You are among friends and in good hands. How do you feel?"

"A bit queerly," I replied, "but I am well, I suppose. Will you tell me how I came to be indebted to your hospitality? What has happened to me? How came I here? It was in my own house that I went to sleep."

"There will be time enough for explanations later," my unknown host replied, with a reassuring smile. "It will be better to avoid agitating talk until you are a little more yourself. Will you oblige me by taking a couple of swallows of this mixture? It will do you good. I am a physician."

I repelled the glass with my hand and sat up on the couch, although with an effort, for my head was strangely light.

"I insist upon knowing at once where I am and what you have been doing with me," I said.

"My dear sir," responded my companion, "let me beg that you will not agitate yourself. I would rather you did not insist upon explanations so soon, but if you do, I will try to satisfy you, provided you will first take this draught, which will strengthen you somewhat."

I thereupon drank what he offered me. Then he said, "It is not so simple a matter as you evidently suppose to tell you how you came here. You can tell me quite as much on that point as I can tell you. You have just been roused from a deep sleep, or, more properly, trance. So much I can tell you. You say you were in your own house when you fell into that sleep. May I ask you when that was?"

"When?" I replied, "when? Why, last evening, of course, at about ten o'clock. I left my man Sawyer orders to call me at nine o'clock. What has become of Sawyer?"

"I can't precisely tell you that," replied my companion,

regarding me with a curious expression, "but I am sure that he is excusable for not being here. And now can you tell me a little more explicitly when it was that you fell into that sleep, the date, I mean?"

"Why, last night, of course; I said so, did n't I? that is, unless I have overslept an entire day. Great heavens! that cannot be possible; and yet I have an odd sensation of having slept a long time. It was Decoration Day that I went to sleep."

"Decoration Day?"

"Yes, Monday, the 30th."

"Pardon me, the 30th of what?"

"Why, of this month, of course, unless I have slept into June, but that can't be."

"This month is September."

"September! You don't mean that I've slept since May! God in heaven! Why, it is incredible."

"We shall see," replied my companion; "you say that it was May 30th when you went to sleep?"

"Yes."

"May I ask of what year?"

I stared blankly at him, incapable of speech for some moments.

"Of what year?" I feebly echoed at last.

"Yes, of what year, if you please? After you have told me that I shall be able to tell you how long you have slept."

"It was the year 1887," I said.

My companion insisted that I should take another draught from the glass, and felt my pulse.

"My dear sir," he said, "your manner indicates that you are a man of culture, which I am aware was by no means the matter of course in your day it now is. No doubt, then, you have yourself made the observation that nothing in this world can be truly said to be more wonderful than anything else. The causes of all phenomena are equally adequate, and the results equally matters of course. That you should be startled by what I shall tell you is to be expected; but I am confident that you will not permit it to affect your equanimity unduly. Your appearance is that of a young man of barely thirty, and your bodily condition seems not greatly different from that of one just roused from a somewhat too long and profound sleep, and yet this is the tenth day of September in the year 2000, and you have slept exactly one hundred and thirteen years, three months, and eleven days."

Feeling partially dazed, I drank a cup of some sort of broth

at my companion's suggestion, and, immediately afterward becoming very drowsy, went off into a deep sleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight in the room, which had been lighted artificially when I was awake before. My mysterious host was sitting near. He was not looking at me when I opened my eyes, and I had a good opportunity to study him and meditate upon my extraordinary situation, before he observed that I was awake. My giddiness was all gone, and my mind perfectly clear. The story that I had been asleep one hundred and thirteen years, which, in my former weak and bewildered condition, I had accepted without question, recurred to me now only to be rejected as a preposterous attempt at an imposture, the motive of which it was impossible remotely to surmise.

Something extraordinary had certainly happened to account for my waking up in this strange house with this unknown companion, but my fancy was utterly impotent to suggest more than the wildest guess as to what that something might have been. Could it be that I was the victim of some sort of conspiracy? It looked so, certainly; and yet, if human lineaments ever gave true evidence, it was certain that this man by my side with a face so refined and ingenuous, was no party to any scheme of crime or outrage. Then it occurred to me to question if I might not be the butt of some elaborate practical joke on the part of friends who had somehow learned the secret of my underground chamber and taken this means of impressing me with the peril of mesmeric experiments. There were great difficulties in the way of this theory; Sawyer would never have betrayed me, nor had I any friends at all likely to undertake such an enterprise; nevertheless the supposition that I was the victim of a practical joke seemed on the whole the only one tenable. Half expecting to catch a glimpse of some familiar face grinning from behind a chair or curtain, I looked carefully about the room. When my eyes next rested on my companion, he was looking at me.

"You have had a fine nap of twelve hours," he said briskly, "and I can see that it has done you good. You look much better. Your color is good and your eyes are bright. How do you feel?"

"I never felt better," I said, sitting up.

"You remember your first waking, no doubt," he pursued, "and your surprise when I told you how long you had been asleep?"

"You said, I believe, that I had slept one hundred and thirteen years."

"Exactly."

"You will admit," I said, with an ironical smile, "that the story was rather an improbable one."

"Extraordinary, I admit," he responded, "but given the proper conditions, not improbable nor inconsistent with what we know of the trance state. When complete, as in your case, the vital functions are absolutely suspended, and there is no waste of the tissues. No limit can be set to the possible duration of a trance when the external conditions protect the body from physical injury. This trance of yours is indeed the longest of which there is any positive record, but there is no known reason wherefore, had you not been discovered and had the chamber in which we found you continued intact, you might not have remained in a state of suspended animation till, at the end of indefinite ages, the gradual refrigeration of the earth had destroyed the bodily tissues and set the spirit free."

I had to admit that, if I were indeed the victim of a practical joke, its authors had chosen an admirable agent for carrying out their imposition. The impressive and even eloquent manner of this man would have lent dignity to an argument that the moon was made of cheese. The smile with which I had regarded him as he advanced his trance hypothesis did not appear to confuse him in the slightest degree.

"Perhaps," I said, "you will go on and favor me with some particulars as to the circumstances under which you discovered this chamber of which you speak, and its contents. I enjoy good fiction."

"In this case," was the grave reply, "no fiction could be so strange as the truth. You must know that these many years I have been cherishing the idea of building a laboratory in the large garden beside this house, for the purpose of chemical experiments for which I have a taste. Last Thursday the excavation for the cellar was at last begun. It was completed by that night, and Friday the masons were to have come. Thursday night we had a tremendous deluge of rain, and Friday morning I found my cellar a frog-pond and the walls quite washed down. My daughter, who had come out to view the disaster with me, called my attention to a corner of masonry laid bare by the crumbling away of one of the walls. I cleared a little earth from it, and, finding that it seemed part of a large mass, deter-

mined to investigate it. The workmen I sent for unearthed an oblong vault some eight feet below the surface, and set in the corner of what had evidently been the foundation walls of an ancient house. A layer of ashes and charcoal on the top of the vault showed that the house above had perished by fire. The vault itself was perfectly intact, the cement being as good as when first applied. It had a door, but this we could not force, and found entrance by removing one of the flagstones which formed the roof. The air which came up was stagnant, but pure, dry, and not cold. Descending with a lantern, I found myself in an apartment fitted up as a bedroom in the style of the nineteenth century. On the bed lay a young man. That he was dead and must have been dead a century was of course to be taken for granted; but the extraordinary state of preservation of the body struck me and the medical colleagues whom I had summoned with amazement. That the art of such embalming as this had ever been known we should not have believed, yet here seemed conclusive testimony that our immediate ancestors had possessed it. My medical colleagues, whose curiosity was highly excited, were at once for undertaking experiments to test the nature of the process employed, but I withheld them. My motive in so doing, at least the only motive I now need speak of, was the recollection of something I once had read about the extent to which your contemporaries had cultivated the subject of animal magnetism. It had occurred to me as just conceivable that you might be in a trance, and that the secret of your bodily integrity after so long a time was not the craft of an embalmer, but life. So extremely fanciful did this idea seem, even to me, that I did not risk the ridicule of my fellow physicians by mentioning it, but gave some other reason for postponing their experiments. No sooner, however, had they left me, than I set on foot a systematic attempt at resuscitation, of which you know the result."

Had its theme been yet more incredible, the circumstantiality of this narrative, as well as the impressive manner and personality of the narrator, might have staggered a listener, and I had begun to feel very strangely, when, as he closed, I chanced to catch a glimpse of my reflection in a mirror hanging on the wall of the room. I rose and went up to it. The face I saw was the face to a hair and a line and not a day older than the one I had looked at as I tied my cravat before going to Edith that Decoration Day, which, as this man would have me believe,

was celebrated one hundred and thirteen years before. At this, the colossal character of the fraud which was being attempted on me, came over me afresh. Indignation mastered my mind as I realized the outrageous liberty that had been taken.

"You are probably surprised," said my companion, "to see that, although you are a century older than when you lay down to sleep in that underground chamber, your appearance is unchanged. That should not amaze you. It is by virtue of the total arrest of the vital functions that you have survived this great period of time. If your body could have undergone any change during your trance, it would long ago have suffered dissolution."

"Sir," I replied, turning to him, "what your motive can be in reciting to me with a serious face this remarkable farrago, I am utterly unable to guess; but you are surely yourself too intelligent to suppose that anybody but an imbecile could be deceived by it. Spare me any more of this elaborate nonsense and once for all tell me whether you refuse to give me an intelligible account of where I am and how I came here. If so, I shall proceed to ascertain my whereabouts for myself, whoever may hinder."

"You do not, then, believe that this is the year 2000?"

"Do you really think it necessary to ask me that?" I returned.

"Very well," replied my extraordinary host. "Since I cannot convince you, you shall convince yourself. Are you strong enough to follow me upstairs?"

"I am as strong as I ever was," I replied angrily, "as I may have to prove if this jest is carried much farther."

"I beg, sir," was my companion's response, "that you will not allow yourself to be too fully persuaded that you are the victim of a trick, lest the reaction, when you are convinced of the truth of my statements, should be too great."

The tone of concern, mingled with commiseration, with which he said this, and the entire absence of any sign of resentment at my hot words, strangely daunted me, and I followed him from the room with an extraordinary mixture of emotions. He led the way up two flights of stairs and then up a shorter one, which landed us upon a belvedere on the house-top. "Be pleased to look around you," he said, as we reached the platform, "and tell me if this is the Boston of the nineteenth century."

At my feet lay a great city. Miles of broad streets, shaded by trees and lined with fine buildings, for the most part not in continuous blocks but set in larger or smaller inclosures, stretched in every direction. Every quarter contained large open squares filled with trees, among which statues glistened and fountains flashed in the late afternoon sun. Public buildings of a colossal size and an architectural grandeur unparalleled in my day raised their stately piles on every side. Surely I had never seen this city nor one comparable to it before. Raising my eyes at last towards the horizon, I looked westward. That blue ribbon winding away to the sunset, was it not the sinuous Charles? I looked east; Boston harbor stretched before me within its headlands, not one of its green islets missing.

I knew then that I had been told the truth concerning the prodigious thing which had befallen me.

. . . . . .

"If I am going to explain our way of shopping to you," said my companion, as we walked along the street, "you must explain your way to me. I have never been able to understand it from all I have read on the subject. For example, when you had such a vast number of shops, each with its different assortment, how could a lady ever settle upon any purchase till she had visited all the shops? for, until she had, she could not know what there was to choose from."

"It was as you suppose; that was the only way she could know," I replied.

"Father calls me an indefatigable shopper, but I should soon be a very fatigued one if I had to do as they did," was Edith's laughing comment.

"The loss of time in going from shop to shop was indeed a waste which the busy bitterly complained of," I said; "but as for the ladies of the idle class, though they complained also, I think the system was really a godsend by furnishing a device to kill time."

"But say there were a thousand shops in a city, hundreds, perhaps, of the same sort, how could even the idlest find time to make their rounds?"

"They really could not visit all, of course," I replied. "Those who did a great deal of buying learned in time where they might expect to find what they wanted. This class had made a science of the specialties of the shops, and bought at advantage, always getting the most and best for the least money.

It required, however, long experience to acquire this knowledge. Those who were too busy, or bought too little to gain it, took their chances and were generally unfortunate, getting the least and worst for the most money. It was the merest chance if persons not experienced in shopping received the value of their money."

"But why did you put up with such a shockingly inconvenient arrangement when you saw its faults so plainly?" Edith asked me.

"It was like all our social arrangements," I replied. "You can see their faults scarcely more plainly than we did, but we saw no remedy for them."

"Here we are at the store of our ward," said Edith, as we turned in at the great portal of one of the magnificent public buildings I had observed in my morning walk. There was nothing in the exterior aspect of the edifice to suggest a store to a representative of the nineteenth century. There was no display of goods in the great windows, or any device to advertise wares, or attract custom. Nor was there any sort of sign or legend on the front of the building to indicate the character of the business carried on there; but instead, above the portal, standing out from the front of the building, a majestic life-size group of statuary, the central figure of which was a female ideal of Plenty, with her cornucopia. Judging from the composition of the throng passing in and out, about the same proportion of the sexes among shoppers obtained as in the nineteenth century. As we entered, Edith said that there was one of these great distributing establishments in each ward of the city, so that no residence was more than five or ten minutes' walk from one of them. It was the first interior of a twentieth-century public building that I had ever beheld, and the spectacle naturally impressed me deeply. I was in a vast hall full of light, received not alone from the windows on all sides, but from the dome, the point of which was a hundred feet above. Beneath it, in the centre of the hall, a magnificent fountain played, cooling the atmosphere to a delicious freshness with its spray. The walls and ceiling were frescoed in mellow tints, calculated to soften without absorbing the light which flooded the interior. Around the fountain was a space occupied with chairs and sofas, on which many persons were seated conversing. Legends on the walls all about the hall indicated to what classes of commodities the counters below were devoted. Edith directed her steps

towards one of these, where samples of muslin of a bewildering variety were displayed, and proceeded to inspect them.

"Where is the clerk?" I asked, for there was no one behind the counter, and no one seemed coming to attend to the customer.

"I have no need of the clerk yet," said Edith; "I have not made my selection."

"It was the principal business of clerks to help people to make their selections in my day," I replied.

"What! To tell people what they wanted?"

"Yes; and oftener to induce them to buy what they did n't want."

"But did not ladies find that very impertinent?" Edith asked, wonderingly. "What concern could it possibly be to the clerks whether people bought or not?"

"It was their sole concern," I answered. "They were hired for the purpose of getting rid of the goods, and were expected to do their utmost, short of the use of force, to compass that end."

"Ah, yes! How stupid I am to forget!" said Edith. "The storekeeper and his clerks depended for their livelihood on selling the goods in your day. Of course that is all different now. The goods are the nation's. They are here for those who want them, and it is the business of the clerks to wait on people and take their orders; but it is not the interest of the clerk or the nation to dispose of a yard or a pound of anything to anybody who does not want it." She smiled as she added, "How exceedingly odd it must have seemed to have clerks trying to induce one to take what one did not want, or was doubtful about!"

"But even a twentieth-century clerk might make himself useful in giving you information about the goods, though he did not tease you to buy them," I suggested.

"No," said Edith, "that is not the business of the clerk. These printed cards, for which the government authorities are responsible, give us all the information we can possibly need."

I saw then that there was fastened to each sample a card containing in succinct form a complete statement of the make and materials of the goods and all its qualities, as well as price, leaving absolutely no point to hang a question on.

"The clerk has, then, nothing to say about the goods he sells?" I said.

"Nothing at all. It is not necessary that he should know or profess to know anything about them. Courtesy and accuracy in taking orders are all that are required of him."

"What a prodigious amount of lying that simple arrangement saves!" I ejaculated.

"Do you mean that all the clerks misrepresented their goods in your day?" Edith asked.

"God forbid that I should say so!" I replied, "for there were many who did not, and they were entitled to especial credit, for when one's livelihood and that of his wife and babies depended on the amount of goods he could dispose of, the temptation to deceive the customer — or let him deceive himself — was well-nigh overwhelming. But, Miss Leete, I am distracting you from your task with my talk."

"Not at all. I have made my selections." With that she touched a button, and in a moment a clerk appeared. He took down her order on a tablet with a pencil which made two copies, of which he gave one to her, and enclosing the counterpart in a small receptacle dropped it into a transmitting tube.

"The duplicate of the order," said Edith as she turned away from the counter, after the clerk had punched the value of her purchase out of the credit card she gave him, "is given to the purchaser, so that any mistakes in filling it can be easily traced and rectified."

"You were very quick about your selections," I said. "May I ask how you knew that you might not have found something to suit you better in some of the other stores? But probably you are required to buy in your own district."

"Oh, no," she replied. "We buy where we please, though naturally most often near home. But I should have gained nothing by visiting other stores. The assortment in all is exactly the same, representing as it does in each case samples of all the varieties produced or imported by the United States. That is why one can decide quickly, and never need visit two stores."

"And is this merely a sample store? I see no clerks cutting off goods or marking bundles."

"All our stores are sample stores, except as to a few classes of articles. The goods, with these exceptions, are all at the great central warehouse of the city, to which they are shipped directly from the producers. We order from the sample and the printed statement of texture, make, and qualities. The orders are sent to the warehouse, and the goods distributed from there."

"That must be a tremendous saving of handling," I said.

"By our system, the manufacturer sold to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the retailer, and the retailer to the consumer, and the goods had to be handled each time. You avoid one handling of the goods, and eliminate the retailer altogether, with his big profit and the army of clerks it goes to support. Why, Miss Leete, this store is merely the order department of a wholesale house, with no more than a wholesaler's complement of clerks. Under our system of handling the goods, persuading the customer to buy them, cutting them off, and packing them, ten clerks would not do what one does here. The saving must be enormous."

"I suppose so," said Edith, "but of course we have never known any other way. But, Mr, West, you must not fail to ask father to take you to the central warehouse some day, where they receive the orders from the different sample houses all over the city and parcel out and send the goods to their destinations. He took me there not long ago, and it was a wonderful sight. The system is certainly perfect; for example, over yonder in that sort of cage is the dispatching clerk. The orders, as they are taken by the different departments in the store, are sent by transmitters to him. His assistants sort them and enclose each class in a carrier-box by itself. The dispatching clerk has a dozen pneumatic transmitters before him answering to the general classes of goods, each communicating with the corresponding department at the warehouse. He drops the box of orders into the tube it calls for, and in a few moments later it drops on the proper desk in the warehouse, together with all the orders of the same sort from the other sample stores. The orders are read off, recorded, and sent to be filled, like lightning. The filling I thought the most interesting part. Bales of cloth are placed on spindles and turned by machinery, and the cutter, who also has a machine, works right through one bale after another till exhausted, when another man takes his place; and it is the same with those who fill the orders in any other staple. The packages are then delivered by larger tubes to the city districts, and thence distributed to the houses. You may understand how quickly it is all done when I tell you that my order will probably be at home sooner than I could have carried it from here."

"How do you manage in the thinly settled rural districts?" I asked.

"The system is the same," Edith explained; "the village

sample shops are connected by transmitters with the central county warehouse, which may be twenty miles away. The transmission is so swift, though, that the time lost on the way is trifling. But, to save expense, in many counties one set of tubes connect several villages with the warehouse, and then there is time lost waiting for one another. Sometimes it is two or three hours before goods ordered are received. It was so where I was staying last summer, and I found it quite inconvenient."[1]

"There must be many other respects also, no doubt, in which the country stores are inferior to the city stores," I suggested.

"No," Edith answered, "they are otherwise precisely as good. The sample shop of the smallest village, just like this one, gives you your choice of all the varieties of goods the nation has, for the county warehouse draws on the same source as the city warehouse."

As we walked home I commented on the great variety in the size and cost of the houses. "How is it," I asked, "that this difference is consistent with the fact that all citizens have the same income?"

"Because," Edith explained, "although the income is the same, personal taste determines how the individual shall spend it. Some like fine horses; others, like myself, prefer pretty clothes; and still others want an elaborate table. The rents which the nation receives for these houses vary, according to size, elegance, and location, so that everybody can find something to suit. The larger houses are usually occupied by large families, in which there are several to contribute to the rent; while small families, like ours, find smaller houses more convenient and economical. It is a matter of taste and convenience wholly. I have read that in old times people often kept up establishments and did other things which they could not afford for ostentation, to make people think them richer than they were. Was it really so, Mr. West?"

"I shall have to admit that it was," I replied.

"Well, you see, it could not be so nowadays; for everybody's income is known, and it is known that what is spent one way must be saved another."

[1] I am informed since the above is in type that this lack of perfection in the distributing service of some of the country districts is to be remedied, and that soon every village will have its own set of tubes.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

Béranger, Pierre Jean de (bā-roṅ-zhā), a French poet; born in Paris, August 19, 1780; died there, July 16, 1857. His father took him to Paris in 1802; but they soon quarreled, and he began life in that garret which became famous. In 1804 Lucien Bonaparte helped him out of his distress, by giving him a clerkship in the Imperial University. Meanwhile he had composed many convivial and political songs, but it did not occur to him to write them down until 1812. They were so universally sung that he could have dispensed with the printing-press. When his poems were published in 1815, he was recognized at the champion of the faction opposed to the Bourbons. His popularity with the working-classes was immense, and he made the song a powerful political weapon. His republicanism and enthusiasm for Napoleon suited the multitude. Two volumes published in 1821 led to his imprisonment; and another in 1825 caused a second incarceration. "New Songs" appeared in 1830, and his "Autobiography" in 1840. In 1848 he was elected to Parliament, but begged to be released. His songs are full of wit, light-heartedness, and musical grace, ranging in theme from epicurean trivialities to passionate and burning social and political satire. Among the best are the "King of Yvetot;" "The Old Flag;" "The Old Corporal;" "Roger Bontemps;" "My Grandmother;" "Little Red Man;" "Little Gray Man;" and "The Marquis of Carabas."

Draw it Mild.

(Les Petits Coups.)

(Translation of William Young.)

Let's learn to temper our desires,
  Not harshly to constrain;
And since excess makes pleasure less,
  Why, so much more refrain.
Small table — cozy corner — here
  We well may be beguiled;
Our worthy host old wine can boast;
  Drink, drink — but draw it mild!

He who would many an evil shun
Will find my plan the best —
To trim the sail as shifts the gale,
And half-seas over rest.
Enjoyment is an art — disgust
Is bred of joy run wild;
Too deep a drain upsets the brain:
Drink, drink — but draw it mild!

Our indigence — let 's cheer it up;
'T is nonsense to repine;
To give to Hope the fullest scope
Needs but one draught of wine.
And oh! be temperate, to enjoy,
Ye on whom Fate hath smiled;
If deep the bowl, your thirst control:
Drink, drink — but draw it mild!

What, Phyllis, dost thou fear? at this
My lesson dost thou scoff?
Or wouldst thou say, light draughts betray
The toper falling off?
Keen taste, eyes keen — whate'er be seen
Of joy in thine, fair child,
Love's philtre use, but don't abuse:
Drink, drink — but draw it mild!

Yes, without hurrying, let us roam
From feast to feast of gladness;
And reach old age, if not quite sage,
With method in our madness!
Our health is sound, good wines abound;
Friends, these are riches piled.
To use with thrift the twofold gift:
Drink, drink — but draw it mild!

The King of Yvetot.

(Version of W. M. Thackeray.)

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days a-bed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
'T was from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish! — must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
A courteous king, and kind, was he —
The reason why, you 'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then,
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
"Live and let live" his rule of state.
'T was only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That 's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,

Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing "Ha, ha, ha!" and "He, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me."

FORTUNE.

RAP! rap! — Is that my lass —
Rap! rap! — is rapping there?
It is Fortune. Let her pass!
I'll not open the door to her.
Rap! rap! —

All of my friends are making gay
My little room, with lips wine-wet:
We only wait for you, Lisette!
Fortune! you may go your way.
Rap! rap! —

If we might credit half her boast,
What wonders gold has in its gift!
Well, we have twenty bottles left
And still some credit with our host.
Rap! rap! —

Her pearls, and rubies too, she quotes,
And mantles more than sumptuous:
Lord! but the purple's naught to us, —
We're just now taking off our coats.
Rap! rap! —

She treats us as the rawest youths,
With talk of genius and of fame:
Thank calumny, alas, for shame!
Our faith is spoiled in laurel growths.
Rap! rap! —

Far from our pleasures, we care not
Her highest heavens to attain;
She fills her big balloons in vain
Till we have swamped our little boat.
Rap! rap! —

Yet all our neighbors crowd to be
Within her ring of promises.
Ah! surely, friends! our mistresses
Will cheat us more agreeably.
Rap! rap! —

The People's Reminiscences.

(Les Souvenirs du Peuple.)

(Translation of William Young.)

Ay, many a day the straw-thatched cot
Shall echo with his glory!
The humblest shed, these fifty years,
Shall know no other story.
There shall the idle villagers
To some old dame resort,
And beg her with those good old tales
To make their evenings short.
"What though they say he did us harm?
Our love this cannot dim;
Come, granny, talk of him to us;
Come, granny, talk of him."

"Well, children — with a train of kings,
Once he passed by this spot;
'T was long ago; I had but just
Begun to boil the pot.
On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
I watched him on his way:
He wore a small three-cornered hat;
His overcoat was gray.
I was half frightened till he said
'Good day, my dear!' to me."
"O granny, granny, did he speak?
What, granny! you and he?"

"Next year, as I, poor soul, by chance
Through Paris strolled one day,
I saw him taking, with his court,
To Notre Dame his way.
The crowd were charmed with such a show;
Their hearts were filled with pride:
'What splendid weather for the fête!
Heaven favors him!' they cried.
Softly he smiled, for God had given
To his fond arms a boy."
"Oh, how much joy you must have felt!
O granny, how much joy!"

"But when at length our poor Champagne
By foes was overrun,
He seemed alone to hold his ground;
Nor dangers would he shun.
One night — as might be now — I heard
A knock — the door unbarred —
And saw — good God! 't was he, himself,
With but a scanty guard.
'Oh, what a war is this!' he cried,
Taking this very chair."
"What! granny, granny, there he sat?
What! granny, he sat there?"

"'I 'm hungry,' said he: quick I served
Thin wine and hard brown bread;
He dried his clothes, and by the fire
In sleep dropped down his head.
Waking, he saw my tears — 'Cheer up,
Good dame!' says he, 'I go
'Neath Paris walls to strike for France
One last avenging blow.'
He went; but on the cup he used
Such value did I set —
It has been treasured." — "What! till now?
You have it, granny, yet?"

"Here 't is: but 't was the hero's fate
To ruin to be led:
He whom a Pope had crowned, alas!
In a lone isle lies dead.
'T was long denied; 'No, no,' said they,
'Soon shall he reappear!
O'er ocean comes he, and the foe
Shall find his master here.'
Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
When forced to own 't was true!"
"Poor granny! Heaven for this will look —
Will kindly look on you."

The Old Tramp.

(Le Vieux Vagabond.)

Here in this gutter let me die:
Weary and sick and old, I 've done.
"He 's drunk," will say the passers-by:
All right, I want no pity — none.

I see the heads that turn away,
While others glance and toss me sous:
"Off to your junket! Go!" I say:
Old tramp, — to die I need no help from you.

Yes, of old age I'm dying now:
Of hunger people never die.
I hoped some almshouse might allow
A shelter when my end was nigh;
But all retreats are overflowed,
Such crowds are suffering and forlorn.
My nurse, alas! has been the road:
Old tramp, — here let me die where I was born.

When young, it used to be my prayer
To craftsmen, "Let me learn your trade."
"Clear out — we've got no work to spare;
Go beg," was all reply they made.
You rich, who bade me work, I've fed
With relish on the bones you threw;
Made of your straw an easy bed:
Old tramp, — I have no curse to vent on you.

Poor wretch, I had the choice to steal;
But no, I'd rather beg my bread.
At most I thieved a wayside meal
Of apples ripening overhead.
Yet twenty times have I been thrown
In prison — 't was the King's decree;
Robbed of the only thing I own:
Old tramp, — at least the sun belongs to me.

The poor man — is a country his?
What are to me your corn and wine,
Your glory and your industries,
Your orators? They are not mine.
And when a foreign foe waxed fat
Within your undefended walls,
I shed my tears, poor fool, at that:
Old tramp, — his hand was open to my calls.

Why, like the hateful bug you kill,
Did you not crush me when you could?
Or better, teach me ways and skill
To labor for the common good?

The ugly grub an ant may end,
If sheltered from the cold and fed.
You might have had me for a friend:
Old tramp, — I die your enemy instead.

The Garret.

(Version of W. M. Thackeray.)

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where in my youth I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun:
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 't is a garret — let him know 't who will —
There was my bed — full hard it was and small;
My table there — and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun:
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one!

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise:
Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did women look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears;
We rise, — we join in the triumphant strain, —
Napoleon conquers — Austerlitz is won —
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone — the place is sad and strange —
How far, far off these happy times appear!
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here —
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour:
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

From "The Gipsies."

(Les Bohémiens.)

To see is to have. Come, hurry anew!
Life on the wing
Is a rapturous thing.
To see is to have. Come, hurry anew!
For to see the world is to conquer it too.
. . . . . .
So naught do we own, from pride left free,
From statutes vain,
From heavy chain;
So naught do we own, from pride left free, —
Cradle nor house nor coffin have we.

But credit our jollity none the less,
Noble or priest, or
Servant or master;
But credit our jollity none the less, —
Liberty always means happiness.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

Berkeley, George, an Anglican prelate and philosophical writer, born at Dysert Castle, County Kilkenny, Ireland, March 12, 1685; died at Oxford, England, January 14, 1753. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where he showed a special aptitude for mathematical studies; and in 1707 was made a Fellow of that College. In that year he published an ingenious essay entitled "Arithmetica absque Algebrâ aut Euclide demonstrata." This was followed two years later by "An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision." In 1710 — the author being only twenty-six years of age — he put forth his famous "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge;" which was followed three years after by a sequel entitled "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous." In August, 1728, Berkeley married the daughter of the Right Honorable John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons; and in the following January sailed for Newport, R. I., a seaport which it was then thought would become the commercial metropolis of the colonies. Dean Berkeley was most enthusiastically welcomed at Newport. Berkeley returned to England after a residence of about two years in Rhode Island. His estate of Whitehall at Newport he conveyed to Yale College for the maintenance of scholarships. After his accession to the see of Cloyne, Bishop Berkeley wrote several books, among which are "The Analyst, a Discourse addressed to an Infidel Mathematician" (1734). Among his published works are the celebrated "Commonplace Book, 1703–6;" "Essay towards a New Theory of Vision" (1709); "The Principles of Human Knowledge" (1710); "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous" (1713); "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher" (1732); "Siris" (1744); and others.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first Acts already past,
A fifth shall close the Drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Essay on Tar-Water.

(From "Siris.")

The seeds of things seem to lie latent in the air, ready to appear and produce their kind, whenever they light on a proper matrix. The extremely small seeds of fern, mosses, mushrooms, and some other plants, are concealed and wafted about in the air, every part whereof seems replete with seeds of one kind or other. The whole atmosphere seems alive. There is everywhere acid to corrode, and seed to engender. Iron will rust, and mold will grow, in all places. Virgin earth becomes fertile, crops of new plants ever and anon show themselves, all which demonstrate the air to be a common seminary and receptacle of all vivifying principles. . . .

The eye by long use comes to see, even in the darkest cavern; and there is no subject so obscure, but we may discern some glimpse of truth by long poring on it. Truth is the cry of all, but the game of a few. Certainly where it is the chief passion, it doth not give way to vulgar cares and views; nor is it

contented with a little ardor in the early time of life; active, perhaps, to pursue, but not so fit to weigh and revise. He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the later growth as well as first fruits, at the altar of truth. . . .

As the nerves are instruments of sensation, it follows that spasms in the nerves may produce all symptoms, and therefore a disorder in the nervous system shall imitate all distempers, and occasion, in appearance, an asthma for instance, a pleurisy, or a fit of the stone. Now, whatever is good for the nerves in general is good against all such symptoms. But tar-water, as it includes in an eminent degree the virtues of warm gums and resins, is of great use for comforting and strengthening the nerves, curing twitches in the nervous fibres, cramps also, and numbness in the limbs, removing anxieties and promoting sleep, in all which cases I have known it very successful.

This safe and cheap medicine suits all circumstances and all constitutions, operating easily, curing without disturbing, raising the spirits without depressing them, a circumstance that deserves repeated attention, especially in these climates, where strong liquors so fatally and so frequently produce those very distresses they are designed to remedy; and if I am not misinformed, even among the ladies themselves, who are truly much to be pitied. Their condition of life makes them a prey to imaginary woes, which never fail to grow up in minds unexercised and unemployed. To get rid of these, it is said, there are who betake themselves to distilled spirits. And it is not improbable they are led gradually to the use of those poisons by a certain complaisant pharmacy, too much used in the modern practice, palsy drops, poppy cordial, plague water, and such-like, which being in truth nothing but drams disguised, yet coming from the apothecaries, are considered only as medicines.

The soul of man was supposed by many ancient sages to be thrust into the human body as into a prison, for punishment of past offences. But the worst prison is the body of an indolent epicure, whose blood is inflamed by fermented liquors and high sauces, or rendered putrid, sharp, and corrosive by a stagnation of the animal juices through sloth and indolence; whose membranes are irritated by pungent salts; whose mind is agitated by painful oscillations of the nervous system, and whose nerves are mutually affected by the irregular passions of his mind. This ferment in the animal economy darkens and confounds the

intellect. It produceth vain terrors and vain conceits, and stimulates the soul with mad desires, which, not being natural, nothing in nature can satisfy. No wonder, therefore, there are so many fine persons of both sexes, shining themselves, and shone on by fortune, who are inwardly miserable and sick of life.

The hardness of stubbed vulgar constitutions renders them insensible of a thousand things that fret and gall those delicate people, who, as if their skin was peeled off, feel to the quick everything that touches them. The remedy for this exquisite and painful sensibility is commonly sought from fermented, perhaps from distilled liquors, which render many lives wretched that would otherwise have been only ridiculous. The tender nerves and low spirits of such poor creatures would be much relieved by the use of tar-water, which might prolong and cheer their lives. I do therefore recommend to them the use of a cordial, not only safe and innocent, but giving health and spirit as sure as other cordials destroy them.

I do verily think there is not any other medicine whatsoever so effectual to restore a crazy constitution and cheer a dreary mind, or so likely to subvert that gloomy empire of the spleen which tyrannizeth over the better sort (as they are called) of these free nations, and maketh them, in spite of their liberty and property, more wretched slaves than even the subjects of absolute power who breathe clear air in a sunny climate, while men of low degree often enjoy a tranquillity and content that no advantage of birth or fortune can equal. Such indeed was the case while the rich alone could afford to be debauched; but when even beggars became debauchees, the case was altered.

The public virtue and spirit of the British legislature never showed itself more conspicuous in any act, than in that for suppressing the immoderate use of distilled spirits among the people, whose strength and numbers constitute the true wealth of a nation: though evasive arts will, it is feared prevail so long as distilled spirits of any kind are allowed, the character of Englishmen in general being that of Brutus, *Quicquid vult valde vult* [whatever he desires he desires intensely]. But why should such a canker be tolerated in the vitals of a State, under any pretence, or in any shape whatsoever? Better by far the whole present set of distillers were pensioners of the public, and their trade abolished by law; since all the benefit thereof put together would not balance the hundredth part of its mischief. . . .

This tar-water will also give charitable relief to the ladies,

who often want it more than the parish poor; being many of them never able to make a good meal, and sitting pale and puny, and forbidden like ghosts, at their own table, victims of vapors and indigestion.

Studious persons also, pent up in narrow holes, breathing bad air, and stooping over their books, are much to be pitied. As they are debarred the free use of air and exercise, this I will venture to recommend as the best succedaneum to both; though it were to be wished that modern scholars would, like the ancients, meditate and converse more in walks and gardens and open air, which upon the whole would perhaps be no hindrance to their learning, and a great advantage to their health. My own sedentary course of life had long since thrown me into an ill habit, attended with many ailments, particularly a nervous colic, which rendered my life a burden, and the more so because my pains were exasperated by exercise. But since the use of tar-water, I find, though not a perfect recovery from my old and rooted illness, yet such a gradual return of health and ease, that I esteem my having taken this medicine the greatest of all temporal blessings, and am convinced that under Providence I owe my life to it.

Maxims Concerning Patriotism.

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why a guardian to the State? . . . A fop or man of pleasure makes but a scurvy patriot. . . . He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave. . . . The patriot aims at his private good in the public; the knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole; the latter considers himself as the whole. . . . Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good. . . . When the heart is right, there is true patriotism. . . . The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing — each his own interest. . . . Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

SAINT BERNARD.

Bernard, Saint, of Clairvaux, a French ecclesiastic, and illustrious Christian teacher, born at Fontaines, near Dijon, Burgundy, in 1091; died at Clairvaux, August 20, 1153. When twenty-two years of age (1113) he joined the little monastery at Citeaux, and such were the effects of his devotion and eloquent enthusiasm in commending a religious life that he drew after him four brothers. In 1115 he was chosen to head a band of devotees who issued from Citeaux in search of a new home. They travelled northward until they arrived in a wild and gloomy valley, thickly grown with wood and having a beautiful clear stream running through it. Here they settled and founded the Abbey of Clairvaux, with which St. Bernard's name is associated in history.

The influence of Bernard was notably shown on the death of Pope Honorius II. in 1130. The Christian world was divided between the claims of Anacletus II. and Innocent II. A council of bishops and archbishops was called, over whom Bernard was asked to preside. He did so with reluctance, and when the question had been presented to him decided in favor of Innocent II. Pope Innocent travelled from place to place with the powerful Abbot of Clairvaux by his side.

The two notable events of Bernard's subsequent life were his controversy with the heretic Abelard, whom he worsted on all points of doctrine, and who was silenced by the Pope, and his preaching of the Second Crusade.

Through the marvellous eloquence of the Abbot, the French King, Louis VII., and the German Emperor, Conrad III., placed themselves in command of a vast army and moved against the Turk. The expedition was disastrous and the armies were either dispersed or destroyed. Bernard was doubly blamed for the rout of the armies and the disastrous termination of the Second Crusade. This and other anxieties bore heavily upon his sanguine spirit, and he died at Clairvaux at the age of fifty-three.

St. Bernard's Hymn.

(Translated by E. Caswall.)

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart came frame,
  Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
  The Savior of mankind.
O hope of every contrite heart,
  O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
  How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
  Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
  None but his lov'd ones know.
Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
  As Thou our prize wilt be
In Thee be all our glory now,
  And through eternity.

Monastic Luxury.

(From the Apology to the Abbot William of St. Thierry.)

There is no conversation concerning the Scriptures, none concerning the salvation of souls; but small-talk, laughter, and idle words fill the air. At dinner the palate and ears are equally tickled — the one with dainties, the other with gossip and news, which together quite prevent all moderation in feeding. In the mean time dish after dish is set on the table; and to make up for the small privation of meat, a double supply is provided of well-grown fish. When you have eaten enough of the first, if you taste the second course, you will seem to yourself hardly to have touched the former: such is the art of the cooks, that after four or five dishes have been devoured, the first does not seem to be in the way of the last, nor does satiety invade the appetite. . . . Who could say, to speak of nothing else, in how many forms eggs are cooked and worked up? with what care they are turned in and out, made hard or soft, or chopped fine; now fried, now roasted, now stuffed; now they are served mixed with other things, now by themselves. Even the external appearance of the dishes is such that the eye, as well as the taste, is charmed. . . .

Not only have we lost the spirit of the old monasteries, but even its outward appearance. For this habit of ours, which of old was the sign of humility, by the monks of our day is turned

into a source of pride. We can hardly find in a whole province wherewithal we condescend to be clothed. The monk and the knight cut their garments, the one his cowl, the other his cloak, from the same piece. No secular person, however great, whether king or emperor, would be disgusted at our vestments if they were only cut and fitted to his requirements. But, say you, religion is in the heart, not in the garments? True; but you, when you are about to buy a cowl, rush over the towns, visit the markets, examine the fairs, dive into the houses of the merchants, turn over all their goods, undo their bundles of cloth, feel it with your fingers, hold it to your eyes or to the rays of the sun, and if anything coarse or faded appears, you reject it. But if you are pleased with any object of unusual beauty or brightness, you at once buy it, whatever the price. I ask you, Does this come from the heart, or your simplicity?

I wonder that our abbots allow these things, unless it arises from the fact that no one is apt to blame any error with confidence if he cannot trust in his own freedom from the same; and it is a right human quality to forgive without much anger those self-indulgences in others for which we ourselves have the strongest inclination. How is the light of the world overshadowed! Those whose lives should have been the way of life to us, by the example they give of pride, become blind leaders of the blind. What a specimen of humility is that, to march with such pomp and retinue, to be surrounded with such an escort of hairy men, so that one abbot has about him people enough for two bishops. I lie not when I say, I have seen an abbot with sixty horses after him, and even more. Would you not think, as you see them pass, that they were not fathers of monasteries, but lords of castles — not shepherds of souls, but princes of provinces? Then there is the baggage, containing table-cloths, and cups and basins, and candlesticks, and well-filled wallets — not with the coverlets, but the ornaments of the beds. My lord abbot can never go more than four leagues from his home without taking all his furniture with him, as if he were going to the wars, or about to cross a desert where necessaries cannot be had. Is it quite impossible to wash one's hands in, and drink from, the same vessel? Will not your candle burn anywhere but in that gold or silver candlestick of yours, which you carry with you? Is sleep impossible except upon a variegated mattress, or under a foreign coverlet? Could not one servant harness the mule, wait at dinner, and make the bed? If such a

multitude of men and horses is indispensable, why not at least carry with us our necessaries, and thus avoid the severe burden we are to our hosts? . . .

By the sight of wonderful and costly vanities men are prompted to give, rather than to pray. Some beautiful picture of a saint is exhibited — and the brighter the colors the greater the holiness attributed to it: men run, eager to kiss; they are invited to give, and the beautiful is more admired than the sacred is revered. In the churches are suspended, not *coronæ*, but wheels studded with gems and surrounded by lights, which are scarcely brighter than the precious stones which are near them. Instead of candlesticks, we behold great trees of brass fashioned with wonderful skill, and glittering as much through their jewels as their lights. What do you suppose is the object of all this? The repentance of the contrite, or the admiration of the gazers? O vanity of vanities! but not more vain than foolish. The church's walls are resplendent, but the poor are not there. . . . The curious find wherewith to amuse themselves; the wretched find no stay for them in their misery. Why at least do we not reverence the images of the saints, with which the very pavement we walk on is covered? Often an angel's mouth is spit into, and the face of some saint trodden on by passers-by. . . . But if we cannot do without the images, why can we not spare the brilliant colors? What has all this to do with monks, with professors of poverty, with men of spiritual minds?

Again, in the cloisters, what is the meaning of those ridiculous monsters, of that deformed beauty, that beautiful deformity, before the very eyes of the brethren when reading? What are disgusting monkeys there for, or satyrs, or ferocious lions, or monstrous centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or huntsmen sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with numerous heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact, such an endless variety of forms appears everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring these oddities than in meditating on the law of God. Good God! if we are not ashamed of these absurdities, why do we not grieve at the cost of them?

From his Sermon on the Death of Gerard

"As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." — Sol. Song i. 5.

Perhaps both members of the comparison — viz., "As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon" — refer only to the first words, "I am black." It may be, however, that the simile is extended to both clauses, and each is compared with each. The former sense is the more simple, the latter the more obscure. Let us try both, beginning with the latter, which seems the more difficult. There is no difficulty, however, in the first comparison, "I am black as the tents of Kedar," but only in the last. For Kedar, which is interpreted to mean "darkness" or "gloom," may be compared with blackness justly enough; but the curtains of Solomon are not so easily likened to beauty. Moreover, who does not see that "tents" fits harmoniously with the comparison? For what is the meaning of "tents" except our bodies, in which we sojourn for a time? Nor have we an abiding city, but we seek one to come. In our bodies, as under tents, we carry on warfare. Truly, we are violent to take the kingdom. Indeed, the life of man here on earth is a warfare; and as long as we do battle in this body, we are absent from the Lord, — *i. e.*, from the light. For the Lord is light: and so far as any one is not in Him, so far he is in darkness, *i. e.*, in Kedar. Let each one then acknowledge the sorrowful exclamation as his own: — "Woe is me that my sojourn is prolonged! I have dwelt with those who dwell in Kedar. My soul hath long sojourned in a strange land." Therefore this habitation of the body is not the mansion of the citizen, nor the house of the native, but either the soldier's tent or the traveller's inn. This body, I say, is a tent, and a tent of Kedar, because, by its interference, it prevents the soul from beholding the infinite light, nor does it allow her to see the light at all, except through a glass darkly, and not face to face.

Do you not see whence blackness comes to the Church — whence a certain rust cleaves to even the fairest souls? Doubtless it comes from the tents of Kedar, from the practice of laborious warfare, from the long continuance of a painful sojourn, from the straits of our grievous exile, from our feeble, cumbersome bodies; for the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things. Therefore the soul's desire to be

loosed, that being freed from the body they may fly into the embraces of Christ. Wherefore one of the miserable ones said, groaning, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" For a soul of this kind knoweth that, while in the tents of Kedar, she cannot be entirely free from spot or wrinkle, nor from stains of blackness, and wishes to go forth and to put them off. And here we have the reason why the spouse calls herself black as the tents of Kedar. But now, how is she beautiful as the curtains of Solomon? Behind these curtains I feel that an indescribable holiness and sublimity are veiled, which I dare not presume to touch, save at the command of Him who shrouded and sealed the mystery. For I have read, He that is a searcher of Majesty shall be overwhelmed with the glory. I pass on, therefore. It will devolve on you, meanwhile, to obtain grace by your prayers, that we may the mere readily, because more confidently, recur to a subject which needs attentive minds; and it may be that the pious knocker at the door will discover what the bold explorer seeks in vain.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

Bernard of Cluny was born at Morlaix, in France, of English parents, very early in the twelfth century. He entered the Abbey of Cluny some time between 1122 and 1156; and there, so far as is known, he spent his after-life, and there he probably died. Bernard composed that wondrous satire against vice and folly which has supplied some of the most widely known and admired of modern hymns. This poem, "De Contemptu Mundi," in which he eddies round and round his subject, recurring again and again to that which he seems to have already exhausted and dismissed, remains to us as an imperishable monument of an author of whom we know but little except his name. It consists of about 3,000 lines in a most difficult metre. A number of well-known modern hymns, including "Jerusalem, the Golden," "Brief Life is Here Our Portion," "The World is Very Evil," and "For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country," are translations of parts of this famous poem.

The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix.

(Translated by John Mason Neale.)

The world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;

To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before, —
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day.
Then, then from his oppresssors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless, —
Yes, calm! for storm is past, —
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace — but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be, too, for earth:
The palace that reëchoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,

"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN"

The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There can be nothing feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'T is fury, ill, and scandal,
'T is peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shall gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fallen from them that stand,
And the sheep flock from the goat herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall pass to rest;
The new peculiar nation,
The fulness of the Blest.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,

And now shall reap the harvest
  In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
  Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
  The King, the Crucified;
The sacred ransomed number
  Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
  Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar
  Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
  Of that long vernal day:
While through the sacred lilies,
  And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought nations
  Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
  Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
  On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
  The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
  Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
  The fulness of His love
Who gives, instead of torment,
  Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
  Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
  True Israelites! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion;
  Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
That life that knows no ending,
  The tearless life, is There.
O happy retribution!
  Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
  A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
  To have our home on high!

That worms should seek for dwellings
  Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
  Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
  Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
  Upon that heavenly ground;
And white and virgin lilies
  For virgin souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure;
  Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
  No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
  And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
  Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
  But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
  And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
  And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
  With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in
  Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
  Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
  Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
  Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous,
  And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I? —
  All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
  And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
  And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
  The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
  But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
  There Jesus be embraced, —
That spirit's food and sunshine
  Whence meaner love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
  A place, however low,
Shall show Him us; and showing,
  Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
  While here we must be fed
With milk, as tender infants,
  But there with Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
  The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
  And we triumph after sadness:
And Jesus to His true ones
  Brings trophies fair to see:
And Jesus shall be loved, and
  Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
  And shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
  Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it; —
  Behold thy king's array;
Behold thy God in beauty;
  The Law hath past away!
Yes! God my King and portion,
  In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
  And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
  From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
  Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
  For aye shall be complete;
And in the Land of Beauty,
  All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country;
  Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
  Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of Thy glory

Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty;
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Daystar of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl, thine own;

The Lamb is ever near thee,
  The Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is He to guerdon,
  The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
  And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
  Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
  The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure,
  In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit, —
  The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
  With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
  Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
  What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
  What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
  My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
  The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
  Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
  And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
  The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
  Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the Throne of David, —
  And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
  The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
  Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
  Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp notes
  Of that eternal hymn!

O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than this is brighter, —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!

Whose everlasting music
  Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
  United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
  Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily beds of virgins,
  The roses' martyr glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
  Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole Begotten
  Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
  He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
  O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
  O Realm and Home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
  On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
  And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
  I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
  A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
  And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
  I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest Father
  Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
  And from defilement laved:
When in his strength I struggle,
  For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
  I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
  Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
  Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
  O lovelier far than gold!

With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

WALTER BESANT.

Besant, Walter, Sir, an English novelist, born at Portsmouth in 1838, knighted in 1895. He was educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, and was intended for the Church. After obtaining several theological prizes he abandoned this career, and was appointed Senior Professor in the Royal College of Mauritius. This position he resigned on account of ill-health, and returned to England. His first work, "Studies in Early French Poetry," was produced in 1868. Since that time he has been an industrious writer. In 1873 he brought out "The French Humorists," and in 1877 "Rabelais," for the "Ancient and Foreign Classics." He was one of the editors of the "New Plutarch Series," for which, in 1879, he brought out "Coligny," and in 1881 "Whittington." In 1871 he wrote, in conjunction with Professor Palmer, a "History of Jerusalem." He edited "The Survey of Ancient Palestine." He had been a frequent contributor to periodical literature. In 1871 he and the late Mr. James Rice entered into a literary partnership which continued until the death of the latter. They wrote many novels, some of which were dramatized. Among them are "Ready Money Mortiboy" (London, 1871); "The Golden Butterfly" (1876); "The Seamy Side" (1881); and "The Chaplain of the Fleet" (1881). Among the works produced under his own name are: "Studies in Early French Poetry" (1868); "When George the Third was King" (1872); "The French Humorists" (1873); "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" (1882), which led to the establishment of the People's Palace in the East End of London; "All in a Garden Fair" (1883) "Dorothy Forster" (1884); "The World Went Very Well Then" (1887); "Armorel of Lyonnesse" (1890); "St. Katharine's By the Tower" (1891); "The Ivory Gate" (1892); "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice;" "The Master Craftsman;" and others.

The Rubies.

(From "Armorel of Lyonnesse.")

"You are now the mistress, dearie," said Dorcas. "It is time that you should learn what that means."

It was the morning after the funeral — the day of accession — the beginning of the new reign.

"Why, Dorcas, it makes no difference, does it? There are still the flowers and the house and everything."

"Yes — there 's everything." The old woman nodded her head meaningly. "Oh! yes — there is everything. Oh! you don't know — you don't suspect — nobody knows — what a surprise is in store for you."

"What surprise, Dorcas?"

"You 've never been into her room except to see her lying dead. It 's your room now. You can go in whenever you like. Always the master or the mistress has slept in that room. When her father-in-law died she took the room. And she 's slept in it ever since. And no one except me and Chessum to clean up and sweep and dust has ever been in that room since. And now it 's yours."

"Well, Dorcas, it may be mine; but I shall go on sleeping in my own room."

"Then keep it locked — keep it locked up — day and night. There 's nobody in Samson to dread — but keep it locked. As for sleeping in it, time enough, perhaps, when you come to marry. But keep it locked —"

"Why, Dorcas, what is in it?"

"I am seventy-five years old and past," Dorcas went on. "I was fifteen when I came to the house, and here I've been ever since. Not one of the grandchildren nor the great-grandchildren ever came in here. No one ever knew what is kept here."

"What is it, then?" Armorel asked again.

"She used to come here alone, by daylight, regularly once a month. She locked the door when she came in. No one ever knew what she was doing, and no one ever asked. One day she forgot to lock the door, and by accident I opened it, and saw what she was doing."

"What was she doing?"

"She 'd opened all the cupboards and boxes, and she 'd spread out all the things, and was counting, and — no — no — you may guess, when you have looked for yourself, what she was doing. I shut the door softly, and she never knew that I 'd looked in upon her. She might have been overseen from the orchard, but no one ever went in there except to gather the fruit. To make safe, however, I 've put up a muslin blind now, because Peter might take it into his head — boys go everywhere peering and prying. Nobody knows what I saw. I never even told Justinian. Men blab, you see; they get together, and they drink.

Then they blab. You can never trust a man with a secret. How long would it be before Peter would let it out if he knew? Once over at Hugh Town drinking at a bar, and all the world would know in half an hour. No, no; the secret was hers; it was mine as well — but that was an accident — she never knew that; now it will be yours and mine. And we will tell nobody — nobody at all."

"Where shall I find this wonderful secret, Dorcas?"

"Wherever you look, dearie. Oh! the room is full of things. There can't be such another room in all the world. It 's crammed with things. Look everywhere. If they knew, all the young lords and princes would be at your feet, Armorel, because you are so rich. Best keep it secret, though, and get richer."

"I so rich? Dorcas, you are joking."

"No — you shall look and find out. Not that you will understand at first — because, how should you know the value of things? Here 's her bunch of keys. She always carried them in her pocket, and at night she kept them under her pillows, and there I found them, sure enough, when she was cold and dead. Take them, child. I never told her secret — no — not even to my own husband. Take the keys, child. They are yours — your own. You can open everything; you can look at everything; you can do what you like with everything. It 's your inheritance. But tell no one," she repeated earnestly. "Oh! my dear, let it remain a secret. Don't let any one see you when you come in here. Lock the door, as she did. And keep it locked."

The old woman led Armorel by the hand to the door of the room where there was to be found the great surprise. She opened it, placed a bunch of keys in her hand, pushed her in, and closed it behind her, whispering, "Lock it, and keep it locked."

The girl turned the key obediently, wondering what would happen next.

The room was on the ground floor, looking out upon the orchard, with a northern aspect, so that the sun could only shine in for a small portion of the year, during the summer months. The apple-trees were now in blossom, the white and pink flowers, bright in the sunshine, contrasting with the gray lichen which wrapped every branch and hung down like ribbons. The room was the oldest part of the house, the only

remaining portion of an earlier house; it was low and small; the fireplace had never been modernized: it stood wide open, with its dogs and its broad chimney; the window was of three narrow lights, one of which could be opened; all were still provided with the old diamond panes in their leaden setting. Armorel observed the muslin blind put up by Dorcas to keep out prying eyes. In dull and cloudy days the room would be gloomy. As it was, even with the bright sunshine out of doors, the air seemed cold and oppressive — perhaps from the fresh association of death. Armorel shivered as she looked about her.

The greater part of the room was taken up by a large bed. In the old lady's time it had curtains and a head, and things at the four corners like the plumes of a hearse, but in faded crimson. Then it looked splendid. Now, the bed had been stripped; curtains and plumes and all were gone, and only the skeleton bed left, with its four great solid posts and its upper beams, and its feather-bed lying exposed, with the bare pillow-cases upon the mattress. But the bedstead was magnificent without its trappings, because it was made of mahogany black with age; they no longer make such bedsteads. There was also a table — an old black table — with massive legs, but there was nothing on it.

Between door and wall there was a row of pegs, with a chair beneath them. Now, by some freak of chance, when Dorcas and Chessun hung up the ancient dame's things for the last time — her great bonnet, and the cap of many ribbons within it, and her silk dress — they arranged them so as to present a most extraordinary presentment of the venerable lady herself — much elongated and without any face — she seemed to be sitting in the chair below the pegs, dressed as usual, and nodding her great bonnet, but pulled out to eight or ten feet in length. Armorel caught the ghostly similitude and started, trembling. It seemed as if in a moment the wrinkled old face, with the hawk-like nose and the keen eyes, would come back to the bonnet and the cap. She was so much startled that she turned the bonnet round. And then the figure seemed watching with the shoulders. This was uncanny, but it was not so terrible as the faceless form.

Beside the fireplace was a cupboard, one of those huge cupboards which one only finds in the old houses; Armorel tried the door, but it was locked. Against the wall stood a chest of drawers, brass-bound, massive. She tried the handles, but every

lock was fast. Under the window stood an old sea-chest. It was a very big sea-chest. One would judge, from its rich carvings and its ornamental iron-work, that it was probably the sea-chest of an admiral at least — perhaps that of Admiral Fernando Mureno, Armorel's ancestor, if such was his rank in the navy of his Catholic majesty. The sight of this sea-chest caused the girl to shiver with the fear of expectation. Nobody contemplates the absolutely unknown without a certain fear. It contained, she was certain, the things that Dorcas had seen, of which she would not speak. The chest seemed to drag her; it cried, "Open me. Look inside me — see what I have got to show you."

Then she remembered, as one in a dream, hearing people talk. Words long forgotten came back to her. 'T was in Hugh Town, whither she went across to school when she was as yet a little girl. "What have the Roseveans" — thus and thus said the voice — "done with all their money? They 've never spent anything; they 've gone on saving and saving. Some day we shall find out what became of it." Was she going to find out what had become of it?

The old lady, in her most lucid moments, had never dropped the least hint of any inheritance, except that disagreeable necessity of getting drowned on account of the unfortunate Robert Fletcher. And that was not an inheritance to gladden the heart. Yet there was an inheritance. It was here, in this room. And she was locked in alone, in order that she, herself unseen by any, might discover what it was.

Baron Bluebeard's last wife — she who afterwards, as a beautiful, rich, and lively young widow, set so many hearts aflame — was not more curious than Armorel. Nor was she, in the course of her investigations, more afraid than Armorel. The girl looked nervously about the room so ghostly and so full of shadow. All old rooms have their ghosts, but some of them have so many that one is not afraid of them. There is a sense of companionship in a crowd of ghosts. This room had only one — that of the woman who had grown old in it — who had spent nearly eighty years in it. All the old ghosts had grown tired of this monotonous room, gone away, and left the place to her. Armorel not only "believed in ghosts" — many of us accord to these shadows a shadowy, theoretical belief — she actually knew that ghosts do sometimes appear. Dorcas had seen many — Chessun herself, while not going actually that

length, threw out hints. She herself had often, too, gone to look for them. Now she glanced nervously where the "things" were hanging, expecting to see the ancestral figure reappear, shoulders move, the bonnet and cap turn round, the old, old face within them, ready to warn, to admonish, and to guide. If this had happened, it would have seemed to Armorel nothing but what was natural and in the regular course of things looked for. But, outside, the sun shone on the white apple-blossoms. No one is very much afraid of ghosts in the sunshine.

She encouraged herself with this reflection, and began with unlocking the chest of drawers. The lower drawers, when they were opened, contained nothing but the "things" of her great-great-grandmother. Among them was a box roughly made — a boy's box made with a jack-knife; it contained a gold watch with a French name upon it — a very old watch, with a representation of the Annunciation in low relief on the gold face. There were also in the box two or three gold chains and sundry rings and trinkets. Armorel took them out and laid them on the table. They were, she said to herself, part of her inheritance. Was this the great surprise spoken of by Dorcas? She tried the two upper drawers. They were locked, but she easily found the right key, and opened them. She found that they were filled with lace; they were crammed with lace. There were packets of lace tied up tight, rolls of lace, cardboards with lace wound round and round — an immense quantity of lace was lying in these drawers. As for its value, Armorel knew nothing. Nor did she even ask herself what the value might be. She only unrolled one or two packets, and wondered vaguely what in the world she should do with so much lace. And she wished it was not so yellow. Yet the packets she unrolled contained Valenciennes — some of it half a yard wide, precious almost beyond price. Armorel knew, however, very well how it had got there, and what it meant. The descendant of so many brave runners was not ignorant that lace, velvet, silk and satin, brandy and claret, all came from the French coast with which her gallant forefathers were so familiar before the Preventive Service interfered. This, then, was left from the smuggling times. They had not sold all. They had kept enough, in fact, to stock half a dozen West End shops, to adorn the trousseaux of fifty princesses. And here the stuff had lain undisturbed since — well, perhaps, since the unfortunate visit of Mr. Robert Fletcher.

"My inheritance, so far," said Armorel, "is a pile of yellow lace and a gold watch and chain and some trinkets. Is this the great surprise?" But she looked at the sea-chest. Something more must be there.

Next she turned to the cupboard. It was locked and double locked. But she found the key. The cupboard was one of those great receptacles common in the oldest houses, almost rooms in themselves, but dark rooms, where mediæval housekeepers kept their stores. In those days, housekeeping on a respectable scale meant the continual maintenance of immense stores. All the things which now we get from shops as we want them were then laid in store long before they were wanted. Outside the country town there were no shops; and, even in London itself, people did not run to the shop every day. The men had great quantities of shirts — three clean shirts a day was the allowance of a solid City man under good Queen Anne — a City man who respected himself; the women had a corresponding quantity of flowered petticoats. Wine was by no means the only thing laid down for future years. All these accumulations helped to give solidity to the appearance of life. When a woman thought of her cupboards filled with fine linen, and a man of his cellars filled with wine, the uncertainty and brevity of life alleged by the preacher seemed not to concern them. It would be absurd to lay down a great bin of good port if one were not going to live long enough to drink it. The fashion, therefore, has its advantages.

Armorel threw open the door and looked in. The place was so dark that she was obliged to light a candle in order to examine the shelves running round the sides of the cupboard. There was a strange smell in the place, which, perhaps, had not been opened for a long time. Bales of some kind lay upon the upper shelves. Armorel took down two and opened them. They contained silk — strong, rich silk. She rolled them up and put them back. On a lower shelf was a most singular collection. In the front row were one — two — no fewer than six punch-bowls, all of silver except one, and that was of silver-gilt. This must be the great surprise. Armorel took them all out and placed them on the table. For the most part they showed signs of having been used with freedom — one has heard of an empty punch-bowl being kicked about the place as a conclusion to the feast. But six punch-bowls! "They came," said Armorel, "from the wrecks." Behind the punch-bowls were

silver candlesticks, silver snuffers, silver cups, silver tankards — some with coats-of-arms, some with names engraven. There was also a great silver ship, one of those galleons in silver which formerly adorned royal banquets. All these Armorel took out and arranged upon the table. Among them was a tall hour-glass mounted in silver. Armorel set the sand running again, after many years. On the floor there were packets and bundles tied up and rolled together. Armorel opened one of them, and, finding that it contained a packet of gold lace and a pair of gold epaulettes, she left them undisturbed. And standing against the wall, stacked behind the bundles of gold lace, were swords — dozens of swords. What could she do with swords? Well, then, now at last, she had found the great surprise. But still the sea-chest seemed to drag her and to call to her: "Open me! Open me! See what I have got for you!"

"So far, then," she said, "I have inherited a pile of lace; a gold watch, rings, and chains; six punch-bowls, twenty-four silver candlesticks, twelve silver cups, four great tankards, a silver ship, I know not how many old swords, and a bundle of gold lace. I wonder if these things make a person rich?"

If so, great wealth does not satisfy the soul. This was certain, because Armorel really felt no richer than before. Yet the array of punch-bowls was truly imposing, and the silver candlesticks, the snuffers, the tankards, the cups, and the ship, though they sadly wanted the brush and the chamois leather, with a pinch of "whitenin'," were worthy of a college plate-room. One might surely feel a little elation at the thought of owning all this silver, even if one did not understand its intrinsic value. But, like the effect of champagne, such elation would quickly wear off.

Next, Armorel remembered the secret cupboard at the head of the bed. Her own bed had its secret recess at the head — every respectable bedstead used formerly to have them. Where else could money be hidden away safely? To be sure, everybody knew this hiding-place, but everybody pretended not to know. It was an open secret, like the concealed drawer in a school-boy's desk. Our forefathers were full of such secrets that everybody knew. The stocking in the teapot; the receptacle under the hearthstone; the hidden compartment in the cabinet; the secret room; the secret staircase; the recess in the head of the bed — these were all secrets that everybody knew and everybody respected. I think that even the burglar

respected these conventions. Armorel knew how to open the panel — she found the spring and it flew open, rustily, as if it had not been opened for a great many years. Behind the panel was a recess eighteen inches long and about nine inches deep. And there stood a Black Jack — nothing less than a Black Jack; a quart Jack, not a leather bottle, but a tankard made of tin and painted with hunting scenes something like an Etruscan vase, or perhaps more like a Brown George. Why should any one want to hide away a Black Jack? This quart pot, however, held something better than stingo — even stronger; it was half filled with foreign money. Here were moidores, doubloons, ducats, pieces-of-eight, Louis d'ors, Spanish pillar dollars, sequins, gold coins from India — nothing at all in the pot less than a hundred years old. Armorel took out a handful and looked at them. Well, gold coins do look like money. She began to feel really rich. She had a quart tankard half-full of gold coins. She added the Black Jack to the other treasures on the table. All this foreign money must have come out of the wrecks. And, since it was all so old, out of wrecks that had happened before the memory even of the ancient lady. This, then, was perhaps the great surprise.

But there remained the sea-chest under the window, and again, when Armorel looked upon it, the chest continued to call to her, "Open me! Open me! See what I have for you!"

Armorel found the key which unlocked it, and threw open the lid. Within, there was the deep tray which belongs to every sea-chest. This was filled with a quantity of uninteresting brown canvas bags. She wanted to see what was below, and tried to lift the tray, but it was too heavy. Then, still regarding the bags as of no account, she took one out. It was heavy, and when she lifted it there was a clink, as of coin. It was tied tightly at the mouth with a piece of string. She opened it. Within there were gold coins. She took out a handful; they were all sovereigns, some of them worn, some quite new and fresh from the mint. She poured out the whole contents of the bag on the table. Why, it was actually full of golden sovereigns. Nothing else in the bag. All golden sovereigns! And there were five hundred of them. She counted them. Five hundred pounds! She had never, it is true, thought much about money — but — five hundred pounds! It seemed an amazing sum. Five hundred pounds! And all in a single bag. And such a little bag as this. She put back the money and tied up the bag.

Then she took out another bag. This was as big as the first, and heavier. It was full of guineas — Armorel counted them. There were also five hundred of them. Some of them were so old that they bore the impression of the elephant, and therefore belonged to the seventeenth century. But most of them belonged to the eighteenth century, and bore the heads of the three first Georges. Five hundred guineas — and never before had Armorel seen a guinea! Well, she thought, that made a thousand pounds. She took up another bag and opened it. That, too, weighed as much, and was full of gold. And another, and yet another. They were all full of gold. And now she knew what Dorcas meant — this — nothing but this — was the great surprise! Not the punch-bowls, or the lace, or the bales of silk, but these bags full of gold constituted her wealth. She understood money, you see: lace and silk were beyond her. This was her inheritance!

Consider: the Roseveans, from father to son, had been from time immemorial wreckers, smugglers, and pilots. They were also farmers. On their little farm they grew nearly enough to support their simple lives. They had pigs and poultry; they had milch-cows; they had a few sheep; they kept geese, pigeons, ducks; they made their own beer and their own cordials and strong waters; they made their own linen; they were unto themselves millers, tinkers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, builders, and thatchers. They grew their own salads and vegetables, and if they wanted any fruit they grew that as well. Oats and barley they grew, clover and hay. I believe that on Samson wheat has never been grown — indeed, there are only eighty acres in all. There was left, therefore, little to buy. Coals, wood for fuel and for carpentering, things in iron, crockery, tools, cloth clothes, flannel, flour, and sometimes a little beef — what else did they want? As for fish, they had only to catch as much as they wanted. Tea, coffee, sugar, and so forth, came in with later civilization, when small ales, possets, and hypsy died out.

In order to provide these small deficiencies they were pilots, to begin with. This trade brought in a steady income. They also sent out boats filled with fresh vegetables, to meet the homeward-bound East-Indiamen. And they were also, like the rest of the artless islanders, wreckers and smugglers. In the former capacity they occasionally acquired an extraordinary quantity of odd and valuable things. In the latter profession they made at times, and until the Peace and the Preventive Service put an end to the business, a really fine income.

Then, on Samson, they continued to live after the patriarchal fashion and in the old simplicity. Each Captain Rosevean in turn was the chieftain or sheik. To him his family brought all that they earned or found. The sea-chest took it all. For three hundred years, at least, this sea-chest received everything and gave up nothing. Nobody ever took anything out of it; nobody looked into it; nobody knew, until Ursula counted the money and made bags for it, what there was in the chest. Nobody ever asked if they were rich or how rich they were.

There was no bank on Samson; there is not even now a bank in the Scilly archipelago at all; nobody understood any other way of saving money than the good old fashion of putting it by in a bag. On Samson there never were thieves, even when as many as fifty people lived on the island. Therefore the Captain Rosevean of the time, though he knew not how much was saved, nor did he ever inquire, laid the last additions to the pile in the tray of the old sea-chest with the rest, and, having locked it up, dropped the key in his pocket, and went about his business in perfect confidence, never thinking either that it might be stolen, or that he might count up his hoard, proceed to enjoy it, and alter his simple way of life. Every Captain Rosevean in succession added to that hoard every year; not one among them all thought of spending it or taking anything from it. He added to it. Nobody ever counted it until the reign of Ursula. It was she who made the little brown bags of canvas; she, usurping the place of Family Chief or Sheik, took from her sons and grandsons all the money that they made. They gave it over to her keeping — she was the Family Bank. And, like her predecessors in that room, she told no one of the hoard.

Most of the bags contained guineas of George I., George II., and George III., down to the year 1816, when the mint left off coining guineas. A few contained sovereigns of later date; but the family savings since that year had been small and uncertain. The really fat time — the prosperous time — when the money poured in, was during the long war which lasted for nearly five-and-twenty years.

There were actually forty of these bags. Armorel laid them out upon the table and counted them. Forty! And each bag, to all appearance, for she only counted two, contained five hundred guineas or pounds. Forty times five hundred — that makes twenty thousand pounds, if all were sovereigns! There are, I am told, a few young ladies in England who have as much as

twenty thousand pounds for their dot. There are also a great many young ladies in France, and an amazing multitude, whom no man may number, in the United States of America, who have as much. But I am quite sure that not one of these heiresses, except Armorel herself, has ever actually gazed upon her fortune in a concrete form — tangible — to be counted — to be weighed — to be admired. It is a pity that they cannot do this, if only because they would then see for themselves what a very small pile of gold a fortune of twenty thousand pounds actually makes. This would make them humble. Armorel stood looking at the table thus laden, with bewildered eyes.

"I have got," she murmured, "twenty thousand sovereigns and guineas at least; I have got a painted pot full of old money. I have got six punch-bowls, a great silver ship, a large number of silver candlesticks and cups; I have got a silver-mounted hour-glass" — its sand was now nearly run — "I have got a great quantity of lace and silk. I suppose all this does make riches. Whatever shall I do with it? Shall I give it to the poor? or shall I put it back into the box and leave it there? But perhaps there is something else in the box."

The chest, in fact, continued to call aloud to be examined. Even while Armorel looked at her glittering treasures spread out upon the table she felt herself drawn towards the chest. There was more in it. There was another surprise waiting for her — even a greater surprise, perhaps, than that of the bags of gold. "Search me!" cried the chest. "Search me! Look into the innermost recesses of me; explore my contents to the very bottom; let nothing escape your eyes."

Armorel knelt down before the chest and took out the tray. It was empty now, and she could lift it easily.

Beneath the tray there was a most miscellaneous collection of things.

They lay in layers, separated and divided — Ursula's hand was here — by silk handkerchiefs of the good old kind — the bandanna, now gone out of fashion.

First Armorel took out and laid on the floor a layer of silver spoons, silver ladles, even silver dishes, all of antique appearance and for the most part stamped with a crest or a coat-of-arms; for in the old days if a man were Armiger he loved to place his shield on everything; to look at it and glory in it; to let others see it and envy it.

Then she found a layer of watches. There were gold watches

and silver watches, the latter of all kinds, down to the veritable turnip. The glasses were broken of nearly all, and, if one had examined, the works would have been found rusted with the sea-water which had got in. What were they worth now? Perhaps the value of the cases and of the jewels with which the works were set, and more with one or two where miniatures adorned the back and jewels were set in the face. Armorel turned with impatience from the watches to the gold chains, which lay beside them. There were yards of gold chain; gold chains of all kinds, from the heavy English make to the dainty interlaced Venetian and thread-like Trichinopoly; there were silver chains also — massive silver chains, made for some extinct office-bearer, perhaps bo's'n on the admiral's ship of the Great Armada. Armorel drew up some of the chains and played with them, tying them round her wrists and letting them slip through her fingers — the pretty, delicate things, which spoke of wealth almost as loudly as the bags of guineas.

She laid them aside, and took up a silk handkerchief containing a small collection of miniatures. They were almost all portraits of women, young and pretty women — ladies on land whose faces warmed the hearts and fired the memories of men at sea. The miniatures had hung round the necks of some and had lain in the sea-chests of others, whose bones had long since melted to nothing in the salt sea-depths, while those of their mistresses had turned to dust beneath the aisle of some village church, their memory long since forgotten, and their very name trampled out by the feet of the rustics.

Armorel laid aside these pictures — they were very pretty, but she would look at them again another time.

The next parcel was a much larger one. It consisted of snuff-boxes. There were dozens of snuff-boxes; one or two of gold; one or two silver-gilt; some silver. In the lids of some were pictures, some most beautifully and delicately executed; some of subjects which Armorel did not understand — and why, she thought, should painters draw people without proper clothes? Venus and the Graces and the Nymphs in whom our eighteenth-century ancestors took such huge delight were to this young person merely people. The snuff-boxes were very well in their way, but Armorel had no inclination to look at them again.

Then she found in a handkerchief, the four corners of which were loosely tied together, a great quantity of rings. There

were rings of every kind — the official ring or the ring of office, the signet ring, the ring with the shield, the ring with the name of a ship, the ring with the name of a regiment, mourning rings, wedding rings, betrothal rings, rings with posies, cramp rings with the names of the Magi on them — but their power was gone — gimmal rings, rings episcopal, rings barbaric, mediæval, and modern, rings set with every kind of precious stone — there were hundreds of rings. All drowned sailors used to have rings on their fingers.

Armorel began to get tired of all these treasures. Beneath them, however, at the bottom of the box, lay piled together a mass of curios. They were stowed away for the most part in small boxes, of foreign make and appearance, ivory boxes, carved wood boxes. They consisted of all kinds of things, such as gold and silver buckles, brooches, painted fans, jewel-hilted daggers, crystal tubes of attar of roses, and knives of curious construction. The girl sighed; she would look over them at another time. They would, perhaps, add something to the inheritance, but for the moment she was satisfied. She had seen enough. She was putting back a dagger whose jewelled handle flashed in the unaccustomed light, when she saw, lying half hidden among this pile of curious things, the corner of a chagreen case. This attracted her curiosity, and she took it out. The chagreen had been green in color, but was now very much discolored. It had been fastened by a silver clasp, but this was broken; a small leather strap was attached to two corners. Armorel expected to find another bag of money. But this did not contain gold. It was lighter than the canvas bags. As she took it into her hands she remembered the bag of Robert Fletcher. Yes. The leathern strap of this case had been cut through. She held in her hands — she was certain — the abominable thing that had brought so much trouble on the family. Again the room felt ghostly; she heard voices whispering; the voices of all those who had been drowned; the voices of the women who had mourned for them; the voice of the old lady who was herself a witness of the crime. They all whispered together in her ears: "Armorel, you must find him. You must give it back to him."

What was in it? The clasp acted no longer. Armorel lifted the overlapping leather and looked within. There was a thick roll of silk. She took this out. Wrapped up in the silk, laid in folds, side by side, were a quantity of stones — common-look-

ing stones, such as one may pick up, she thought, on the beach of Porth Bay. There were a couple of hundred or more, mostly small stones, only one or two of them bigger than the top of Armorel's little finger.

"Only stones!" she cried. "All this trouble about a bag full of red stones!"

Among the stones lay a small folded paper. Armorel opened it. The paper was discolored by age or by water, and most of the writing was effaced. But she could read some of it.

". . . from the King of Burmah himself. This ruby I estimate to be worth . . . 000*l.* at the very least. The other . . . Mines. The second largest stone weighs . . . about 2000*l.* The smaller . . . rt Fletcher."

It was a note on the contents of the parcel, written by the owner.

The stones, therefore, were rubies — uncut rubies. Armorel knew little about precious stones and jewels, but she had heard and read of them. The price of a virtuous woman, she knew, was far above rubies. And Solomon's fairest among women was made comely with rows of jewels. Queen Sheba, moreover, brought precious stones among her presents to the Wise King. The girl wondered why such common-looking objects as these should be precious. But she was humbly ignorant, and put that wonder by.

This, then, was nothing else than Robert Fletcher's fortune. He had this round his neck, and he was bringing it home to enjoy. And it was taken from him by her ancestor. A wicked thing indeed! A foul and wicked thing! And the poor man had been sent empty away to begin his life all over again. She shivered as she looked at them. All for the sake of these dull, red bits of stone! How can man so easily fall into temptation? In the empty room, so quiet, so ghostly, she heard again the whispers, "Armorel, find him — find the man — and give him back his jewels."

She replied aloud, not daring to look round her lest she should see the pale and eager faces of those who had suffered death by drowning in consequence of this sin, "Yes — yes, I will find him! I will find him!"

She pushed the chagreen case back into its corner, and covered it up. "I will find him," she repeated. Then she rose to her feet and looked about the room. Heavens! What a sight! The bags of gold, two of them open, their contents lying piled

upon the table — the chains of gold on the floor — the handful of old gold coins lying on the table beside the Black Jack, the snuff-boxes, the miniatures, the punch-bowls, the rings, the silver cups — the low room, dark and quiet, filled with ghosts and voices, the recent occupant wagging her shoulders and shaking the back of her bonnet at her from the opposite wall, and, through the open window, the sight of the sunlight on the apple-blossoms mocking the gold and silver in this gloomy cave. She comprehended, as yet, little of the extent of her good-fortune. Lace and silk, rings and miniatures, snuff-boxes — all these things had no value to her — of buying and selling she had no kind of experience. All she understood was that she was the possessor of a vast quantity of things for which she could find no possible use; one jewelled dagger, for instance, might be used for a dinner-knife or for a paper-knife; but what could she do with a dozen? In addition to this museum of pretty and useless things she had forty bags with five hundred guineas, or pounds, in each — twenty-one thousand pounds, say, in cash. This museum was perfectly unique; no family in Great Britain had such a collection. It had been growing for more than three hundred years; it was begun in the time of the Tudor kings, at least; perhaps even earlier. Wrecks there were, and Roseveans, on Samson, before the seventh Henry. I doubt if any other family, even the oldest and the noblest, has been collecting so long. Certainly no other family, even in this archipelago of wrecks, can have had such opportunities of collecting with such difficulties in dissipating. For more than three hundred years! And Armorel was sole heiress!

She understood that she had inherited something more than twenty thousand pounds; how much more she knew not. Now, unless one knows something of the capacities of one single pound, one cannot arrive at the possibilities of twenty thousand pounds. Armorel knew as much as this. Tea at Hugh Town costs two shillings a pound — perhaps two-and-four; sugar threepence a pound; nun's cloth so much a yard; serge and flannel so much; coals, so much a ton; wood for fuel, so much. This was nearly the extent of her knowledge; and it must be confessed that it goes very little way towards a right comprehension of twenty thousand pounds.

Once again she had heard Justinian talking of the flower-farm. "It has made," he said, "four hundred pounds this year, clear." To which Dorcas replied, "And the housekeeping

does n't come to half that, nor near it." Whence, by the new light of this great surprise, she concluded, first, that the other two hundred, thus made, must have been added to those money-bags, and, next, that two hundred pounds a year would be a liberal allowance for her whole yearly expenditure. Then she made a little calculation. Two hundred pounds a year — two hundred into twenty thousand — twenty thousand — one and four noughts — she put five bags in a row for the number — subtract two — she did so — there remained two — divide by two — she did so — one hundred years was the result of that sum. Her twenty thousand pounds would, therefore, last her exactly one hundred years. At the expiration of the century all would be gone. For the first time in her life Armorel comprehended the fleeting nature of riches. And, naturally, the discovery, though she shivered at the thought of losing all, made her feel a little proud. A strange result of wealth, to advance the inheritor one more step in the knowledge of possible misery! She was like unto the curious youth who opens a book of medicine only to learn of new diseases and terrible sufferings and alarming symptoms, and to imagine these in his own body of corruption. In a hundred years there would be no more. She would then be reduced to sell the lace and other things for what they would then be worth. There would still, however, remain the flower-farm. She would, after all, be no worse off than before the great surprise. And then there sprang up in her heart the blossom of another thought, to be developed, later on, into a lovely flower.

She had risen from her knees now, and was standing beside the table, vaguely gazing upon her inheritance. It was all before her. So the ancient lady had stood many and many a time counting the money; looking to see if all was safe; content to count it and to know that it was there. The old lady was gone, but from the opposite wall her shoulders and the back of her bonnet were looking on.

Well, Armorel might go on doing exactly the same. She might live as her forefathers had lived; there was the flower-farm to provide all their necessities; if it brought in four hundred pounds a year she could add two hundred to the heap — in every two years and a half another bag of five hundred sovereigns. All her people had done this — why not she? It seemed expected of her; a plain duty laid upon her shoulders. If she were to live on for eighty years longer — which would bring her

to her great-great-grandmother's age — she would save eighty times two hundred — sixteen thousand pounds. The inheritance would then be worth thirty-six thousand pounds — a prodigious sum of money indeed. And, besides, the Black Jack, with its foreign gold, and the rings and lace and things!

A strange room it was this morning. What voice was it that whispered solemnly in her ear, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal"?

Never before had this injunction possessed any other significance to her than belongs to one manifestly addressed to other people. The Bible is full of warnings addressed to other people. Armorel was like the royal duke who used to murmur during the weekly utterance of the Commandments, "Never did that. Never did that." Now, this precept was clearly and from the very first intended to meet her own case. Oh! To live for nothing else than to add more bags to that tray in the great sea-chest!

Roland had prophesied that there would be a change. It had come already in part, and more was coming.

What next? As yet the girl did not understand that she was mistress of her own fate. Hitherto things had been done for her. She was now about to act for herself. But how? If Roland were only here! But he had only written once, and he had never kept his promise to write back again to Samson. If he were here he could advise.

She looked around, and saw the heaps of things that were all hers, and she laughed. The girl whom Roland thought to be only an ignorant and poor little country girl, a flower-farmer's girl of Samson Island, living alone with her old grandmother and the serving-folk, was ignorant still, no doubt. But she was not poor; she was rich — she could have all that can be bought with money — she was rich. What would Roland say and think? And she laughed aloud.

She was rich — the last girl in the world to hope or expect or desire riches. Thus Fate mocks us, giving to one, who wants it not, wealth; and to another, who knows not how to use it, youth; and to a third, insensible of its power, beauty. The young lady of society, she whom the good old hymns used to call the worldling — fond and pretty title! there are no worldlings now — would have no difficulty in knowing how to use this wonderful windfall. She, indeed, is always longing, perhaps praying, for

money; she is always thinking how delightful it would be to be rich; and how there is nothing in the whole world more desirable than much fine gold. But to Lady Worldling, poor thing! such a windfall never happens. Again, there are all the distressed gentlewomen, the unappreciated artists, the authors whose books won't sell, the lawyers who have no clients, the wives whose name is Quiverful, the tradesman who 'scapes the Bankruptcy Court year after year by the skin of his teeth; and the poor, dear young man who pines away because he cannot join the rabble rout of Comus — why, why does not such a windfall ever come to any of these? It never does; yet they spend all their spare time — all the time when they ought to be planning and devising ways and means of advancement — in dreaming of the golden days they would enjoy if only such a windfall fell to them. One such man I knew; he dreamed of wealth all his life; he tried to become rich by taking every year a share in a foreign lottery. Of course, he never won a prize. While he was yet young, and even far down the shady or outer slope of middle age, he continually built castles in the air, fashioning pleasant ways for himself when he should get that prize. When he grew old he dreamed of the will he would make and of the envy with which other old men, when he was gone, should regard the memory of one who had cut up so well. So he died poor; but I think he had always, through his dreaming, been as happy as if he had been rich.

Armorel told herself standing in the midst of this great treasure, that she was rich. Roland had once told her, she remembered, that an artist ought to have money in order to be free; only in freedom, he said, could a man make the best of himself. What was good for an artist might be good for her. At the same time — it is not for nothing that a girl reads and ponders over the Gospels — there were terrible words of warning — there were instances. She shuddered, overwhelmed with the prospects of new dangers.

She knew everything; the room had yielded all its secrets; there were no more cupboards, boxes, or drawers. The sight of the treasures already began to pall upon her. She applied herself to putting everything back. First the chagreen case. This she laid carefully in its corner among the daggers and pistols, remembering that she had promised to find the owner. How should she do that if she remained on Samson? Then she put back the snuff-boxes, the miniatures, and the watches in their

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silk handkerchiefs; then the box of rings and the silver spoons and dishes. Then she put the tray in its place, and laid the bags in the tray, and locked the old sea-chest. This done, she bore back to the shelves in the cupboard the punch-bowls, candlesticks, tankards, and the big silver ship; she locked and double-locked the cupboard-door; she crammed the lace into the drawers, and put back the box of trinkets.

Then she dropped the keys in her pocket. Oh! what a lump to carry about all day long! But the weight of the keys in her pocket was nothing to the weight that was laid upon her shoulders by her great possessions. This, however, she hardly felt at first.

Everything was her own.

When the new king comes to the throne he makes a great clearance of all the personal belongings of the old king. He gives away his cloaks and his uniforms, and all the things belonging to the daily life of his predecessor. That is always done. Therefore, Queen Armorel — Vivat Regina! — at this point gathered together all her predecessor's belongings. She turned them out of the drawers and laid them on the floor — with the great bonnet and the wonderful cap of ribbons. And then she opened the door. She would give these things to Dorcas. Her great-great-grandmother should have no more authority there. Even her clothes must go. If her ghost should remain — it should be without the bonnet and the cap.

She called Dorcas, who came, curious to know how her young mistress took the great surprise. Armorel had taken it, apparently, as a matter of course. So the new king stands upon the highest step of the throne, calm and collected, as if he had been prepared for this event, and was expecting it day after day.

"You know all now, dearie?" she whispered, shutting the door carefully. "Did you find everything?"

"Yes — I believe I found everything."

"The silver in the cupboard; the lace; the bags of gold?"

"I think I have found everything, Dorcas."

"Then you are rich, my dear. No Rosevean before you was ever half so rich. For none of it has been spent. They 've all gone on saving and adding — almost to the last she saved and added. Oh! the last thing she lost was the love of saving, and the jealousy of her keys she never lost. Oh! you are very rich — you are the richest girl in the whole of Scilly — not even in St. Mary's is there any one who can compare with you. Even the Lord Proprietor himself — I hardly know."

"Yes. I believe I must be very rich," said Armorel. "Dorcas, you kept her secret. Keep mine as well. Let no one know."

"No one shall know, dearie — no one. But lock the door. Keep the door locked always."

"I will. Now, Dorcas, here are all her dresses and things. You must take them all away and keep them. They are for you."

"Very well, dearie. Though how I 'm to wear black silk — Oh! child," she cried, out of the religious terrors of her soul — "it is written that it is harder for a rich man to enter into heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. My dear, if these great riches are to drag your soul down into hell, it would be better if they were all thrown into the sea, the silver punch-bowls and the bags of gold and all. But there 's one comfort. It does n't say impossible. It only says harder. So that now and then, perhaps, a rich man may wriggle in — just one — and oh! I wish, seeing the number of rich people there are in the world, that there 'd been shown one camel — only a single camel — going through the needle's eye. Think what a miracle! 'T would have brought conviction to all who saw it, and consolation ever afterwards to all who considered it — oh! the many thousands of afflicted souls who are born rich! You are not the only one, child, who is rich through no fault of her own. Often have I told Justinian, thinking of her, and he not knowing or suspecting, but believing I was talking silly, that, considering the warnings and woes pronounced against the rich, we cannot be too thankful. But don't despair, my dear — it is nowhere said to be impossible. And there 's the rich young man, to be sure, who was told to sell all that he had and to give to the poor. He went away sorrowful. You can't do that, Armorel, because there are no poor on Samson. And it 's said, 'Woe unto you that are rich, for you have had your consolation!' Well — but if your money never is your consolation, and I 'm sure I don't know what it is going to console you for, that does n't apply to you — does it? There 's the story of the rich man, again — and there 's texts upon texts, when you come to think of them. You will remember them, child, and they will be your warnings. Besides, you are not going to waste and riot like a prodigal son, and where your earthly treasure is there you will not set your heart. You will go on like all the Roseveans before you; and though the treasure is kept locked up,

you will add to it every year out of your savings, just as they did."

"There is another parable, Dorcas. I think I ought to remember that as well. It is that of the talents. If the man who was rich with five talents locked them up, he would not have been called a good and faithful servant."

"Yes, dearie, yes. You will find some Scripture to comfort and assure your soul, no doubt. There 's a good deal in Scripture. Something for all sorts, as they say. Though, after all, riches is a dangerous thing. Child! if they knew it over at St. Mary's, not a young man in the place but would be sailing over to Samson to try his luck. Our secret, child, all to ourselves."

"Yes; our secret, Dorcas. And now take away all these things, everything that belonged to her — there are her shoes take them too. I want the room to be all my own. So."

When all the things were gone, Armorel closed and locked the door. Then she ran out the house gasping, for she choked. Everything was turned into gold. She gasped and choked and ran out over the hill and down the steps and across the narrow plain, and up the northern hill, hoping to drive some of the ghosts from her brain, and to shake off some of the bewildering caused by the great surprise. But a good deal remained, and especially the religious terrors suggested by that pious Bryanite Christian and Divider of the Word, Dorcas Tryeth.

When she sat down in the old place upon the carn, the great gulf between herself and Bryher Island reminded her of that great gulf in the parable. How if she should be the rich man sitting forever and forever on the red-hot rock, tormented with pain and thirst — and how if on Samson Hill beyond she should see Abraham himself, the patriarch, with Lazarus lying at his feet — as yet she had developed no Lazarus — but who knows the future? The rich man must have been a thoughtless and selfish person. Until now the parable never interested her at all; why should it? She had no money.

The other passages, those which Dorcas had kindly quoted in this her first hour of wealth, came crowding into her mind, and told her they were come to stay. All these texts she had previously classed with the denunciations of sins the very meaning of which she knew not. She had no concern with such wickedness. Nor could she possibly understand how it was that people, when they actually knew that they must not do such things, still went on doing them. Now, however, having

become rich herself, all the warnings of the New Testament seemed directed against herself. Already the load of wealth was beginning to weigh upon her young shoulders.

She changed the current of her thoughts. Even the richest girl cannot be always thinking about woes and warnings. Else she would do nothing, good or bad. She began to think about the outer world. She had been thinking of it constantly ever since Roland left her. Now, as she looked across the broad roadstead, and remembered that thirty miles beyond Telegraph Hill rose the cliffs where the outer world begins — they can be seen on a clear day — a longing, passionate and irresistible, seized her. She could go away now, whenever she pleased. She could visit the outer world and make the acquaintance of the people who live in it.

She laughed, thinking how Justinian, who had never been beyond St. Mary's, pictured, as he was fond of doing, the outer world. The Sea of Tiberias was to him the Road; the Jordan was like Grinsey Sound; the steep place down which the swine fell into the sea was like Shipman's Head; the Sermon on the Mount took place on just such a spot as the carn of the North Hill on Samson, with the sun shining on the Western Islands; the New Jerusalem in his mind was a city consisting of one long street with stone houses, roofed with slate; each house two stories high, a door in the middle, and one window on each side. On the north side of the New Jerusalem was the harbor, with the ships, the seashore, and the open sea beyond; on the south side was a bay with beaches of white sand and black rocks at the entrance, exactly like Porth Cressa. And it was a quiet town, with seldom any noise of wheels, and always the sound of the sea lapping on either hand, north or south.

Now there was nothing to keep her; she could go to visit the outer world whenever she pleased — if only she knew how. A girl of sixteen can hardly go forth into the wide, wide world all alone, announcing to the four corners her desire to make the acquaintance of everybody and to understand everything.

And then she began to remember her teacher's last instructions. The perfect girl was one who had trained her eye and her hand; she could play one instrument well; she understood music; she understood art; she was always gracious, sympathetic, and encouraging; she knew how to get their best out of men; she was always beautifully dressed; she had the sweetest and the most beautiful manners.

And here she blushed crimson, and then turned pale, and felt a pang as if a knife had pierced her very heart. For a dreadful thought struck her. She thought she understood at last the true reason why Roland never came back, though he promised, and looked so serious when he promised.

Why? why? Because she was so ill-mannered. Of course that was the reason. Why did Roland speak so strongly about the perfect girl's gracious and sympathetic manners, unless to make her understand in this kindly and thoughtful way how much was wanting in herself? Of course he only looked upon her as a common country girl, who knew nothing, and would never learn anything. He wanted her to understand that — to feel that she would never rise to higher levels. He drew this picture of the perfect girl to make and keep her humble. Nay, but now she had this money — all this wealth — now — now — She sprang to her feet and threw out her arms, the gesture that she had learned I know not where. "Oh!" she cried, "it is the gift of the five talents! I am not the rich young man. I have not received these riches for my consolation. They are my five talents. I will go away and learn — I will learn. I will become the perfect girl. I will train eye and hand. I will grow — grow — grow — to my full height. That will be true work in the service of the giver of those talents. I shall become a good and faithful servant when I have risen to the stature that is possible for me!"

She Restores the Rubies.

It was about a week after the reading of the play when this condition of suspicion and unquiet was brought to an end in a very unexpected manner.

Mr. Jagenal called at the rooms in the morning about ten o'clock. Mrs. Elstree was taking breakfast in bed, as usual. Armorel was alone, painting.

"My dear young lady," said her kindly adviser, "I would not have disturbed you at this early hour but for a very important matter. You are well and happy, I trust? No, you are not well and happy. You look pale."

"I have been a little worried lately," Armorel replied. "But never mind now."

"Are you quite alone here? Your companion, Mrs. Elstree?"

"She has not left her room. We are quite alone."

"Very well, then." The lawyer sat down, and began nursing his right knee. "Very well. You remember, I dare say, making a certain communication to me touching a collection of precious stones in your possession? You made that communication to me five years ago, when first you came from Scilly. You returned to it again when you arrived at your twenty-first birthday, and I handed over to your own keeping all your portable property."

"Of course I remember perfectly well."

"Then does your purpose still hold?"

"It is still, and always, my duty to hand over those rubies to their rightful owner — the heir of Robert Fletcher — as soon as he can be found."

"It is also my duty to warn you again, as I have done already, that there is no reason at all why you should do so. You are the sole heiress of your great-great-grandmother's estate. She died worth a great sum of money in gold, besides treasures in plate, works of art, lace, and jewels cut and uncut. The rambling story of an aged woman cannot be received as evidence on the strength of which you should hand over valuable property to persons unknown, who do not even claim it, and know nothing about it."

"I must hand over those rubies," Armorel repeated, "to the person to whom they belong."

"It is a very valuable property. If the estimate which was made for me was correct — I see no reason to doubt it — those jewels could be sold, separately or in small parcels, for nearly thirty-five thousand pounds — a fortune larger than all the rest of your property put together — thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"That has nothing to do with the question, has it? I have got to restore those jewels, you see, to their rightful owner, as soon as he can be discovered."

"Well — but — consider again. What have you got to go upon? The story about Robert Fletcher may or may not be true. No one can tell after this lapse of time. The things were found by you lying in the old sea-chest with other things — all your own. Who was this Robert Fletcher? Where are his heirs? If they claim the property, and can prove their claim, give it up at once. If not, keep your own. The jewels are undoubtedly your own as much as the lace and the silks and the silver cups, which were all, I take it, recovered from wrecks."

"Do you disbelieve my great-great-grandmother's story, then?"

"I have neither to believe nor to disbelieve. I say it is n't evidence. Your report of what she said, being then in her dotage, amounts to just nothing, considered as evidence."

"I am perfectly certain that the story is true. The leathern thong by which the case hung round the man's neck has been cut by a knife, just as my grandmother described it in her story. And there is the writing in the case itself. Nothing will persuade me that the story is anything but true in every particular."

"It may be true. I cannot say. At the same time, the property is your own, and you would be perfectly justified in keeping it."

"Mr. Jagenal" — Armorel turned upon him sharply — "you have found out Robert Fletcher's heir! I am certain you have. That is the reason why you are here this morning."

Mr. Jagenal laid upon the table a pocket-book full of papers.

"I will tell you what I have discovered. That is why I came here. There has been, unfortunately, a good deal of trouble in discovering this Robert Fletcher, and in identifying one of the Robert Fletchers we did discover your man. We discovered, in fact, ten Robert Fletchers before we came to the man who may reasonably be supposed — But you shall see."

He opened the pocket-book, and found a paper memorandum from which he read his narrative:

"There was one Robert Fletcher, the eleventh whom we unearthed. This man promised nothing at first. He became a broker in the City in the year 1810. In the same year he married a cousin, daughter of another broker, with whom he entered into partnership. He did so well that when he died, in the year 1846, then aged sixty-nine, his will was proved under £80,000. He left three daughters, among whom the estate was divided in equal shares. The eldest of the daughters, Eleanor, remained unmarried, and died two years ago, at the age of seventy-seven, leaving the whole of her fortune — greatly increased by accumulations — to hospitals and charities. I believe she was, in early life alienated from her family on account of some real or fancied slight. However, she died, and her papers came into the hands of my friends Denham, Mansfield, Westbury & Co., of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, solicitors. Her second sisters, Frances, born in the year 1813, married in 1834; had one son, Francis Alexander, who was born in 1835, and married in 1857.

Both Frances and her son are now dead ; but one son remained, Frederick Alexander, born in the year 1859. The third daughter, Catharine, born in the year 1815, married in 1835, and emigrated to Australia with her husband, a man named Temple. I have no knowledge of this branch of the family."

"Then," said Armorel, "I suppose the eldest son or grandson of the second sister must have the rubies."

"You are really in a mighty hurry to get rid of your property. The next question — it should have come earlier — is, How do I connect this Robert Fletcher with your Robert Fletcher ? How do we know that Robert Fletcher, the broker, was Robert Fletcher the shipwrecked passenger ? Well ; Eleanor, the eldest, left a bundle of family papers and letters behind her. Among them is a packet endorsed 'From my son Robert in India.' Those letters, signed Robert Fletcher, are partly dated from Burmah, whither the writer had gone on business. He gives his observations on the manners and customs of the country, then little known or visited. He says that he is doing very well indeed ; so well, he says presently, that, thanks to a gift made to him by the king, he is able to think about returning home with the means of staying at home and doing no more work to the end of his natural days."

"Of course he had those jewels."

"Then he writes from Calcutta. He has returned in safety from Burmah and the king, whose capricious temper had made him tremble for his life. He is putting his affairs in order ; he has brought his property from Burmah in a portable form which he can best realize in London ; lastly, he is going to sail in a few weeks. This is in the year 1808. According to your story, it was somewhere about that date that the wreck took place on the Scilly Isles, and he was washed ashore, saved — "

"And robbed," said Armorel.

"As we have no evidence of the fact," answered the man of law, "I prefer to say that the real story ends with the last of the letters. It remained, however, to compare the handwriting of the letters with that of the fragment of writing in your leather case. I took the liberty to have a photograph made of that fragment while it was in my possession, and I now ask you to compare the handwriting." He drew out of his pocket-book a letter — one of the good old kind, on large paper, brown with age, and unprovided with any envelope — and the photograph of which he was speaking. "There," he said, "judge for yourself."

"Why!" cried Armorel. "The writing corresponds exactly."

"It certainly does, letter for letter. Well; the conclusion of the whole matter is that I believe your grandmother's story to be correct in the main. On the other hand, there is nothing in the papers to show the existence in the family of any recollection of so great a loss. One would imagine that a man who had dropped — or thought he had dropped — a bag full of rubies, worth thirty-five thousand pounds, into the sea, would have told his children about it, and bemoaned the loss all his life. Perhaps, however, he was so philosophic as to grieve no more after what was hopelessly gone. He was still in the years of hope when the misfortune befell him. Possibly his children knew, in general terms, that the shipwreck had caused a destruction of property. Again, a man of the City, with the instincts of the City, would not like it to be known that he had returned to his native country a pauper, while it would help him in business to be considered somewhat of a nabob. Of this I cannot speak from any knowledge I have, or from any discovery that I have made."

"Oh!" cried Armorel. "I cannot tell you what a weight has been lifted from me. I have never ceased to long for the restoration of those jewels ever since I found them in the sea-chest."

"There is — as I said — only one descendant of the second sister — a man — a man still young. You will give me your instructions in writing. I am to hand over to this young man — this fortunate young man — already trebly fortunate in another sense — this precious packet of jewels. It is still, I suppose, in the bank?"

"It is where you placed it for me when I came of age."

"Very well. I have brought you an order for its delivery to me. Will you sign it?"

Armorel heaved a great sigh. "With what relief!" she said. "Have you got it here?"

Mr. Jagenal gave her the order on the bank for the delivery of sealed packet, numbered III., to himself. She signed it.

"To think," she said, "that by a simple stroke of the pen I can remove the curse of those ill-gotten rubies! It is like getting rid of all your sins at once. It is like Christian dropping his bundle."

"I hope the rubies will not carry on this supposed curse of yours."

"Oh!" cried Armorel, with a profound sigh, "I feel as if the poor old lady were present, listening. Since I could understand anything, I have understood that the possession of those rubies brought disaster upon my people. From generation to generation they have been drowned one after the other — my father — my grandfather — my great-grandfather — my mother — my brothers — all — all drowned. Can you wonder if I rejoice that the things will threaten me no longer?"

"This is sheer superstition."

"Oh, yes; I know; and yet I cannot choose but to believe it; I have heard the story so often, and always with the same ending. Now they are gone."

"Not quite gone. Nearly. As good as gone, however. Dismiss this superstitious dread from your mind, my dear young lady."

"The rubies are gone. There will be no more of us swallowed up in the cruel sea."

"No more of you," repeated Mr. Jagenal, with the incredulous smile of one who has never had in his family a ghost, or a legend, or a curse, or a doom, or a banshee, or anything at all distinguished. "And now you will be happy. You don't ask me the name of the fortunate young man."

"No; I do not want to know anything more about the horrid things."

"What am I to say to him?"

"Tell him the truth."

"I shall tell him that you discovered the rubies in an old sea-chest with other property, accumulated during a great many years; that a scrap of paper with writing on it gave a clue to the owner; and that, by means of other investigation, he has been discovered; that it was next to impossible for your great-great-grandfather, Captain Rosevean, to have purchased these jewels; and that the presumption is that he recovered them from the wreck and laid them in the chest, saying nothing, and that the chest was never opened until your succession to the property. That, my dear young lady, is all the story that I have to tell. And now I will go away, with congratulations to Donna Quixote in getting rid of thirty-five thousand pounds."

Mrs. Feilding, clearly, was a woman born to be an artist's wife — herself artistic in her dress, her manner, and her appearance; sympathetic in her caressing voice; gracious in her manners; and openly proud of a husband so richly endowed.

Alec presented a great many men to her. She had, it seemed, already made acquaintance with their works, which she knew by name; she betrayed involuntarily, by her gracious smile, and the interested, curious gaze of her large and limpid eyes, the genuine admiration which she felt for these works, and the very great pleasure with which she made the acquaintance of this very distinguished author. If any of them were on the walls, she bestowed upon them the flattery of measured and appreciative praise; she knew something of the technique.

"Alec is not exhibiting this year," she said. "I think he is right. He had but one picture; and that was in his old style. People will think he can do nothing but sea-coast, rock, and spray. So he is going to send his one picture away — if you want to see it you must make haste to the studio — and he is going — this is a profound secret — to break out in a new line — quite a new line. But you must not know anything about it."

A paragraph in a column of personal news published the fact, the very next day, which shows how difficult it is to keep a secret.

Before Mrs. Feilding left the gallery she had made twenty friends for life, and had laid a solid foundation for her Sunday Evenings.

In the evening there was a First Night. No First Nights are possible without the appearance of certain people, of whom Mr. Alec Feilding was one. He attended, bringing with him his wife. Some of the men who had been at the Private View were also present at the performance, but not many, because the followers of one art do not — as they should — rally round any other. But all the dramatic critics were there, and all the regular first-nighters, including the wreckers — who go to pit and gallery — and the friends of the author and those of the actors. Between the acts there was a good deal of circulation and talking. Alec presented a good many more gentlemen to his wife. Before they went home Mrs. Feilding had made a dozen more friends.

The Cup and the Lip.

Two days after the Private View, Alec Feilding repaired, by special invitation, to Mr. Jagenal's office.

"I have sent for you, Alec," said the solicitor, *ami de famille*, "in continuance of our conversation of the other day — about that little windfall, you know."

"I am not likely to forget it. Little windfalls of a thousand pounds do not come too often."

"They do not. Meantime another very important event has happened. I saw the announcement in the paper, and I received your note — "

"You are the only person — believe me — to whom I have thought it right to explain the circumstances — "

"Yes? The explanation, at all events, is one that may be given in the same words — to all the world. I have no knowledge of Mrs. Feilding's friends, or of any obstacles that have been raised to her marriage! But I am rather sorry, Alec, that you sent her to me under a false name, because these things, if they get about, are apt to make mischief."

"I assure you that this plan was only adopted in order the more effectually to divert suspicion. It was with the greatest reluctance that we consented to enter upon a path of deception. I knew, however, in whose hands I was. At any moment I was in readiness to confess the truth to you. In the case of a stranger the thing would have been impossible. You, however, I knew, would appreciate the motive of our action, and sympathize with the necessity."

Mr. Jagenal laughed gently — behind the specious words he discerned — something — the shapeless spectre which suspicion calls up or creates. But he only laughed. "Well, Alec," he said, "marriage is a perfectly personal matter. You are a married man. You had reasons of your own for concealing the fact. You are now enabled to proclaim the fact. That is all anybody need know. We condone the little pretence of the widowhood. Armorel Rosevean has lost her companion; whether she has also lost her friend I do not know. The rest concerns yourself alone. Very good. You are a married man. All the more reason that this little windfall should be acceptable."

"It will be extremely acceptable, I assure you."

"Whether it is money or money's worth?"

"To save trouble, I should prefer money."

"You must take it as it comes, my dear boy."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is," replied Mr. Jagenal, solemnly, "nothing short of the sea giving up its treasures, the dead giving up her secrets, and the restoration of what was never known to be lost."

"You a maker of conundrums?"

"You shall hear. Before we come to the thing itself — the treasure, the windfall, the thing picked up on the beach — let me again recall to you two or three points in your own family history. Your mother's maiden name was Isabel Needham. She was the daughter of Henry Needham and Frances his wife. Frances was the daughter of Robert Fletcher."

"Very good. I believe that is the case."

"Your money came to you from this Robert Fletcher, your maternal great-grandfather. You should, therefore, remember him."

"I recognize," said Alec, sententiously, "the respect that should be paid to the memory of every man who makes money for his children."

"Very good. Now, this Robert Fletcher, as a young man, went out to India in search of fortune. He was, apparently, an adventurous young man, not disposed to sit down at the desk after the usual fashion of young men who go out to India. We find him in Burmah, for instance — then a country little known by Englishmen. While there he managed to attract the notice and the favor of the king, who employed him in some capacity — traded with him, perhaps; and, at all events, advanced his interests — so that, while still a young man, he found himself in the possession of a fortune ample enough for his wants — "

"Which he left to his daughters."

"Don't be in a hurry. That was quite another fortune."

"Oh! Another fortune? What became of the first?"

"Having enough, he resolved to return to his native country. But in Burmah there were then no banks, merchants, drafts, or checks. He therefore converted his fortune into portable property, which he carried about his person, no one, I take it, knowing anything at all about it. Thus, carrying his treasure with him, he sailed for England. Have you heard anything of this?"

"Nothing at all. The beginning of the story, however, is interesting."

"You will enjoy the end still better. The ship in which he sailed met with disaster. She was wrecked on the Isles of Scilly. It is said — but this I do not know — that the only man saved from the wreck was your great-grandfather; he was saved by one Emanuel Rosevean, great-great-grandfather to Armorel, the girl whose charge your own wife undertook."

"Always that girl!" said Alec.

"Robert Fletcher was clinging to a spar when he was picked

up and dragged ashore. He recovered consciousness after a long illness, and then found that the leather case in which all his fortune lay had slipped from his neck and was lost. Therefore he had to begin the world again. He went away, therefore. He went away — " Mr. Jagenal paused at this point, rattled his keys, and looked about him. He was not a story-teller by profession, but he knew instinctively that every story, in order to be dramatic — and he wished this to be a very dramatic history — should be cut up into paragraphs, illustrated by dialogue, and divided into sections. Dialogue being impossible, he stopped and rattled his keys. This meant the end of one chapter and the beginning of another.

" Do, pray, get along," cried his client, now growing interested and impatient.

" He went away," the narrator repeated, " his treasure lost, to begin the world again. He came here, became a stockbroker, made money — and the rest you know. He appears never to have told his daughters of his loss. I have been in communication with the solicitors of the late Eleanor Fletcher, your great-aunt, and I cannot learn from them that she ever spoke of this calamity. Yet had she known of it she must have remembered it. To bring all your fortune — a considerable fortune — home in a bag tied round your neck, and to lose it in a shipwreck, is a disaster which would, one thinks, be remembered to the third and fourth generations."

" I should think so. But you said something about the sea giving up its treasure."

" That we come to next. Five years ago, by the death of a very aged lady, her great-great-grandmother, Armorel Rosevean succeeded to an inheritance which turned out to be nothing less than the accumulated savings of many generations. Among other possessions, she found in this old lady's room a sea-chest containing things apparently recovered from wrecks or drowned men or washed ashore by the sea — a very curious and interesting collection: there were snuff-boxes, watches, chains, rings, all kinds of things. Among these treasures she turned out, at the bottom of the chest, a case of shagreen with a leather thong. On opening this, Armorel found it to contain a quantity of precious stones, and a scrap of paper which seemed to show that they had formerly been the property of one Robert Fletcher. We may suppose, if we please, that the case containing the jewels was cast up on the beach after the storm, and tossed into the

chest without much knowledge of its contents or their value. We may suppose that Emanuel Rosevean bought them. We may suppose what we please, because we can prove nothing. For my own part, I think there is no reasonable doubt that the case actually contained the fortune of Robert Fletcher. The dates of the story seem to correspond; the handwriting appears to be his; we have letters of his speaking of his intention to return, and of his property being in convenient portable shape."

"Well — then — this portable fortune belongs to Robert Fletcher's heirs."

"Not so quick. How are you going to prove your claim? You have nothing to go by but a fragment of writing with part of his name on it. You cannot prove that he was shipwrecked; and if you could do that, you could not prove that these jewels belonged to him."

"If there is any doubt, she ought to give them up. She is bound, in honor."

"I said that, in my mind, there is no reasonable doubt. That is, because I have heard a great deal more than could be admitted in evidence. But now — listen again, without interrupting. When, five years ago, the young lady placed the management of her affairs in my hands, through the vicar of her parish, I had every part of her very miscellaneous fortune valued, and a part of it sold. I had these rubies examined by a merchant in jewels."

"And how much were they worth?"

"One with another — some being large, and very valuable indeed, and others small — they were said, by my expert, to be worth thirty-five thousand pounds. They might, under favorable circumstances, and if judiciously placed in the market, realise much more. Thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"What?" He literally opened his mouth. "How much do you say?"

"Thirty-five thousand pounds."

"Oh! But the stones are not hers — they belong — they belong — to us — to the descendants of Robert Fletcher." No one would have called that face wooden now. It was full of excitement — the excitement of a newly awakened hope. "Does she propose to buy me off with a thousand pounds? Does she think I am to be be bought off at any price? The jewels are mine — mine — that is, I have a share in them."

"Gently — gently — gently! What proof have you got of

this story? Nothing. You never heard of it; your great-grandfather never spoke of it. Nothing would have been heard of it at all but for this old lady from whom Armorel inherited. The property is hers as much as anything else. If she gives up anything, it is by her own free and uncompelled will. She need give nothing. Remember that."

"Then she offers me a miserable thousand pounds for my share — which ought to be at least a third. Jagenal" — he turned purple, and the veins stood out on his forehead — "that infernal girl hates me! She has done me — I cannot tell you how much mischief. She persecutes me. Now she offers to buy me out of my share of thirty-five thousand pounds — a third share — nay — a half, because my great-aunt left no children — for a thousand pounds down!"

"I did not say so."

"You told me that the windfall would amount to a thousand pounds."

"That was in joke, my boy. You are perfectly wrong about Armorel hating you. How can she hate you? You are so far wrong in this instance, that she has instructed me to give you the whole of this fortune — actually to make you a free gift of the whole property — the whole, mind — thirty-five thousand pounds!"

"To me? Armorel gives me — me — the whole of this fortune?" Blank astonishment fell upon him. He stood staring — open-mouthed. "To ME?" he repeated.

"To you. She does not, to be sure, know to whom she gives it. She is only desirous of restoring the jewels which she insists in believing to belong to Robert Fletcher's family. Therefore, as it would be obviously impossible to find out and to divide this fortune among all the descendants of Robert Fletcher, who are scattered about the globe, she was resolved to give them to the eldest descendant of the second daughter."

"Oh!" Alec turned pale, and dropped into a chair, broken up. "To the eldest descendant of the second — the second daughter. Then —"

"Then to you, as the only grandson of the second daughter — Frances."

"The second daughter was —" He checked himself. He sighed. He sat up. His eyes, always small and too close together, grew smaller and closer together. "The other branch of the family," he said slowly, "has vanished — as you say — it

is scattered over the face of the globe. I do not know anything about my cousins — if I have any cousins. Perhaps when you have carried on the search a little further — "

"But I am not going to carry it on any further at all. Why should I? We have nothing more to learn. I am instructed by Armorel to give the rubies to you. It is a gift — not a right. It is not an inheritance, remember — it is a free gift. She says, 'These rubies used to belong to Robert Fletcher. I will restore them to some one of his kin.' You are that some one. Why should I inquire further?"

"Oh!" Alec sank back in his chair and closed his eyes as one who recovers from a sharp pang, and sighed deeply. "If you are satisfied, then — But if other cousins should turn up — "

"They will have nothing because nobody is entitled to anything. Come, Alec, my boy, you look a little overcome. It is natural. Pull yourself together, and look at the facts. You will have thirty-five thousand pounds — perhaps a little more. At four per cent. — I think I can put you in the way of getting so much with safety — you will have fourteen hundred a year. You will have that apart from your literary and artistic income. It is not a gigantic fortune, it is true; but let me tell you that it is a very handsome addition indeed to any man's income. You will not be able to live in Kensington Palace Gardens, where your wife lived as a girl; but you can take a good house and see your friends, and have anything in reason. Well, that is all I have to say, except to congratulate you, which I do, my Alec" — he seized the fortunate young man's hand and shook it warmly — "most heartily. I do, indeed. You deserve your good luck — every bit of the good luck that has befallen you. Everybody who knows you will rejoice. And it comes just at the right moment — just when you have acknowledged your marriage and taken your wife home."

"Really," said Alec, now completely recovered, "I am overwhelmed with this stroke of luck. It is the most unexpected thing in the world. I could never have dreamed of such a thing. To find out, on the same day, that one's great-grandfather once made a fortune and lost it, and that it has been recovered, and that it is all given to me — it naturally takes one's breath away at first."

"You would like to gaze upon this fortune from the Ruby Mines of Burmah, would you not?" Mr. Jagenal threw open the

door of a safe, and took out a parcel in brown paper. "It is here." He opened the parcel, and disclosed the shagreen case which we have already seen in the sea-chest. He laid it on the table, and unrolled the silk in which the stones were rolled. "There they are — look common enough, don't they? One seems to have picked up stones twice as pretty on the sea-shore: here are two or three cut and polished — bits of red glass would look as pretty."

"Thirty-five thousand pounds!" Alec cried, laying a hand, as if in episcopal benediction, upon the treasure. "Is it possible that this little bundle of stones should be worth so much?"

"Quite possible. Now — they are yours — what will you do with them?"

"First, I will ask you to put them back in the safe."

"I will send them to your bank if you please."

"No — keep them here — I will consult you immediately about their disposition. Thirty-five thousand pounds! Thirty-five — perhaps we may get more for them. What am I to say to this girl? Perhaps when she learns who has got the rubies she will refuse to let them go. I am sure she would never consent."

"Nonsense — about persecution and annoyance! Armorel hate you? Why should she hate you? The sweetest girl in the world. You men of genius are too ready to take offence. The things are yours. I have given them to you by her instructions. I have written you a letter, formally conveying the jewels to you. Here it is. And now go home, my dear fellow, and when you feel like taking a holiday, do it with a tranquil mind, remembering that you 've got fourteen hundred pounds a year given you for nothing at all by this young lady, who was n't obliged to give you a penny. Why, in surrendering these jewels, she has surrendered a good half of her whole fortune. Find me another girl, anywhere, who would give up half her fortune for a scruple. And now go away, and tell your wife. Let her rejoice. Tell her it is Armorel's wedding-present."

Alec Feilding walked home. He was worth thirty-five thousand pounds — fourteen hundred pounds a year. When one comes to think of it, though we call ourselves such a very wealthy country, there are comparatively few, indeed, among us who can boast that they enjoy an income of fourteen hundred pounds a year, with no duties, responsibilities, or cares about their income — and with nothing to do for it. Fourteen hundred pounds a year is not great wealth; but it will enable a man

to keep up a very respectable style of living; many people in society have got to live on a great deal less. He and his wife were going to live on nothing a year, except what they could get by their wits. Fourteen hundred a year! They could still exercise their wits: that is to say, he should expect his wife, now the thinking partner, to exercise her wits with zeal. But what a happiness for a man to feel that he does not live by his wits alone! Alas! It is a joy that is given to few indeed of us.

As for his late literary and artistic successes, how poor and paltry did they appear to this man, who had no touch of the artist nature, beside this solid lump of money, worth all the artistic or poetic fame that ever was achieved!

He went home dancing. He was at peace with all mankind. He found it in his heart to forgive everybody: Roland Lee, who had so basely deserted him; Effie, that snake in the grass; Lady Frances, the most treacherous of women; Armorel herself — Oh, heavens! what could not be forgiven to the girl who had made him such a gift? Even the revolt against his authority; even the broken panel, the shattered lock, and the earthquake.

In this mood he arrived at home. His wife, the thinking partner, was hard at work in the interests of the new firm. In her hand was a manuscript volume of verse; on the table beside her lay an open portfolio of sketches and drawings.

"You see, Alec," she looked up, smiling. "Already the ghosts have begun to appear at my call. If you ask me where I found them, I reply, as before, that when one travels about with a country company one has opportunities. All kinds of queer people may be heard of. Your ghosts, in future, my dear boy, must be of the tribe which has broken down and given in, not of those who are still young and hopeful. I have found a man who can draw — here is a portfolio full of his things, in black and white; they can be reproduced by some photographic process; he is in an advanced stage of misery, and will never know or ask what becomes of his things. He ought to have made his fortune long ago. He has n't, because he is always drunk and disreputable. It will do you good to illustrate the paper with your own drawings. There 's a painter I have heard of. He drinks every afternoon and all the evening at a certain place where you must go and find him. He has long since been turned out of every civilized kind of society, and you can get his pictures for anything you like; he can't draw much, I believe,

but his coloring is wonderful. There is an elderly lady, too, of whom I have heard. She can draw, too, and she 's got no friends and can be got cheap. And this book is full of the verses of a poor wretch who was once a rising literary man and now carries a banner at Drury-Lane Theatre whenever they want a super. As for your stories, I have got a broken-down actor — he writes better than he can act — to write stories of the boards. They will appear anonymously, and if people attribute them to you he will not be able to complain. Oh, I know what I am about, Alec! Your paper shall double its circulation in a month, and shall multiply its circulation by ten in six months, and without the least fear of such complications as have happened lately. They must be avoided for the future — proposals as well as earthquakes — my dear Alec."

Alec sat down on the table and laughed carelessly. "Zoe," he said, "you are the cleverest woman in the world. It was a lucky day for us both when you came here. I made a big mistake for three years. Now I've got some news for you — good news."

"That can only mean — money."

"It does mean — money, as you say. Money, my dear. Money that makes the mare to go."

"How much, Alec?"

"More than your four thousand. Twenty times as much as that little balance in your book."

"Oh, Alec! is it possible? Twenty times as much? Eighty thousand pounds?"

"About that sum," he replied, exaggerating with the instincts of the City, inherited, no doubt, from Robert Fletcher. "Perhaps quite that sum if I manage certain sales cleverly."

"Is it a legacy? — or an inheritance? — how did you get it?"

"It is not exactly a legacy; it is a kind of restoration to an unknown person; a gift not made to me personally, but to me unknown."

"You talk to me in riddles, Alec."

"I would talk in blank verse if I could. It is, indeed, literally true. I have received an — estate — in portable property worth nearly forty thousand pounds."

"Oh! Then we shall be really rich, and not have to pretend quite so much? A little pretence, Alec, I like. It makes me feel like returning to society; too much pretence reminds one of the policeman."

"Don't you want to know how I have come into this money?"

"I am not curious, Alec. I like everything to be done for me. When I was a girl there were carriages and horses and everything that I wanted — all ready — all done for me, you know. Then I was stripped of all. I had nothing to do or to say in the matter. It was done for me. Now, you tell me you have got eighty thousand pounds. Oh, heavens! It is done for me. The ways of fate are so wonderful. Things are given and things are taken away. Why should I inquire how things come? Perhaps this will be taken away in its turn."

"Not quite, Zoe. I have got my hand over it. You can trust your husband, I think, to keep what he has got." Indeed, he looked at this moment cunning enough to be trusted with keeping the national debt itself.

"Eighty thousand pounds!" she said. "Let me write it down. Eighty thousand pounds! Eight and one, two, three, four noughts." She wrote them down, and clasped her hands, saying, "Oh! the beauty — the incomparable beauty — of the last nought!"

"Perhaps not quite so much," said her husband, thinking that the exaggeration was a little too much.

"Don't take off one of my noughts — not my fourth, not my Napoleon of noughts."

"No — no. Keep your four noughts. Well, my dear, if it is only sixty thousand or so there is two thousand a year for us. Two thousand a year!"

"Don't, Alec; don't! Not all at once. Break it gently."

"We will carry on the paper; and perhaps do something or other — carefully, you know — in art. There is no need to knock things off. And if you can make the paper succeed, as you think, there will be so much the more. Well, we can use it all. For my part, Zoe, my dear, I don't care how big the income is. I am equal to ten thousand."

"Of course, and you will still pronounce judgments and be a leader. Now let us talk of what we will do — where we will live — and all. Two thousand is pretty big to begin with, after three years' tight fit; but the paper will bring in another two thousand easily. I've been looking through the accounts — bills and returns — and I am sure it has been villainously managed. We will run it up; we will have ten thousand a year to spend. A vast deal may be done with ten thousand a year: we will have

a big weekly dinner as well as an At Home. We will draw all the best people in London to the house; we will — "

She enlarged with great freedom on what could be done with this income; she displayed all the powers of a rich imagination: not even the milkmaid of the fable more largely anticipated the joys of the future.

"And, oh, Alec!" she cried. "To be rich again! rich only to the limited extent of ten thousand a year, is too great happiness. When my father was ruined, I thought the world was ended. Well, it was ended for me, because you made me leave it and disappear. The last four years I should like to be clean forgotten and driven out of my mind — horrid years of failing and enduring and waiting! And now we are rich again! Oh! we are rich again! It is too much happiness!"

The tears rose to her eyes; her soft and murmuring voice broke.

"My poor Zoe," her husband laid his hand on hers, "I am rejoiced," he said, "as much for your sake as for my own."

"How did you get this wonderful fortune, Alec?"

"Through Mr. Jagenal, the lawyer. It's a long story. A great-grandfather of mine was wrecked and lost his property. That was eighty years ago. Now, his property was found. Who do you think found it? Armorel Rosevean. And she has restored it — to me."

"What!" She sprang to her feet, her face suddenly turning white. "What! Armorel?"

"Yes, certainly. Curious coincidence, is n't it? The very girl who has done me so much mischief. The man was wrecked on the island where her people lived."

"Yes — yes — yes. The property — what was it? What was it? Quick!"

"It was a leather case filled with rubies — rubies worth at least thirty-five thousand pounds — What 's the matter?"

"Rubies! Her rubies! Oh! Armorel's rubies! No — no — no — not that! Anything — anything but that! Armorel's rubies — Armorel's rubies!"

"What is the matter, Zoe? What is it?"

She gasped. Her eyes were wild; her cheek was white. She was like one who is seized with some sudden horrible and unintelligible pain. Or she was like one who has suddenly heard the most dreadful and most terrible news possible.

"What is it, Zoe?" her husband asked again.

"You? Oh! you have brought me this news — you! I thought perhaps, some one — Armorel — or some other might find me out. But you! — you!"

"Again, Zoe" — he tried to be calm, but a dreadful doubt seized him — "what does this mean?"

"I remember," she laughed wildly, "what I said when I gave you the bank-book. If you found me out, I said, we should be both on the same level. You would be able to hold out your arms, I said, and to cry, 'You have come down to my level. Come to my heart, sister in wickedness.' That is what I said. Oh! I little thought — it was a prophecy — my words have come true."

She caught her head with her hand — it is a stagy gesture — she had learned it on the stage; yet at this moment of trouble it was simple and natural.

"What the DEVIL do you mean?" he cried with exasperation.

"They were *your* rubies all the time, and I did not know. Your rubies! If I had only known! Oh! what have I done? What have I done?"

"Tell me quick what you have done." He caught her by the arm roughly. He actually shook her. His own face now was almost as white as hers. "Quick — tell me — tell me — tell me!"

"You wanted money badly. You told me so every time I saw you. It was to get money that I went to live with Armorel. I could not get it that way. But I found another way. She told me about the rubies. I knew where they were kept. In the bank. In a sealed packet. I had seen an inventory of the things in the bank. Armorel told me the story of the rubies, and I never believed it — I never thought there would be any search for the man's heirs. I never thought the story was true. She told me, besides, all about her other things — her miniatures and snuff boxes, and watches and rings. She showed me all her beautiful lace, worth thousands. And as for the gold things and the jewels, they were all in the bank, in separate sealed parcels, numbered. She showed me the bank receipts. Opposite each number was written the contents of each, and opposite Number Three was written, 'The case containing the rubies.'"

"Well? Well?"

"Hush! What did I do? Let me think. I am going mad, I believe. It was for your sake — all for your sake, Alec! All for your sake that I have ruined you!"

"Ruined me? Quick! What have you done?"

"It was for your sake, Alec — all for your sake! Oh, for your own sake I have lost and ruined you!"

"You will drive me mad, I think!" he gasped.

"I wrote a letter, one day, to the manager of the bank. I wrote it in imitation of Armorel's hand. I signed her name at the end so that no one could have told it was a forgery. My letter told him to give the sealed packet numbered three to the bearer who was waiting. I sent the letter by a commissionaire. He returned bringing the packet with him."

"And then?"

"Oh! Then — then — Alec, you will kill me — you will surely kill me when you know! You care for nothing in the world but for money — and I — I have stolen away your money! It is gone — it is gone!"

"You stole those rubies? But I have seen them. They are in Jagenal's safe. What do you mean?" he cried hoarsely.

"I have sold them. I stole them, and I sold them all — they were worth — how much did you say? Fifty — sixty — eighty thousand pounds! I sold them all, Alec, for four thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds! I sold them to a Dutchman in Hatton Garden."

"You are raving mad! You dream! I have seen them. I have handled them."

"What you have seen were the worthless imitation jewels that I substituted. I found out where to get sham rubies made of paste, or something — some cut and some uncut. I bought them, and I substituted them in the case. Then I returned the packet to the bank. I had the packet in my possession no more than one morning. The man who bought the stones swore they were worth no more. He said he should lose money by them; he was going away to America immediately, and wanted to settle at once, otherwise he would not give so much. That is what I have done, Alec."

"Oh!" he stood over her, his eyes glaring; he roared like a wild beast; he raised his hand as if to slay her with a single blow. But he could find no words. His hand remained raised — he was speechless — he was motionless — he was helpless with blind rage and madness.

His wife looked up, and waited. Now that she had told her tale she was calm.

"If you are going to kill me," she said, "you had better do

it at once. I think I do not care about living any longer. Kill me, if you like."

He dropped his arm; he straightened himself and stood upright.

"You are a thief!" he said, hoarsely. "You are a wretched, miserable THIEF!"

She pointed to the picture on the easel.

"And you — my husband?"

He threw himself into a chair. Then he got up and paced the room; he beat the air with his hands; his face was distorted; his eyes were wild; he abandoned himself to one of those magnificent rages of which we read in history. William the Conqueror — King Richard — King John — many mediæval kings used to fall into these rages. They are less common of late. But then such provocation as this is rare in any age.

When, at last, speech came to him, it was at first stuttering and broken; speech of the elementary kind; speech of primitive man in a rage; speech ejaculatory; speech interjectional; speech of railing and cursing. He walked — or, rather, tramped — about the room; he stamped with his foot; he banged the table with his fist; he roared; he threatened; he cleared the dictionary of its words of scorn, contempt, and loathing; he hurled all these words at his wife. As a tigress bereft of her young, so is such a man bereft of his money.

His wife, meantime, sat watching, silent. She waited for the storm to pass. As for what he said, it was no more than the rolling of thunder. She made no answer to his reproaches; but for her white face you would have thought she neither heard nor felt nor cared.

Outside, Ford, the discreet man-servant, heard every word. Once, when his master threatened violence, he thought it might be his duty to interfere. As the storm continued, he began to feel that this was no place for a man-servant who respected himself. He remembered the earthquake. He had then been called upon to remove from its hinges a door fractured in a row. That was a blow. He was now compelled to listen while a master, unworthy of such a servant, brutally swore at his wife. He perceived that his personal character and his dignity no longer allowed him to remain with such a person. He resigned, therefore, that very day.

When the bereaved sufferer could say no more — for there comes a time when even to shriek fails to bring relief — he threw

himself into a chair and began to cry. Yes; he cried like a child; he wept and sobbed and lamented. The tears ran down his cheeks; his voice was choked with sobs. The discreet man-servant outside blushed with shame that such a thing should happen under his roof. The wife looked on without a sign or a word. We break down and cry when we have lost the thing which most we love — it may be a wife; it may be a child; in the case of this young man the thing which most he loved and desired was money. It had been granted to him — in large and generous measure. And, lo! it was torn from his hands before his fingers had even closed around it. Oh! the pity — the pity of it!

This fit, too, passed away.

Half an hour later, when he was quite quiet, exhausted with his rage, his wife laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Alec," she said, "I have always longed for one thing most of all. It was the only thing, I once thought, that made it worth the trouble to live. An hour ago it seemed that the thing had been granted to me. And I was happy even with this guilt upon my soul. I know you for what you are. Yet I desired your love. Henceforth, this dreadful thing stands between us. You can no longer love me — that is certain, because I have ruined you — any more than I can hold you in respect. Yet we will continue to walk together — hand in hand — I will work and you shall enjoy. If we do not love each other, we can continue in partnership, and show to the world faces full of affection. At least you cannot reproach me. I am a thief, it is true — most true! And you — Alec! you — oh! my husband! what are you?"

MARIE HENRI BEYLE.

Beyle, Marie Henri, a French writer and critic, born at Grenoble, January 23, 1783. He was better known by his assumed literary name, "De Stendhal," and for a while prefixed "de" to his name. In 1800 he was in Milan and witnessed the battle of Marengo, and so fascinated was he with military enthusiasm engendered by the brilliant victories of Napoleon that his enlistment was immediately effected and he found himself a quartermaster in a regiment of dragoons. In a few weeks he was promoted to a sublieutenancy, and acted as General Michaud's aid-de-camp for eighteen months. In 1806 Beyle journeyed to Germany, where he received a position as superintendent of the belongings of the Emperor in Brunswick, taking part in the disastrous invasion of Russia in 1812, ever remaining true to the unfortunate Emperor. He refused appointment under the new power and removed to Milan, residing there until 1821, his first literary labors on painting and music beginning about this time. He died in Paris March 22, 1842. The "Lettres écrites de Vienne sur Haydn, suivies d'une Vie de Mozart," etc., were given to the public in 1814, under the *nom de plume* of Alexandre César Bombet, and were chiefly a plagiarism from Carpani. In 1817 the work was slightly revised and republished under several assumed names, — "Vies de Haydn, Mozart, et Metastase." In the same year appeared, each under a different authorship, "Histoire de la peinture en Italie," in which is found some good criticism, but a lack of system, and "Rome, Naples, et Florence en 1817." He also wrote lives of "Napoleon, "Rossini," "Racine et Shakespeare," and the novels "Armance," "Le rouge et le noir," "La Chartreuse de Parme," etc.

Fabrice and Waterloo.[1]

(From "La Chartreuse de Parme." Translated by E. P. Robins.)

While our friend was plodding onward through the rain, the army, having been victorious at Ligny, was marching on Brussels; Waterloo was impending. About noon, the rain

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continuing to fall in torrents, Fabrice heard the roar of guns; under the influence of the cheering sound he forgot for the time being the bitter memories of his unmerited imprisonment. He pressed on until the night was far advanced, when, as he was beginning to learn wisdom by experience, he sought shelter in the cottage of a peasant at some distance off the road. The man was crying and tearing his hair; he declared that he had been robbed of everything. Fabrice gave him a crown, and he managed to find some oats. "My horse is not such a very handsome animal," Fabrice said to himself, "but for all that some adjutant might fall in love with him;" and he went and lay down beside him in the stable. The next morning, an hour before it was light, Fabrice was on the road again, and by vigorous measures succeeded in urging his mount into a trot. About five o'clock he heard cannonading: it was the overture of Waterloo.

Fabrice presently came up with some vivandières, and with a grateful remembrance of the kindness of the jailer's wife at B—— still fresh in his mind, he spoke to them; he inquired of one of their number if she knew where was his regiment, the Fourth Hussars.

"There 's no need of your being in such a hurry to find your regiment, little soldier," said the cantinière, touched by the young man's pale face and handsome eyes. "It 's my cart to a rotten apple that hard knocks will be exchanged to-day, and your hand is n't strong enough yet to manage the sabre. If you were only an infantryman, now, it would be another matter; you could blaze away as well as the next man."

The intimation was not well received by Fabrice, but kick and beat his horse as he might, he could not get enough speed out of him to get away from the cart of the vivandière. There were moments when the artillery roared so loudly that they could not hear one another's voice; for Fabrice, in his ardor and enthusiasm, had forgotten his resentment and resumed the conversation. Every word of the cantinière was a revelation to him. He ultimately disclosed his entire history, with the exception of his real name and his escape from prison, to this woman, apparently so kind-hearted. She was greatly astonished, and could not make head or tail of the handsome young soldier's narrative.

"I have it now!" she at last exclaimed, in a voice of triumph. "You are a young cit in love with the wife of one of

the captains of the Fourth Hussars. Your lady-love has given you the uniform that you have on, and you are following her about from place to place. You are no soldier — that 's as certain as there 's a God above us; but you 're a good fellow, and now that your regiment is under fire you want to be with it and not pass for a *capon.*"

Fabrice did not dispute her assertions; he was in need of advice and instruction, and knew not where else to look for them. "I don't know the first thing of the manners and ways of these French people," he said to himself, "and unless I have some one to steer me I shall find my way to prison again, and they will steal another horse from me."

"To begin with, little one," said the cantinière, who was becoming more and more friendly, "own up that you are n't twenty years old; it 's as much as ever if you 're seventeen."

It was the truth, and Fabrice gracefully admitted it.

"So, you see, you are not even a conscript; it 's just for the lady's bright eyes and nothing else under heaven that you are so desirous to get your skull cracked. *Peste!* she does n't show such very poor taste. If you have any more of those yellow-boys left that she gave you, you want first of all to buy yourself another horse; see how that jade of yours pricks up his ears at every discharge of the artillery; he 's nothing but a cart-horse; he 'll be the death of you as soon as the regiment forms line. You see that white smoke down yonder by the hedge — that 's the infantry at work, my boy! See how you 'll feel when you hear the bullets whistling about your ears! It would be as well for you to eat a bite while you have the chance."

Fabrice followed her advice, and handing the vivandière a napoleon, asked her to take out her pay.

"Oh, the pity of it!" exclaimed the woman; "the poor weanling does n't know any better than to give me a twenty-franc piece! It would be serving you no more than right if I were to pocket your napoleon and put the lash to Cocotte; your old nag could never catch me. What would you do, you gaby, when you saw me running away from you? Never show your gold when the guns are thundering; remember that. Here, take your change," said she — "eighteen francs, fifty centimes; your breakfast was thirty sous. Now pay attention: there will soon be plenty of horses for sale; for a light animal — do you hear? — you may give ten francs, and in no case are you to give more than twenty, even though it be the steed of the four sons of Aymon."

The repast finished, the vivandière, who never ceased her chatter, was interrupted by a woman who came running across the fields and leaped down into the road.

"Hallo there!" shouted this woman; "hallo, Margot! Your Sixth Light Bobs are off yonder to the right."

"I shall have to leave you, little one," said the vivandière to our hero; "but, upon my word, I feel sorry for you; I have taken an interest in you, don't you know. You are as innocent as a new-born baby; you are going to get yourself wiped out, sure as God is God. Come along with me to the Sixth Light Bobs."

"I know that I am very ignorant," replied Fabrice, "but I am resolved to have a hand in this fight, and I am going down yonder where that white smoke is."

"Look at your horse; see how he is putting back his ears! He does n't look as if he had the strength of a cat; but once he gets you down there he 'll seize the bit and run away with you, and the Lord knows where he 'll land you. Will you take my advice? As soon as you come up with the little infantrymen pick up a musket and cartridge-box, take your place among the soldiers, and do just as you see them do. But I would n't be afraid to bet that you don't even know how to bite off a cartridge."

Fabrice, much to his mortification, was obliged to confess that his new friend was right in her supposition.

"Poor child, he will be killed in less than no time, sure as shooting! You *must* come with me," the cantinière added, authoritatively.

"But I want to fight."

"And you shall fight; the Sixth Light Bobs are fighters from 'way back, and there 'll be enough to-day to give every one a bellyful."

"But will it take long to reach your regiment?"

"A quarter of an hour at the outside."

"With this worthy woman to counsel me," Fabrice thought, "my ignorance won't cause me to be taken for a spy again, and I shall still have an opportunity to fight." At that moment the guns began to play more rapidly than ever; crash followed crash. "It is like a chaplet of beads," thought Fabrice.

"The infantry fire is growing hotter," said the vivandière, applying a cut of the whip to her little horse, who seemed all the more alert for the firing.

She turned sharp to the right and took a by-road that led across the meadows. The mud was a foot deep; the little cart threatened to remain fast in it. Fabrice applied his shoulder to the wheel. His horse fell with him twice. Presently the road, though not so wet, shrank into a narrow pathway through the gorse. Fabrice advanced a short way farther, and his nag stopped short in his tracks; there was a corpse lying across the path, to the equal horror of horse and rider.

Fabrice's face, naturally pale, changed to a sickly shade of green. The cantinière, casting a swift glance at the body, murmured, as if speaking to herself, "No one of our division." Then, raising her eyes to our hero, she burst out laughing.

"Ha, ha, little one!" she cried, "there 's something for you to feast your eyes on!" It seemed to Fabrice that his marrow was congealing in his bones. What struck him most was the dirty feet of the dead man, who had already been stripped of shoes and every other article of clothing except a pair of coarse, blood-stained trousers.

"Come here," said the cantinière. "Get off your horse; you may as well get used to such things first as last. It was in the head he caught it."

A bullet, entering at one side of the nose, had escaped through the opposite temple; the face was hideously disfigured; one eye was open and staring.

"Come, get off your horse, little one," repeated the cantinière, "and give the stiff your hand, to see if he will return your politeness."

Fabrice, although he was near giving up the ghost, so great were his horror and disgust, unhesitatingly jumped down, and, seizing the dead man's hand, gave it a vigorous shake. Then he stood as if bereft of the power of motion; he felt that he had not the strength to remount his horse. What particularly unnerved him was that glassy, staring eye.

"The vivandière will think I am a coward," he bitterly reflected. But he could not stir to save himself; he felt that he must drop soon. It was a fearful moment; Fabrice was on the point of being very sick. The vivandière saw it; she jumped nimbly down from her little cart, and, without a word spoken, handed him a glass of brandy, which he gulped down in one swallow; then he got on his horse again, and rode on without saying a word. The vivandière looked at him out of the corner of her eye from time to time.

"You will fight to-morrow, little one," she said to him at last; "to-day you will stay with me. You can see that you have still something of the soldier's trade to learn."

"No, I wish to fight now, at once," replied our hero, with a sombre air which seemed to his companion to augur well. The service of the guns was now so rapid that the detonations formed, as it were, a continuous bass; there was no appreciable interval between one report and its successor, and rising in shrill treble above this rumbling, uninterrupted bass, which reminded one of the roar of a distant waterfall, the sharp, crepitating rattle of the musketry was plainly distinguishable.

At this point the road swerved a little from the straight course and entered a small piece of woodland. The vivandière saw three or four men belonging to our army coming toward her, running as hard as they could; she swung herself down from her cart, and ran and hid in the wood at a point distant some fifteen or twenty paces from the road. The hiding-place she selected was the cavity left by the roots of a great tree that had been blown down. "I'll see whether I am a coward or not!" Fabrice said to himself. He posted himself beside the cantinière's abandoned cart and drew his sword. The soldiers passed him by unnoticed, and continued their course, running along the road to the left of the wood.

"They are some of our fellows," said the vivandière, returning breathless to the wagon. "If your horse were good for anything I would say to you, push forward to the other edge of the wood and see what is in the plain beyond." Fabrice needed no second hint; he broke a shoot from a poplar-tree, stripped the leaves off it, and set to flogging his horse with might and main. The animal broke into a lumbering gallop for a moment, but soon came down to his usual ambling trot. The vivandière had also whipped up her horse. "Stop, stop!" she shouted to Fabrice. Both soon reached the verge of the wood. When they came out on the edge of the plain the uproar was frightful; on every side, to right, to left, behind and before them, was the thunder of artillery and musketry. As the clump of trees from which they had just emerged was on ground higher by eight or ten feet than the surrounding country, they had a view of a portion of the battle-field; but there seemed to be no one in the plain beyond the wood. Bounding this plain, at a distance of about a thousand paces, was a long row of squat, thick-set willows, above which lay a dense cloud of

whitish smoke that from time to time rose and drifted away in graceful spirals.

"I wish I knew where to look for the regiment!" said the cantinière, despondently. "It won't answer to attempt to cross that great plain. By the way," said she to Fabrice, "if you fall in with any of the enemy don't waste time fencing with them; give them the point of your sabre."

At this moment the woman caught sight of the four soldiers previously mentioned; they were emerging from the wood into the plain at the left of the road. One of them was riding a horse.

"There 's what you want," she said to Fabrice. "Hallo there, you!" she shouted to the man on horseback; "come here and have a glass of brandy." The soldiers came forward.

"Where is the Sixth Light Infantry?" she asked.

"Off that way, five minutes from here, in front of the canal that skirts the willows — Colonel Macon has just been killed."

"Will you take five francs for your horse?"

"Five francs! you must be joking, little mother — an officer's charger that I will sell for five napoleons before I am fifteen minutes older."

"Give me one of your napoleons," she said to Fabrice. Then, stepping up to the man on the horse, "Come, off with you, quick," said she. "Here 's your napoleon."

The man dismounted, Fabrice leaped gayly into the saddle; the vivandière removed the cloak and portmanteau from the other quadruped.

"Lend a hand, you!" she said to the soldiers. "Nice chaps you are, standing by and never offering to raise a hand while you see a lady working!"

But the new acquisition no sooner felt the portmanteau on his back than he began to rear, and Fabrice, who was a good horseman, needed all his strength to restrain him.

"That 's a good sign!" said the vivandière; "the gentleman has not been used to carrying portmanteaus."

"He 's a general's charger," cried the man who had sold him. "He 's worth ten napoleons if he 's worth a penny."

"Here 's twenty francs for you," said Fabrice, who could not restrain his delight at feeling between his legs an animal with some life in him.

Just then a cannon-ball in its flight cut diagonally through some willows not far away. Fabrice thought it a pretty sight

to see the leaves and twigs fly upward to right and left, shorn from their stems as neatly as if the operation had been performed by a pruning-knife.

"Aha! the firing is getting around in this direction," said the soldier, as he pocketed his twenty francs. It was in the neighborhood of two o'clock.

Fabrice's faculties were engrossed in following the details of the grand spectacle, to him so new and interesting, when some officers of rank, attended by an escort of hussars, galloped across one of the angles of the broad meadow at the edge of which our hero was stationed. His horse began to whinny, reared two or three times in succession, and tugged violently at the bit in an effort to obtain the mastery. "Very well, have your own way!" said Fabrice to himself.

The horse, finding that he was free to do as he pleased, dashed off like the wind, and quickly overtaking the party, fell in among the ranks of the escort. Fabrice saw by their uniforms that four of the officers were of the highest rank. Shortly afterward some words let fall by the hussar who rode next to him informed our hero that one of the generals was the famous Marshal Ney. His happiness was complete; still he had no means of knowing which of the four was the Marshal; he would have given his ears to know, but remembered that he had been warned to keep his mouth shut. The escort halted previous to crossing a wide ditch that the rain of the preceding day had filled with water; it was bordered by great trees, and was the left-hand boundary of the meadow at the edge of which Fabrice had bought his horse. Most of the hussars had dismounted; the bank was steep and very slippery, and the water was three or four feet beneath the surface of the meadow. Fabrice, in his martial distraction, was thinking more of Marshal Ney and glory than of his steed, which, being a fiery animal, jumped into the canal, distributing the water about him in generous showers. One of the generals was splashed from head to foot. "D—n the brute!" he cried. Fabrice was deeply offended. "Can I call him to account?" he asked himself. In the meantime, to prove that he was not a duffer, he put his horse at the opposite bank; but it was between five and six feet high, and almost perpendicular. Finding that would not answer, he turned his horse's head up-stream, the water rising to his saddle-bow, and at last found a place where the cattle came down to drink; availing himself of the compar-

atively easy ascent, he gained the fields on the other side of the canal. He was the first man of the escort to cross, and trotted proudly up and down the bank; the remainder of the hussars were struggling ineffectually in the canal, not particularly pleased with their position, for in places the water was five feet deep. Two or three horses took fright and made an attempt to swim, which gave rise to fearful splashing and confusion. A sergeant was the first to perceive the manœuvre performed by the greenhorn who had so little the air of a soldier.

"Up-stream, to the left!" he cried. "There is a landing-place there." And after a while they all got across.

When Fabrice reached the other bank he found the officers there before him; the artillery seemed to be thundering more loudly than ever; it was with difficulty he heard the general whom he had besplashed so liberally as he screamed in his ear:

"Where did you get that horse?"

Fabrice was so taken aback that he answered in Italian: —

"*L'ho comprato poco fa*" (I bought him a short while ago).

"What's that you say?" shouted the general.

But just then the racket became so deafening that Fabrice was unable to reply. We must admit that our hero cut a very unheroic figure at that moment; not that his fears troubled him, but he was annoyed by the tremendous din that threatened to burst in his ear-drums. The cavalcade put spurs to their steeds and galloped off. Their course was across a plowed field that lay beyond the canal and was thickly strewn with corpses.

"The redcoats! see the redcoats!" the horsemen of the escort shouted joyously. Fabrice failed to understand at first; then he looked again, and saw that the larger portion of the dead was uniformed in red. There was a circumstance that gave him a chill of horror: he noticed that many of those unhappy redcoats were still alive; they were evidently supplicating aid, and no one thought of stopping to give it them. Our hero, who was of a humane nature, strove to guide his mount so that he should not trample on any of the mangled forms. The escort came to a halt; Fabrice, his faculties concentrated on the ghastly scene before him, gave no attention to the order, and continued to gallop onward.

"Will you halt, you infernal idiot!" screamed the sergeant. Fabrice saw that he was twenty paces to the right and

in advance of the generals, and directly in the line of vision of their field-glasses. As he wheeled his horse to return and take his post among the other hussars, who had halted a few paces to the rear, he saw the tallest and stoutest of the generals addressing his neighbor, likewise a general, apparently in terms of objurgation; he was swearing like a trooper. Fabrice could not control his curiosity, and in spite of the caution of his friend, the jaileress, he mustered up a few words in the best French he was master of, and asked his neighbor: —

"That general who is scolding his companion — who is he?"

"*Pardi!* it 's the Marshal!"

"What marshal?"

"Marshal Ney, stupid! Where can you have been serving all your life?"

Fabrice, ordinarily so quick to take offence, let the sneer pass unanswered; lost in boyish admiration, he was feasting his eyes on the famous Prince of La Moskowa, "the bravest of the brave."

The cavalcade started off again at a sharp gallop. They had not gone far when Fabrice witnessed what struck him as a very extraordinary spectacle; it was a plowed field, some twenty paces in advance, which seemed suddenly to have become endowed with life and motion: the furrows were full of water, and the soft earth that formed the ridges was flying about here and there in small black fragments, propelled to a distance of three or four feet in their fantastic flight. Fabrice made a mental note of this remarkable phenomenon; then his thoughts reverted to the Marshal and his glories. He heard a sharp cry behind him. Two hussars had been hit by bullets and had fallen from their saddles; before he could turn to look at them the escort was twenty feet away. The most horrible sight he saw, he thought, was a wounded horse struggling violently in the middle of the plowed field with his feet entangled in his own entrails; he was trying to rise and follow his mates. The mud about him was dyed red with his blood.

"Ah! here I am under fire at last," he said to himself with satisfaction. "I have smelled powder; I am a bona-fide soldier." The cavalcade was then careering along like the wind, and our hero saw that it was the bullets that set the solid earth skipping about in that unusual fashion. It was in vain that he looked to see whence they came; he saw the white smoke of a battery playing on them at long range, and amid

MARSHAL NEY

From Painting by Louis David

the dull, continuous roar of the artillery it seemed to him that he could distinguish the sound of cannonading much nearer at hand; he could make nothing of it.

About that time the officers and their suite descended into a narrow byway, some five feet below the level of the surrounding country, and filled with water. The Marshal stopped and again surveyed the field through his glass. This time Fabrice had a good look at him; he saw that he was very fair, with a large head covered with a shock of red hair. "We have no men of that complexion in Italy," he said to himself. "I, with my pale face and chestnut hair, shall never look like that," he sorrowfully added. The meaning of these words was, "I shall never be a hero." He gave a look at the hussars; all, with a single exception, had blond moustaches. If Fabrice looked at the hussars, they did not fail to return the compliment. Their looks made him blush, and to conceal his embarrassment he turned his glances on the enemy. He beheld a long array of red-coated gentry; but what surprised him most was that the men all appeared so small of stature. Their apparently endless lines of brigades and divisions seemed to him no higher than the neighboring hedges. A string of red-coated cavalry trotted out and approached the sunken road along which the Marshal and his suite were pursuing their way at a walk, splashing through the mud. The smoke cut off the view in the direction in which the party was advancing; now and then the dun curtain parted sufficiently to disclose some galloping horsemen.

All at once Fabrice beheld four men bearing down on them at their horses' best speed from the direction of the enemy. "Ah! we are going to be attacked," he said to himself; then he saw two of the men ride up and address the Marshal. One of the officers of the suite galloped off toward the enemy, followed by two hussars of the escort and the four men who had just come up. After crossing a small ditch in company with the remainder of the band, Fabrice found himself riding at the side of a sergeant whose face wore an expression of good nature. "I must speak to that sergeant," he said to himself; "perhaps they will stop looking at me." He reflected for a long time.

"Monsieur," he finally said to the sergeant, "this is the first battle I ever witnessed; but tell me, is it really and truly a battle?"

"Slightly. But who may you be?"

"I am the brother of a captain's wife."

"And what is the name of that captain?"

Our hero was dreadfully embarrassed; it had not occurred to him that he might be asked that question. As luck would have it, the Marshal and his escort just then struck into a gallop again. "What name can I give him?" he thought. At last he hit on the name of the proprietor of the hotel where he had lodged when at Paris; he drew up alongside the sergeant and yelled with the full force of his lungs: —

"Meunier!"

His companion, failing to catch his answer on account of the roar of the guns, replied, "Ah, indeed! Captain Teulier? Well, I am sorry to have to tell you that he is dead."

"Good enough!" Fabrice mentally remarked. "Captain Teulier — I must do the afflicted act. O heavens, what do I hear!" he cried, and pulled a long face.

They had left the sunken road and were crossing a small plain; they were riding *ventre à terre;* the bullets were coming thick and fast again; the Marshal directed his course toward a cavalry division. The party was surrounded on every side by dead and dying men, but the spectacle had lost much of its horror for our hero; he had other things to think of.

During a halt that the escort made he caught sight of the equipage of a cantinière, and losing sight of all other considerations in his affection for that respectable corps, away he galloped to interview the lady.

"Stay where you are, d—n you!" the sergeant yelled at him.

"What business is it of his, anyway?" thought Fabrice, and kept on his way. As he struck the spurs into his horse he had had some hope that it might be his obliging cantinière of the morning — the horses and little carts having a sort of family resemblance to one another; but the proprietress was a person of quite another stamp, and Fabrice thought her cross-looking and unattractive. "What a handsome man he was!" our hero heard her saying as he approached. A sickening spectacle was in store for the new-fledged soldier; the surgeons were at work amputating the leg of a cuirassier, a handsome young fellow five feet ten inches tall. Fabrice shut his eyes and tossed off four glasses of brandy in succession.

"You take to it kindly, young fellow!" remarked the

cantinière. The brandy inspired him with an idea; it would be a good notion to purchase the good-will of his comrades of the escort.

"Give me the remainder of the bottle," he said to the cantinière.

"Do you know what the remainder of the bottle will cost you on such a day as this?" she replied. "Ten francs — not a centime less."

As he came trotting back to the escort, "Aha!" said the sergeant, "that 's why you ran away from us, eh? — to fetch us a nip? Let 's have it."

The bottle went the rounds; the last man threw it up in the air after he had had his drink. "Thanks, comrade!" he cried to Fabrice. Every eye was turned on him with an expression of kindness and good-fellowship. Fabrice felt as if a load of a hundred pounds had been lifted from his heart; it was one of those sensitive hearts that, to be light and cheerful, must have the friendship of every one that comes near it. So at last he was no longer looked at askance by his companions; there was a bond of union between them! Fabrice drew a deep breath, then in a firmer voice said to the sergeant: —

"And if Captain Teulier is dead, where am I to look to find my sister?" He considered himself a perfect Machiavelli for saying Teulier instead of Meunier.

"That you will be able to find out this evening," replied the sergeant.

The cavalcade started off again, this time in the direction of the infantry divisions. Fabrice was light-headed — he had drunk too much brandy — and reeled a little in his saddle. The favorite maxim of an old coachman of his mother's occurred to him opportunely: "When you have been crooking the elbow too often look between your horse's ears and do as your neighbor does." The Marshal lingered for quite a time in the vicinity of some regiments of cavalry, which he directed to charge; but for an hour or two our hero had only an indistinct consciousness of what was going on around him. He felt very tired, and when his horse galloped he sank back in his saddle as if he were a man of lead.

All at once the sergeant bawled to his men, "Don't you see the Emperor, you ——!" and straightway the escort set up an ear-splitting yell, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" As may be supposed, our hero stared with all his eyes, but all he could make out

was a crowd of galloping generals and colonels, attended by a numerous escort. The long streaming horse-tails that the dragoons of the suite wore in their helmets prevented him from distinguishing faces. "So I was unable to see the Emperor on the battlefield, and all because of those cursed nips of brandy!" The reflection restored him to his senses.

They rode down into another road that was awash; the horses wished to stop and drink.

"Then that was the Emperor who passed up yonder?" he said to his neighbor.

"To be sure — the one in the plain coat. How happened it that you did not see him?" the comrade good-naturedly replied. Fabrice had half a mind to ride after the Emperor's escort and take his place in it. What a glorious thing it would be in after years to be able to say that he had fought in the suite of that hero! It was for that purpose that he had come to France. "I can do it if I choose," he said to himself, "for I have really no reason for serving where I am save the will of my horse, who took it in his head to run after the Marshal and his suite."

What determined him to remain where he was, was the circumstance that his companions, the hussars, looked on him kindly; he was beginning to consider himself the bosom friend of the men with whom he had been riding for the last few hours. He beheld existing between him and them the noble friendship of the heroes of Tasso and Ariosto. Should he join the Emperor's escort there would be new acquaintances for him to make; perhaps they would even give him the cold shoulder, for those other cavalry were dragoons, while he, as well as all those who rode in the suite of the Marshal, wore the hussar uniform. The manner in which he was treated now raised our hero to the seventh heaven of beatitude; he would have achieved impossibilities to serve his comrades; his soul was steeped in bliss. Everything seemed changed to him now that he was among friends; he was itching to ask questions. "But I am still a little how-come-you-so," he said to himself, "and I must n't forget what my good friend the jailer's wife told me." On emerging from the sunken road he noticed that Marshal Ney was no longer with them; the general whom they were following now was tall and thin, with a long lean face and a terrible eye.

This general was none other than the Count d'A——, the Lieutenant Robert of 1796. What would have been his delight could he have known that Fabrice del Dongo was so near!

Fabrice had long since ceased to see the earth crumbling and flying about in small black pellets under the action of the bullets. They had come up in the rear of a regiment of cuirassiers. He could hear the balls pelting against the cuirasses, and saw several men drop.

The sun was already low and about to set when the escort, emerging from a sunken road, ascended a gentle slope and entered a tilled field. Fabrice heard a strange little sound right at his side; he turned his head: four men were down together with their mounts; the general himself had been prostrated, but was rising, his uniform all covered with blood. Fabrice looked at the prostrate hussars: three were still moving their limbs convulsively, the fourth was screaming, "Pull me out!" The sergeant and two or three men had dismounted to assist the general, who, leaning on an aide-de-camp, was endeavoring to move beyond reach of the heels of his charger, which was lying on its back and lashing out furiously.

The sergeant came forward toward Fabrice. At that moment our hero heard some one behind and quite near him say, "It is the only one fit to carry him." He felt himself seized by the feet; they were lifted out of the stirrups at the same time that he was grasped around the body just beneath the arms; he was moved along backward over his horse's croup, then his captors let him drop, and he struck the ground in a sitting posture. The aide-de-camp seized the horse by the bridle, while the general, assisted by the sergeant, climbed into the saddle and rode off at a gallop, followed by the six other men. Fabrice rose, boiling with anger, and started in pursuit, shouting, "*Ladri! ladri!*" (Thieves! thieves!). It was a queer spectacle to see him chasing robbers on a battlefield.

The General Count d'A—— and his escort were soon lost to sight behind a clump of willows. Fabrice, beside himself with rage, came to another clump; he found himself confronted by a deep ditch, which he crossed. On reaching the farther bank he began to swear again on catching sight of the general and his followers disappearing among the trees in the remote distance. "Thieves! thieves!" he shouted, this time in French. Disgusted and sick at heart, less from the loss of his horse than from the perfidy with which he had been treated, he sank down on the grass at the edge of the ditch, weary and faint with hunger. Had he been relieved of his property by the enemy he would not have minded it, but to be

choused in that manner by the sergeant and the hussars whom he had come to regard as brothers — it broke his heart. He rested his back against a tree and wept hot tears. After a quarter of an hour of this weakness he perceived that the bullets were beginning to reach the clump of trees beneath which he was resting. He rose and looked about him; the meadows, bounded by a canal and a row of pollard willows, seemed familiar to him. He saw a body of infantry crossing the ditch and entering the plain a quarter of a league in front of him. "I should have been asleep presently," he said to himself; "it won't do to be made prisoner." And he set off at a brisk pace across the fields. As he advanced, however, he recognized the uniform of the regiments by which he had feared to be intercepted; they were French. He changed his course and obliqued to the right to meet them.

In addition to his mental distress at having been so basely betrayed and plundered, there was another and more material pang which made itself felt more acutely every moment — he was suffering from hunger. Great was his delight, therefore, after walking, or rather running, ten minutes, to observe that the infantry, which had also been advancing at a smart pace, had halted as if to take up its position. A few minutes later he found himself among the men of the extreme right wing.

"Comrades, could you sell me a bit of bread?"

"Hear the fellow once — he must take us for a lot of bakers!"

The sneer and the roars of laughter with which it was received covered Fabrice with mortification. So that noble and generous impulse which, as he had gathered from Napoleon's proclamations, led men to seek glory for glory's sake was but an empty fiction! Pale as a sheet, he sank down upon the grass. The soldier who had spoken, and who was standing a few feet away cleaning the lock of his musket with his handkerchief, came forward and threw him a piece of bread; then, seeing that he did not take it from the ground, raised it and placed it between his lips. Fabrice opened his eyes and ate mechanically, powerless to speak. When at last he looked around him and would have recompensed the soldier, he found himself alone; the troops nearest him had retired a distance of a hundred paces and resumed their march. He rose wearily and followed them. He entered a wood: he was ready to drop with

fatigue, and was always casting his eyes about him in search of a convenient spot, when imagine his joy at recognizing, first the horse, then the wagon, and finally his good friend, the kind cantinière of the morning. She came running up to him, and was alarmed by his appearance.

"Try to see if you can't walk a bit, little one," she said to him. "Are you hurt? and where is your fine horse?" Thus questioning and comforting him, she conducted him to the cart, into which she helped him to climb. Scarce was our hero beneath its welcome shelter, than, yielding to his fatigue, he sank into a profound slumber.

From his Diary.

I was born on the 23d of January, 1783, at Grenoble, rue des Vieux-Jésuites. I left for Paris on the 8th Brumaire, an viii. I arrived there the 19th of the same month. I left it after five months and twenty-eight days. I arrived in Geneva the 28th of the same month, then I left on the 3d Prairial (I keep the old Revolutionary names) for Milan. I was appointed sub-lieutenant on the 1st Vendémiaire, an ix.; and placed in the Sixth Dragoons on the 1st Brumaire. I became aide-de-camp of General Michaud on the 12th Prairial, an ix.; I left him at Brescia to join the corps the first complementary day of the same year. I arrived at Bra, where was the fourth company, in which I am sub-lieutenant, the 7th Vendémiaire, an ix. [1801].

Love.

If she no longer loves me, and I still love her, it is not her fault, but my misfortune. The fact that she tires or can tire of me is the strongest argument against me.

We have no right to force the heart, which should be the sanctuary of freedom.

It is everything to me if I love a woman; if she love me not, I have no pretext for complaint.

Our blood is the egotism of our bodies, it flows only in the direction of its interest.

We love because we get pleasure from loving. When the pleasure palls, love dies a natural death; and the love that survives should not hope for resurrection, but abide in patience a new birth.

BION.

Bion, a Greek idyllic poet, who flourished about 280 B.C. Of his life little has been recorded except that he was born near Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and took up his abode in the island of Sicily, then a Grecian colony. According to Moschus, his friend and disciple, he died from poison; by whom administered, and for what reason, we are not told. The extant works of Bion consist of nine eclogues and a few fragments preserved through being quoted by various authors. His pastorals betray a degree of refinement and sentimentality not found in the earlier and more spontaneous bucolic poets. Still extant is his "Lament for Adonis," often imitated by subsequent poets. Besides this there remain of his works only short pieces, many of them fragmentary.

Threnody.

I weep for Adonaïs — he is dead!
Dead Adonaïs lies, and mourning all,
The Loves wail round his fair, low-lying head.
O Cypris, sleep no more! Let from thee fall
Thy purple vestments — hear'st thou not the call?
Let fall thy purple vestments! Lay them by!
Ah, smite thy bosom, and in sable pall
Send shivering through the air thy bitter cry
For Adonaïs dead, while all the Loves reply.

I weep for Adonaïs — weep the Loves.
Low on the mountains beauteous lies he there,
And languid through his lips the faint breath moves,
And black the blood creeps o'er his smooth thigh, where
The boar's white tooth the whiter flesh must tear.
Glazed grow his eyes beneath the eyelids wide;
Fades from his lips the rose, and dies — Despair!
The clinging kiss of Cypris at his side —
Alas, he knew not that she kissed him as he died!

I wail — responsive wail the Loves with me.
Ah, cruel, cruel is that wound of thine,
But Cypris' heart-wound aches more bitterly.
The Oreads weep; thy faithful hounds low whine;
But Cytherea's unbound tresses fine
Float on the wind; where thorns her white feet wound,
Along the oaken glades drops blood divine.
She calls her lover; he, all crimsoned round
His fair white breast with blood, hears not the piteous sound.

Alas! for Cytherea wail the Loves,
With the beloved dies her beauty too.
Oh fair was she, the goddess borne of doves,
While Adonaïs lived; but now, so true
Her love, no time her beauty can renew.
Deep-voiced the mountains mourn; the oaks reply;
And springs and rivers murmur sorrow through
The passes where she goes, the cities high;
And blossoms flush with grief as she goes desolate by.

Alas for Cytherea! he hath died —
The beauteous Adonaïs, he is dead!
And Echo sadly back "*is dead*" replied.
Alas for Cypris! Stooping low her head,
And opening wide her arms, she piteous said,
"Oh, stay a little, Adonaïs mine!
Of all the kisses ours since we were wed,
But one last kiss, oh, give me now, and twine
Thine arms close, till I drink the latest breath of thine!

"So will I keep the kiss thou givest me
E'en as it were thyself, thou only best!
Since thou, O Adonaïs, far dost flee —
Oh, stay a little — leave a little rest! —
And thou wilt leave me, and wilt be the guest
Of proud Persephone, more strong than I?
All beautiful obeys her dread behest —
And I a goddess am, and *cannot* die!
O thrice-beloved, listen! — mak'st thou no reply?

"Then dies to idle air my longing wild,
As dies a dream along the paths of night;
And Cytherea widowed is, exiled
From love itself; and now — an idle sight —

The Loves sit in my halls, and all delight
My charmèd girdle moves, is all undone!
Why wouldst thou, rash one, seek the maddening fight?
Why, beauteous, wouldst thou not the combat shun?"
Thus Cytherea — and the Loves weep, all as one.

Alas for Cytherea! — he is dead.
Her hopeless sorrow breaks in tears, that rain
Down over all the fair, beloved head, —
Like summer showers, o'er wind-down-beaten grain;
They flow as fast as flows the crimson stain
From out the wound, deep in the stiffening thigh;
And lo! in roses red the blood blooms fair,
And where the tears divine have fallen close by,
Spring up anemones, and stir all tremblingly.

I weep for Adonaïs — he is dead!
No more, O Cypris, weep thy wooer here!
Behold a bed of leaves! Lay down his head
As if he slept — as still, as fair, as dear, —
In softest garments let his limbs appear,
As when on golden couch his sweetest sleep
He slept the livelong night, thy heart anear;
Oh, beautiful in death though sad he keep,
No more to wake when Morning o'er the hills doth creep.

And over him the freshest flowers fling —
Ah me! all flowers are withered quite away
And drop their petals wan! yet, perfumes bring
And sprinkle round, and sweetest balsams lay; —
Nay, perish perfumes since thine shall not stay!
In purple mantle lies he, and around,
The weeping Loves his weapons disarray,
His sandals loose, with water bathe his wound,
And fan him with soft wings that move without a sound.

The Loves for Cytherea raise the wail.
Hymen from quenchèd torch no light can shake.
His shredded wreath lies withered all and pale;
His joyous song, alas, harsh discords break!
And saddest wail of all, the Graces wake:
"The beauteous Adonaïs! He is dead!"
And sigh the Muses, "Stay but for our sake!"
Yet would he come, Persephone is dead; —
Cease, Cypris! Sad the days repeat their faithful tread!

Life to be Enjoyed.

(Eclogue V., Translation of Fawkes.)

If merit only stamps my former lays
And those alone shall give me deathless praise:
But if even those have lost their bright applause,
Why should I labor thus without a cause?
For if great Jove, or Fate, should stretch our span,
And give of life a double share to man:
One part to pleasures and to joy ordain,
And vex the other with hard toil and pain,
With sweet complacence we might then employ
Our hours; for labor still enhances joy.
But since of life we have but one small share —
A pittance scant, which daily toils impair —
Why should we waste it in pursuit of care?
Why do we labor to enhance our store,
The more we gain, still coveting the more?
Alas! alas! we quite forget that man
Is a mere mortal, and his life a span.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Birrell, Augustine, an English author, lecturer, and critic, youngest son of Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, was born at Wavertree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850. He was educated at a school near Reading, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated with honors in law and history in 1872. He was called to the bar by the Inner Temple in 1875. In 1889 he was returned to Parliament for West Fife. Mr. Birrell is the author of "Obiter Dicta" (two series, the first published in 1884 and the second in 1887). He has also written a "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (1887). In 1892 he published "Res Judicatæ," a collection of papers and essays which, with the exception of two, had previously appeared in English and American magazines and reviews, and "Essays about Men, Women, and Books" (1894).

The Office of Literature.

(From "Obiter Dicta.")

Dr. John Brown's pleasant story has become well known, of the countryman who, being asked to account for the gravity of his dog, replied, "Oh, sir! life is full of sairiousness to him — he can just never get eneugh o' fechtin'." Something of the spirit of this saddened dog seems lately to have entered into the very people who ought to be freest from it — our men of letters. They are all very sericus and very quarrelsome. To some of them it is dangerous even to allude. Many are wedded to a theory or period, and are the most uxorious of husbands — ever ready to resent an affront to their lady. This devotion makes them very grave, and possibly very happy after a pedantic fashion. One remembers what Hazlitt, who was neither happy nor pedantic, has said about pedantry: —

"The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death, the mathematician sets about extracting the cube-root with a feeling of enthusiasm,

and the lawyer sheds tears of delight over 'Coke upon Littleton.' He who is not in some measure a pedant, though he may be a wise, cannot be a very happy, man."

Possibly not; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may be happy and devoted. As one of the great class for whose sole use and behalf literature exists — the class of readers — I protest that it is to me a matter of indifference whether an author is happy or not. I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it.

I recognize in this connection the corresponding truth of what Sydney Smith makes his Peter Plymley say about the private virtues of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister: —

"You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present Prime Minister. Grant all that you write — I say, I fear that he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interests of his country; and then you tell me that he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals. I should prefer that he whipped his boys and saved his country."

We should never confuse functions or apply wrong tests. What can books do for us? Dr. Johnson, the least pedantic of men, put the whole matter into a nut-shell (a cocoa-nut shell, if you will — Heaven forbid that I should seek to compress the great Doctor within any narrower limits than my metaphor requires!), when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. "Give us enjoyment!" "Teach us endurance!" Hearken to the ceaseless demand and the perpetual prayer of an ever unsatisfied and always suffering humanity!

How is a book to answer the ceaseless demand?

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick, of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival personalities — hence the number and the popularity of novels. Whenever a novelist fails his book is said to flag; that is, the reader suddenly (as in skating) comes bump down upon his own personality, and curses the unskilful author. No lack of characters and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knew this better than Fielding, whose novels, like most good ones, are full of inns.

When those who are addicted to what is called "improving reading" inquire of you petulantly why you cannot find change of company and scene in books of travel, you should answer cautiously that when books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion, they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary.

The truth or falsehood of a book is immaterial. George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" is, I suppose, true; though now that I come to think of it, in what is to me a new light, one remembers that it contains some odd things. But was not Borrow the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Did he not travel (and he had a free hand) at their charges? Was he not befriended by our Minister at Madrid, Mr. Villiers, subsequently Earl of Clarendon in the peerage of England? It must be true; and yet at this moment I would as lief read a chapter of the "Bible in Spain" as I would "Gil Blas;" nay, I positively would give the preference to Señor Giorgio.

Nobody can sit down to read Borrow's books without as completely forgetting himself as if he were a boy in the forest with Gurth and Wamba.

Borrow is provoking and has his full share of faults, and, though the owner of a style, is capable of excruciating offences. His habitual use of the odious word "individual" as a noun-substantive (seven times in three pages of "The Romany Rye") elicits the frequent groan, and he is certainly once guilty of calling fish the "finny tribe." He believed himself to be animated by an intense hatred of the Church of Rome, and disfigures many of his pages by Lawrence-Boythorn-like tirades against that institution; but no Catholic of sense need on this account deny himself the pleasure of reading Borrow, whose one dominating passion was *camaraderie*, and who hob-a-nobbed in the friendliest spirit with priest and gypsy in a fashion as far beyond praise as it is beyond description by any pen other than his own. Hail to thee, George Borrow! Cervantes himself, Gil Blas, do not more effectually carry their readers into the land of the Cid than does this miraculous agent of the Bible Society, by favor of whose pleasantness we can, any hour of the week, enter Villafranca by night, or ride into Galicia on an Andalusian stallion (which proved to be a foolish thing to do), without costing anybody a *peseta*, and at no risk whatever to our necks — be they long or short.

Cooks, warriors, and authors must be judged by the effects they produce: toothsome dishes, glorious victories, pleasant books — these are our demands. We have nothing to do with ingredients, tactics, or methods. We have no desire to be admitted into the kitchen, the council, or the study. The cook may clean her saucepans how she pleases — the warrior place his men as he likes — the author handle his material or weave his plot as best he can — when the dish is served we only ask, Is it good? when the battle has been fought, Who won? when the book comes out, Does it read?

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their first duty to write agreeably — some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing so, and there is therefore no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please, — to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures — and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. Their name is happily legion, and I will conclude these disjointed remarks by quoting from one of them, as honest a parson as ever took tithe or voted for the Tory candidate, the Rev. George Crabbe. Hear him in "The Frank Courtship:" —

> "'I must be loved;' said Sybil; 'I must see
> The man in terrors, who aspires to me:
> At my forbidding frown his heart must ache,
> His tongue must falter, and his frame must shake;
> And if I grant him at my feet to kneel,
> What trembling fearful pleasure must he feel:
> Nay, such the rapture that my smiles inspire
> That reason's self must for a time retire.'
> 'Alas! for good Josiah,' said the dame,
> 'These wicked thoughts would fill his soul with shame;
> He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust!
> He cannot, child:'— the child replies, 'He must.'"

Were an office to be opened for the insurance of literary reputations, no critic at all likely to be in the society's service would refuse the life of a poet who could write like Crabbe.

Cardinal Newman, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Swinburne, are not always of the same way of thinking, but all three hold the one true faith about Crabbe.

But even were Crabbe now left unread, which is very far from being the case, his would be an enviable fame — for was he not one of the favorite poets of Walter Scott, and whenever the closing scene of the great magician's life is read in the pages of Lockhart, must not Crabbe's name be brought upon the reader's quivering lip?

To soothe the sorrow of the soothers of sorrow, to bring tears to the eyes and smiles to the cheeks of the lords of human smiles and tears, is no mean ministry, and it is Crabbe's.

Worn-out Types.

It is now a complaint of quite respectable antiquity that the types in which humanity was originally set up by a humor-loving Providence are worn out and require recasting. The surface of society has become smooth. It ought to be a bas-relief — it is a plane. Even a Chaucer (so it is said) could make nothing of us as we wend our way to Brighton. We have tempers, it is true — bad ones for the most part; but no humors to be in or out of. We are all far too much alike; we do not group well; we only mix. All this, and more, is alleged against us. A cheerfully disposed person might perhaps think that, assuming the prevailing type to be a good, plain, readable one, this uniformity need not necessarily be a bad thing; but had he the courage to give expression to this opinion he would most certainly be at once told, with that mixture of asperity and contempt so properly reserved for those who take cheerful views of anything, that without well-defined types of character there can be neither national comedy nor whimsical novel; and as it is impossible to imagine any person sufficiently cheerful to carry the argument further by inquiring ingenuously, "And how would that matter?" the position of things becomes serious, and demands a few minutes' investigation.

As we said at the beginning, the complaint is an old one — most complaints are. When Montaigne was in Rome in 1580 he complained bitterly that he was always knocking up against his own countrymen, and might as well have been in Paris. And yet some people would have you believe that this curse of the Continent is quite new. More than seventy years ago that most quotable of English authors, Hazlitt, wrote as follows: —

"It is, indeed, the evident tendency of all literature to generalize and dissipate character by giving men the same artificial education and the same common stock of ideas; so that we see all objects from the same point of view, and through the same reflected medium; we learn to exist not in ourselves, but in books; all men become alike, mere readers — spectators, not actors, in the scene, and lose all proper personal identity. The templar, — the wit, — the man of pleasure and the man of fashion, the courtier and the citizen, the knight and the squire, the lover and the miser — Lovelace, Lothario, Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley, Sparkish and Lord Foppington, Western and Tom Jones, my Father and my Uncle Toby, Millamant and Sir Sampson Legend, Don Quixote and Sancho, Gil Blas and Guzman d'Alfarache, Count Fathom and Joseph Surface, — have all met and exchanged commonplaces on the barren plains of the *haute littérature*, — toil slowly on to the Temple of Science, seen a long way off upon a level, and end in one dull compound of politics, criticism, chemistry, and metaphysics."

Very pretty writing, certainly;[1] nor can it be disputed that uniformity of surroundings puts a tax upon originality. To make bricks and find your own straw are terms of bondage. Modern characters, like modern houses, are possibly built too much on the same lines. Dickens's description of Coketown is not easily forgotten: —

"All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction."

And the inhabitants of Coketown are exposed to the same objection as their buildings. Every one sinks all traces of what he vulgarly calls "the shop" (that is, his lawful calling), and busily pretends to be nothing. Distinctions of dress are found irksome. A barrister of feeling hates to be seen in his robes save when actually engaged in a case. An officer wears his uniform only when obliged. Doctors have long since shed all outward signs of their healing art. Court dress excites a smile.

[1] Yet in his essay "On Londoners and Country People," we find Hazlitt writing, "London is the only place in which the child grows completely up into the man. I have known characters of this kind, which, in the way of childish ignorance and self-pleasing delusion, exceeded anything to be met with in Shakespeare or Ben Jonson, or the Old Comedy."

A countess in her jewels is reckoned indecent by the British workman, who, all unemployed, puffs his tobacco smoke against the window-pane of the carriage that is conveying her ladyship to a drawing-room; and a West-end clergyman is with difficulty restrained from telling his congregation what he had been told the British workman said on that occasion. Had he but had the courage to repeat those stirring words, his hearers (so he said) could hardly have failed to have felt their force — so unusual in such a place; but he had not the courage, and that sermon of the pavement remains unpreached. The toe of the peasant is indeed kibing the heel of the courtier. The passion for equality in externals cannot be denied. We are all woven strangely in the same piece, and so it comes about that, though our modern society has invented new callings, those callings have not created new types. Stockbrokers, directors, official liquidators, philanthropists, secretaries, — not of State, but of companies, — speculative builders, are a new kind of people known to many, indeed playing a great part among us, but who, for all that, have not enriched the stage with a single character. Were they to disappear to-morrow, to be blown dancing away like the leaves before Shelley's west wind, where in reading or play-going would posterity encounter them? Alone amongst the children of men, the pale student of the law, burning the midnight oil in some one of the "high lonely towers" recently built by the Benchers of the Middle Temple (in the Italian taste), would, whilst losing his youth over that interminable series, "The Law Reports," every now and again strike across the old track, once so noisy with the bayings of the well-paid hounds of justice, and, pushing his way along it, trace the history of the bogus company, from the acclamations attendant upon its illegitimate birth to the hour of disgrace when it dies by strangulation at the hands of the professional wrecker. The pale student will not be a wholly unsympathetic reader. Great swindles have ere now made great reputations, and lawyers may surely be permitted to take a pensive interest in such matters.

> "Not one except the Attorney was amused —
> He, like Achilles, faithful to the tomb,
> So there were quarrels, cared not for the cause,
> Knowing they must be settled by the laws."

But our elder dramatists would not have let any of these characters swim out of their ken. A glance over Ben Jonson,

Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, is enough to reveal their frank and easy method. Their characters, like an apothecary's drugs, wear labels round their necks. Mr. Justice Clement and Mr. Justice Greedy; Master Matthew, the town gull; Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Epicure Mammon, Mr. Plenty, Sir John Frugal, need no explanatory context. Are our dramatists to blame for withholding from us the heroes of our modern society? Ought we to have —

> "Sir Moses, Sir Aaron, Sir Jamramagee,
> Two stock-jobbing Jews, and a shuffling Parsee"?

Baron Contango, the Hon. Mr. Guinea-Pig, poor Miss Impulsia Allottee, Mr. Jeremiah Builder — Rare Old Ben, who was fond of the city, would have given us them all and many more; but though we may well wish he were here to do it, we ought, I think, to confess, that the humor of these typical persons who so swell the *dramatis personæ* of an Elizabethan is, to say the least of it, far to seek. There is a certain warm-hearted tradition about their very names which makes disrespect painful. It seems a churl's part not to laugh, as did our fathers before us, at the humors of the conventional parasite or impossible serving-man; but we laugh because we will, and not because we must.

Genuine comedy — the true tickling scene, exquisite absurdity, soul-rejoicing incongruity — has really nothing to do with types, prevailing fashions, and such like vulgarities. Sir Andrew Aguecheek is not a typical fool; he *is* a fool, seized in fee simple of his folly.

Humor lies not in generalizations, but in the individual; not in his hat nor in his hose, even though the latter be "cross-gartered;" but in the deep heart of him, in his high-flying vanities, his low-lying oddities — what we call his "ways" — nay, in the very motions of his back as he crosses the road. These stir our laughter whilst he lives and our tears when he dies, for in mourning over him we know full well we are taking part in our own obsequies. "But indeed," wrote Charles Lamb, "we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone."

Literature is but the reflex of life, and the humor of it lies in the portrayal of the individual not the type; and though the young man in "Locksley Hall" no doubt observes that the "individual withers," we have but to take down George Meredith's novels to find the fact is otherwise, and that we have still one amongst

us who takes notes, and against the battery of whose quick wits even the costly raiment of Poole is no protection. We are forced as we read to exclaim with Petruchio, "Thou hast hit it; come sit on me." No doubt the task of the modern humorist is not so easy as it was. The surface ore has been mostly picked up. In order to win the precious metal you must now work with in-stroke and out-stroke after the most approved methods. Sometimes one would enjoy it a little more if we did not hear quite so distinctly the snorting of the engine, and the groaning and the creaking of the gear as it painfully winds up its prize: but what would you? Methods, no less than men, must have the defects of their qualities.

If, therefore, it be the fact that our national comedy is in a decline, we must look for some other reasons for it than those suggested by Hazlitt in 1817. When Mr. Chadband inquired, "Why can we not fly, my friends?" Mr. Snagsby ventured to observe, "in a cheerful and rather knowing tone, 'No wings!'" but he was immediately frowned down by Mrs. Snagsby. We lack courage to suggest that the somewhat heavy-footed movements of our recent dramatists are in any way due to their not being provided with those twin adjuncts indispensable for the genius who would soar.

Truth-Hunting.

Is truth-hunting one of those active mental habits which, as Bishop Butler tells us, intensify their effects by constant use; and are weak convictions, paralyzed intellects, aud laxity of opinions amongst the effects of Truth-hunting on the majority of minds? These are not unimportant questions.

Let us consider briefly the probable effects of speculative habits on conduct.

The discussion of a question of conduct has the great charm of justifying, if indeed not requiring, personal illustration; and this particular question is well illustrated by instituting a comparison between the life and character of Charles Lamb and those of some of his distinguished friends.

Personal illustration, especially when it proceeds by way of comparison, is always dangerous, and the dangers are doubled when the subjects illustrated and compared are favorite authors. It behooves us to proceed warily in this matter. A dispute as to the respective merits of Gray and Collins has been known to

result in a visit to an attorney and the revocation of a will. An avowed inability to see anything in Miss Austen's novels is reported to have proved destructive of an otherwise good chance of an Indian judgeship. I believe, however, I run no great risk in asserting that, of all English authors, Charles Lamb is the one loved most warmly and emotionally by his admirers, amongst whom I reckon only those who are as familiar with the four volumes of his "Life and Letters" as with "Elia."

But how does he illustrate the particular question now engaging our attention?

Speaking of his sister Mary, who, as every one knows, throughout "Elia" is called his cousin Bridget, he says: —

"It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine free-thinkers, leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions."

Nor did her brother. He lived his life cracking his little jokes and reading his great folios, neither wrangling with nor accepting the opinions of the friends he loved to see around him. To a contemporary stranger it might well have appeared as if his life were a frivolous and useless one as compared with those of these philosophers and thinkers. *They* discussed their great schemes and affected to prove deep mysteries, and were constantly asking, "What is truth?" *He* sipped his glass, shuffled his cards, and was content with the humbler inquiry, "What are trumps?" But to us, looking back upon that little group, and knowing what we now do about each member of it, no such mistake is possible. To us it is plain beyond all question that, judged by whatever standard of excellence it is possible for any reasonable human being to take, Lamb stands head and shoulders a better man than any of them. No need to stop to compare him with Godwin, or Hazlitt, or Lloyd; let us boldly put him in the scales with one whose fame is in all the churches — with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard."

There are some men whom to abuse is pleasant. Coleridge is not one of them. How gladly we would love the author of "Christabel" if we could! But the thing is flatly impossible. His was an unlovely character. The sentence passed upon him by Mr. Matthew Arnold (parenthetically in one of the "Essays in Criticism") — "Coleridge had no morals" — is no less just than pitiless. As we gather information about him from numerous quarters, we find it impossible to resist the conclusion that he

was a man neglectful of restraint, irresponsive to the claims of those who had every claim upon him, willing to receive, slow to give.

In early manhood Coleridge planned a Pantisocracy where all the virtues were to thrive. Lamb did something far more difficult: he played cribbage every night with his imbecile father, whose constant stream of querulous talk and fault-finding might well have goaded a far stronger man into practising and justifying neglect.

That Lamb, with all his admiration for Coleridge, was well aware of dangerous tendencies in his character, is made apparent by many letters, notably by one written in 1796, in which he says: —

"O my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship: these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear that you are reconciled with all your relations."

This surely is as valuable an "aid to reflection" as any supplied by the Highgate seer.

Lamb gave but little thought to the wonderful difference between the "reason" and the "understanding." He preferred old plays — an odd diet, some may think, on which to feed the virtues; but however that may be, the noble fact remains, that he, poor frail boy! (for he was no more, when trouble first assailed him) stooped down, and without sigh or sign took upon his own shoulders the whole burden of a lifelong sorrow.

Coleridge married. Lamb, at the bidding of duty, remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortunes of his father and sister. Shall we pity him? No; he had his reward — the surpassing reward that is only within the power of literature to bestow. It was Lamb, and not Coleridge, who wrote "Dream-Children: a Reverie:" —

"Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens — when, suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding,

till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech. 'We are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only *what might have been*.'"

Godwin! Hazlitt! Coleridge! Where now are their "novel philosophies and systems"? Bottled moonshine, which does *not* improve by keeping.

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Were we disposed to admit that Lamb would in all probability have been as good a man as every one agrees he was — as kind to his father, as full of self-sacrifice for the sake of his sister, as loving and ready a friend — even though he had paid more heed to current speculations, it is yet not without use in a time like this, when so much stress is laid upon anxious inquiry into the mysteries of soul and body, to point out how this man attained to a moral excellence denied to his speculative contemporaries; performed duties from which they, good men as they were, would one and all have shrunk; how, in short, he contrived to achieve what no one of his friends, not even the immaculate Wordsworth or the precise Southey, achieved — the living of a life the records of which are inspiriting to read, and are indeed "the presence of a good diffused;" and managed to do it all without either "wrangling with or accepting" the opinions that "hurtled in the air" about him.

On the Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry.

In considering whether a poet is intelligible and lucid, we ought not to grope and grub about his work in search of obscurities and oddities, but should, in the first instance at all events, attempt to regard his whole scope and range; to form some estimate, if we can, of his general purport and effect, asking ourselves for this purpose such questions as these: — How are we the better for him? Has he quickened any passion, lightened any burden, purified any taste? Does he play any real part in our lives? When we are in love, do we whisper him in our lady's ear? When we sorrow, does he ease our pain? Can he

calm the strife of mental conflict? Has he had anything to say which was n't twaddle on those subjects which, elude analysis as they may? and defy demonstration as they do, are yet alone of perennial interest —

"On man, on nature, and on human life,"

on the pathos of our situation, looking back on to the irrevocable and forward to the unknown? If a poet has said, or done, or been any of these things to an appreciable extent, to charge him with obscurity is both folly and ingratitude.

But the subject may be pursued further, and one may be called upon to investigate this charge with reference to particular books or poems. In Browning's case this fairly may be done; and then another crop of questions arises, such as: What is the book about, *i. e.*, with what subject does it deal, and what method of dealing does it employ? Is it didactical, analytical, or purely narrative? Is it content to describe, or does it aspire to explain? In common fairness these questions must be asked and answered, before we heave our critical half-bricks at strange poets. One task is of necessity more difficult than another. Students of geometry who have pushed their researches into that fascinating science so far as the fifth proposition of the first book commonly called the "Pons Asinorum" (though now that so many ladies read Euclid, it ought, in common justice to them, to be at least sometimes called the "Pons Asinarum"), will agree that though it may be more difficult to prove that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, and that if the equal sides be produced, the angles on the other side of the base shall be equal, than it was to describe an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line; yet no one but an ass would say that the fifth proposition was one whit less intelligible than the first. When we consider Mr. Browning in his later writings, it will be useful to bear this distinction in mind. . . .

Looking then at the first period, we find in its front eight plays: —

1. "Strafford," written in 1836, when its author was twenty-four years old, and put upon the boards of Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st of May, 1837; Macready playing Strafford, and Miss Helen Faucit Lady Carlisle. It was received with much enthusiasm, but the company was rebellious and the manager bankrupt; and after running five nights, the man who played Pym threw up his part, and the theatre was closed.

2. "Pippa Passes."
3. "King Victor and King Charles."
4. "The Return of the Druses."
5. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

This beautiful and pathetic play was put on the stage of Drury Lane on the 11th of February, 1843, with Phelps as Lord Tresham, Miss Helen Faucit as Mildred Tresham, and Mrs. Stirling, still known to us all, as Guendolen. It was a brilliant success. Mr. Browning was in the stage-box; and if it is any satisfaction for a poet to hear a crowded house cry "Author author!" that satisfaction has belonged to Mr. Browning. The play ran several nights; and was only stopped because one of Mr. Macready's bankruptcies happened just then to intervene. It was afterwards revived by Mr. Phelps, during his "memorable management" of Sadlers' Wells.

6. "Colombe's Birthday." Miss Helen Faucit put this upon the stage in 1852, when it was reckoned a success.
7. "Luria."
8. "A Soul's Tragedy."

To call any of these plays unintelligible is ridiculous; and nobody who has ever read them ever did, and why people who have not read them should abuse them is hard to see. Were society put upon its oath, we should be surprised to find how many people in high places have not read "All's Well that Ends Well," or "Timon of Athens;" but they don't go about saying these plays are unintelligible. Like wise folk, they pretend to have read them, and say nothing. In Browning's case they are spared the hypocrisy. No one need pretend to have read "A Soul's Tragedy;" and it seems, therefore, inexcusable for any one to assert that one of the plainest, most pointed and piquant bits of writing in the language is unintelligible. But surely something more may be truthfully said of these plays than that they are comprehensible. First of all they are *plays* and not *works* — like the dropsical dramas of Sir Henry Taylor and Mr. Swinburne. Some of them have stood the ordeal of actual representation; and though it would be absurd to pretend that they met with that overwhelming measure of success our critical age has reserved for such dramatists as the late Lord Lytton, the author of "Money," the late Tom Taylor, the author of "The Overland Route," the late Mr. Robertson, the author of "Caste," Mr. H. Byron, the author of "Our Boys," Mr. Wills, the author of "Charles I.," Mr. Burnand, the author

of "The Colonel," and Mr. Gilbert, the author of so much that is great and glorious in our national drama; at all events they proved themselves able to arrest and retain the attention of very ordinary audiences. But who can deny dignity and even grandeur to "Luria," or withhold the meed of a melodious tear from "Mildred Tresham"? What action of what play is more happily conceived or better rendered than that of "Pippa Passes"? — where innocence and its reverse, tender love and violent passion, are presented with emphasis, and yet blended into a dramatic unity and a poetic perfection, entitling the author to the very first place amongst those dramatists of the century who have labored under the enormous disadvantage of being poets to start with.

Passing from the plays, we are next attracted by a number of splendid poems, on whose base the structure of Mr. Browning's fame perhaps rests most surely, — his dramatic pieces; poems which give utterance to the thoughts and feelings of persons other than himself, or as he puts it when dedicating a number of them to his wife: —

> "Love, you saw me gather men and women,
> Live or dead, or fashioned by my fancy,
> Enter each and all, and use their service,
> Speak from every mouth the speech — a poem;"

or again in "Sordello:" —

> "By making speak, myself kept out of view,
> The very man as he was wont to do."

At a rough calculation, there must be at least sixty of these pieces. Let me run over the names of a very few of them. "Saul," a poem beloved by all true women; "Caliban," which the men, not unnaturally perhaps, often prefer. The "Two Bishops:" the sixteenth-century one ordering his tomb of jasper and basalt in St. Praxed's Church, and his nineteenth-century successor rolling out his post-prandial *Apologia*. "My Last Duchess," the "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister," "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Cleon," "A Death in the Desert," "The Italian in England," and "The Englishman in Italy."

It is plain truth to say that no other English poet, living or dead, Shakespeare excepted, has so heaped up human interest for his readers as has Robert Browning. . . .

Against these dramatic pieces the charge of unintelligibility fails as completely as it does against the plays. They are all perfectly intelligible; but — and here is the rub — they are not easy reading, like the estimable writings of the late Mrs. Hemans. They require the same honest attention as it is the fashion to give to a lecture of Professor Huxley's or a sermon of Canon Liddon's; and this is just what too many persons will not give to poetry. They

> "Love to hear
> A soft pulsation in their easy ear;
> To turn the page, and let their senses drink
> A lay that shall not trouble them to think."
> . . . . . .

Next to these dramatic pieces come what we may be content to call simply poems: some lyrical, some narrative. The latter are straightforward enough, and as a rule full of spirit and humor; but this is more than can always be said of the lyrical pieces. Now, for the first time in dealing with this first period, excluding "Sordello," we strike difficulty. The Chinese puzzle comes in. We wonder whether it all turns on the punctuation. And the awkward thing for Mr. Browning's reputation is this, that these bewildering poems are for the most part very short. We say awkward, for it is not more certain that Sarah Gamp liked her beer drawn mild than it is that your Englishman likes his poetry cut short; and so accordingly it often happens that some estimable paterfamilias takes up an odd volume of Browning his volatile son or moonstruck daughter has left lying about, pishes and pshaws! and then with an air of much condescension and amazing candor, remarks that he will give the fellow another chance, and not condemn him unread. So saying, he opens the book, and carefully selects the very shortest poem he can find; and in a moment, without sign or signal, note or warning, the unhappy man is floundering up to his neck in lines like these, which are the third and final stanza of a poem called "Another Way of Love:" —

> "And after, for pastime,
> If June be refulgent
> With flowers in completeness,
> All petals, no prickles,
> Delicious as trickles
> Of wine poured at mass-time,
> And choose One indulgent
> To redness and sweetness;

Or if with experience of man and of spider,
She use my June lightning, the strong insect-ridder
To stop the fresh spinning, — why June will consider."

He comes up gasping, and more than ever persuaded that Browning's poetry is a mass of inconglomerate nonsense, which nobody understands — least of all members of the Browning Society.

We need be at no pains to find a meaning for everything Mr. Browning has written. But when all is said and done — when these few freaks of a crowded brain are thrown overboard to the sharks of verbal criticism who feed on such things — Mr. Browning and his great poetical achievement remain behind to be dealt with and accounted for. We do not get rid of the Laureate by quoting: —

"O darling room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white
There is no room so exquisite —
No little room so warm and bright
Wherein to read, wherein to write;"

or of Wordsworth by quoting: —

"At this, my boy hung down his head:
He blushed with shame, nor made reply,
And five times to the child I said,
'Why, Edward? tell me why?'"

or of Keats by remembering that he once addressed a young lady as follows: —

"O come, Georgiana! the rose is full blown,
The riches of Flora are lavishly strown:
The air is all softness and crystal the streams,
The west is resplendently clothèd in beams."

The strength of a rope may be but the strength of its weakest part; but poets are to be judged in their happiest hours, and in their greatest works.

. . . . . .

The second period of Mr. Browning's poetry demands a different line of argument; for it is, in my judgment, folly to deny that he has of late years written a great deal which makes very difficult reading indeed. No doubt you may meet people who tell you that they read "The Ring and the Book" for the first time without much mental effort; but you will do well not to

believe them. These poems are difficult — they cannot help being so. What is "The Ring and the Book"? A huge novel in twenty thousand lines — told after the method not of Scott but of Balzac; it tears the hearts out of a dozen characters; it tells the same story from ten different points of view. It is loaded with detail of every kind and description: you are let off nothing. As with a schoolboy's life at a large school, if he is to enjoy it at all, he must fling himself into it, and care intensely about everything — so the reader of "The Ring and the Book" must be interested in everybody and everything, down to the fact that the eldest daughter of the counsel for the prosecution of Guido is eight years old on the very day he is writing his speech, and that he is going to have fried liver and parsley for his supper.

If you are prepared for this, you will have your reward; for the *style*, though rugged and involved, is throughout, with the exception of the speeches of counsel, eloquent and at times superb; and as for the *matter*, if your interest in human nature is keen, curious, almost professional — if nothing man, woman, or child has been, done, or suffered, or conceivably can be, do, or suffer, is without interest for you; if you are fond of analysis, and do not shrink from dissection — you will prize "The Ring and the Book" as the surgeon prizes the last great contribution to comparative anatomy or pathology.

But this sort of work tells upon style. Browning has, I think, fared better than some writers. To me, at all events, the step from "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" to "The Ring and the Book" is not so marked as is the *mauvais pas* that lies between "Amos Barton" and "Daniel Deronda." But difficulty is not obscurity. One task is more difficult than another. The angles at the base of the isosceles triangles are apt to get mixed, and to confuse us all — man and woman alike. "Prince Hohenstiel" something or another is a very difficult poem, not only to pronounce but to read; but if a poet chooses as his subject Napoleon III. — in whom the cad, the coward, the idealist, and the sensualist were inextricably mixed — and purports to make him unbosom himself over a bottle of Gladstone claret in a tavern at Leicester Square, you cannot expect that the product should belong to the same class of poetry as Mr. Coventry Patmore's admirable "Angel in the House."

It is the method that is difficult. Take the husband in "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Browning remorselessly hunts him down, tracks him to the last recesses of his mind, and there bids

him stand and deliver. He describes love, not only broken but breaking; hate in its germ; doubt at its birth. These are difficult things to do either in poetry or prose, and people with easy, flowing Addisonian or Tennysonian styles cannot do them.

I seem to overhear a still, small voice asking, But are they worth doing? or at all events, is it the province of art to do them? The question ought not to be asked. It is heretical, being contrary to the whole direction of the latter half of this century. The chains binding us to the rocks of realism are faster riveted every day; and the Perseus who is destined to cut them is, I expect, some mischievous little boy at a Board-school. But as the question has been asked, I will own that sometimes, even when deepest in works of this, the now orthodox school, I have been harassed by distressing doubts whether after all this enormous labor is not in vain; and wearied by the effort, overloaded by the detail, bewildered by the argument, and sickened by the pitiless dissection of character and motive, have been tempted to cry aloud, quoting — or rather, in the agony of the moment, misquoting — Coleridge: —

> "Simplicity — thou better name
> Than all the family of Fame."

But this ebullition of feeling is childish and even sinful. We must take our poets as we do our meals — as they are served up to us. Indeed, you may, if full of courage, give a cook notice, but not the time-spirit who makes our poets. We may be sure — to appropriate an idea of the late Sir James Stephen — that if Robert Browning had lived in the sixteenth century, he would not have written a poem like "The Ring and the Book;" and if Edmund Spenser had lived in the nineteenth century, he would not have written a poem like the "Faerie Queene."

It is therefore idle to arraign Mr. Browning's later method and style for possessing difficulties and intricacies which are inherent to it. The method at all events has an interest of its own, a strength of its own, a grandeur of its own. If you do not like it you must leave it alone. You are fond, you say, of romantic poetry; well, then, take down your Spenser and qualify yourself to join "the small transfigured band" of those who are able to take their Bible-oaths they have read their "Faerie Queene" all through. The company, though small, is delightful, and you will have plenty to talk about without abusing Browning, who probably knows his Spenser better than you do. Real-

ism will not forever dominate the world of letters and art — the fashion of all things passeth away — but it has already earned a great place: it has written books, composed poems, painted pictures, all stamped with that "greatness" which, despite fluctuations, nay, even reversals of taste and opinion, means immortality.

"But against Mr. Browning's later poems it is sometimes alleged that their meaning is obscure because their grammar is bad. A cynic was once heard to observe with reference to that noble poem "The Grammarian's Funeral," that it was a pity the talented author had ever since allowed himself to remain under the delusion that he had not only buried the grammarian, but his grammar also. It is doubtless true that Mr. Browning has some provoking ways, and is something too much of a verbal acrobat. Also, as his witty parodist, the pet poet of six generations of Cambridge undergraduates, reminds us: —

> "He loves to dock the smaller parts of speech,
> As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur."

It is perhaps permissible to weary a little of his *i*'s and *o*'s, but we believe we cannot be corrected when we say that Browning is a poet whose grammar will bear scholastic investigation better than that of most of Apollo's children.

A word about "Sordello." One half of "Sordello," and that, with Mr. Browning's usual ill-luck, the first half, is undoubtedly obscure. It is as difficult to read as "Endymion" or the "Revolt of Islam," and for the same reason — the author's lack of experience in the art of composition. We have all heard of the young architect who forgot to put a staircase in his house, which contained five rooms, but no way of getting into them. "Sordello" is a poem without a staircase. The author, still in his twenties, essayed a high thing. For his subject —

> "'He singled out
> Sordello compassed murkily about
> With ravage of six long sad hundred years.'"

He partially failed; and the British public, with its accustomed generosity, and in order, I suppose, to encourage the others, has never ceased girding at him because forty-two years ago he published at his own charges a little book of two hundred and fifty pages, which even such of them as were then able to read could not understand.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Bishop, William Henry, an American novelist; born in Hartford, Conn., Jan. 7, 1847. He is the author of several works, including: "Detmold" (1879); "The House of a Merchant Prince" (1882); "A Pound of Cure: A Story of Monte Carlo" (1894); "Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces" (1884); "Fish and Men in the Maine Islands;" "A House-Hunter in Europe;" "Writing to Rosina," a story; "The Golden Justice;" "Choy Susan and Other Stories;" "The Brown-Stone Boy and Other Queer People;" and many similar works.

Cordova, Seville, and about Pretty Spanish Women.[1]

(From "A House-Hunter in Europe.")

At Cordova, a herd of black bulls was crossing the old Moorish bridge, while peasants, laborers, and traffic were backed up into the gateway called la Puerta del Puente to give them an uninterrupted right of way.

The dust flew, the herders swore, the fierce bulls went on, over the coffee-colored Guadalquivir, the pent-up business resumed its course. A small knot of working-girls, going over to their toil in the suburb, took up their march with the rest.

"*Adios!*" — good-bye! one of them tossed back, laughing, over her shoulder, to the lean, sallow, leathern-visaged employee of the octroi which took toll of all market produce at the gate. "*Adios*," she tossed back, in laughing mockery, as if the sole purpose of the stoppage had been to make a little visit with him; and the group all giggled, as they went their way.

"*Adios, hermosa!*" the man called after her, with a good deal of respectful sincerity in his compliment.

"*Hermosa*" means fair or beautiful, and his description was certainly well bestowed. This was a beautiful Spanish girl without manner of doubt. Rather large than medium of stature, with that something majestic about her which belongs to peasant simplicity of costume, she had the fine dark eyes that seem to say everything even when they say nothing. She had the very

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dark skin of countries baked by the sun, a smooth skin, too, easily capable of the blush that mantled it now, perhaps at her own forwardness.

She was perfectly well made in all those points in which feminine perfection is outwardly visible, and from her gait might be divined the small foot and arched instep which have led poets, from Byron down, to institute a comparison between the Spanish woman and the Arab steed. There was no doubt Moorish blood in this young denizen of a place where caliphs for centuries held sway — perhaps even an unusual supply of it. Not that the Moorish women themselves have any such gait, they merely waddle about in incommodious trousers, but let us concede that it may be attained by some crossing of the breed.

I think the beauty of the bridge had no other acquaintance with the man at the gate than such as her own high spirits just now gave her. She must have been somewhere about sixteen, and he was grizzled and middle-aged. Naturally girls of her station are not held to so strict an etiquette as the higher class. They receive many bold *olés* of admiration from chance observers.

Well, she had a red rose in her hair, and she went her way laughing, across the old bridge, so old that it had been Roman even before it became Arabic and then Spanish. And so — keeping, I trust, a safe distance from the feet of the bulls — she disappeared forever, one of those momentary glimpses from which the traveller often parts with a real pang; a touch of young, warm, breathing modern life that derived the greater zest from its ancient setting. It was in springtime and in Cordova of Andalusia.

I found myself charmed with the time-worn picturesque bits in the small streets all about the great cathedral, that was once a mosque and still is far more a mosque than a Christian church. I was delighted with the vast court, planted with long lines of blossoming perfumed orange-trees, before the cathedral — and rather disillusioned in the cathedral itself. In truth, of all the innumerable columns in that vaunted interior you can see but a very few at a time; and the red and white principle of architecture, the streak of fat and streak of lean, has been partly spoiled by too numerous imitations. You have to think of various Turkish baths, and of that Fourth Avenue, New York, church, which some irreverent parishioner has dubbed the Church of the Holy Zebra.

Cordova was delicious and typically Spanish — and as a place to live in, I never even once thought of it; for I had Seville before me and, after Seville, I did not come back to it.

The day after Cordova, I was at Seville, the Seville which it is tradition to rave about as the very home of grace and beauty. It was first visible on a distant height, like a city in a fairy tale. The brown plain over which we approached it was destitute of houses. Tracts of it here and there were covered thick with a small species of blue wild flower that called to mind the lagoons of the sea. We followed the course of the Guadalquivir, a sizable river not unlike the Connecticut in general aspect. As we drew nearer, oranges and lemons began to glow among the thicker vegetation, and the famous tower of the Giralda was seen plainly rising above the mass of buildings.

Seville, within, was a congeries of narrow, irregular streets of rather plain houses, chiefly white, provided liberally with balconies, chiefly green. The streets were much protected by awnings against the summer heat; but on the other hand, many of the balconies were made into glazed *miradores*, covered sun-boxes, for refuge in the chilly days of winter. Every woman wore a rose in her hair, and came idly out on her balcony as often as possible. Great heaps of yellow oranges glowed in the market-place, with a general effect like that of our heaps of yellow pumpkins in autumn; and how the red roses bloomed in the beautiful old gardens of the Alcazar, that were made for the Moorish kings.

Though Seville is twice the size of Granada, I should estimate it, as a residence place, considerably less than half as attractive. This was the upshot of my researches. Owing to the universal practice of whitewashing the antiquity out of buildings, the effect of it is new and modern. The most that could be said of the second *piso*, or floor, of seven rooms, I saw, under the ægis of the Giralda, or of the one that had a view of the delightful Alcazar, or of that third one opposite the rich-sculptured city hall, or Ayuntamiento, was that they were neat, commonplace, inoffensive. They had no positive reasons for them.

The dearest, reduced to American money, would have been about two hundred and twenty-five dollars a year. There is a curious way in that country of estimating rent by the day. Thus, if you ask, "How much is it?" they will reply, "Twelve *reals* a day," or more or less as the case may be, leaving you to

make your own calculations. As the *real* is so small, you are forever boiling down magnificent totals to a modest residium.

In a general way, you may count on having a highly presentable apartment for four hundred dollars, — this in the large expensive cities, including Madrid. Perhaps even one of the famous houses of Seville, with *patio*, or half-Moorish courtyard, could be had for that, — if one of them could ever be found vacant. The cost of provisions cannot vary greatly from what it is in France. In servants' wages there is a notable reduction. You can have an excellent cook for thirty-five *pesetas* (francs), and a maid-of-all-work for fifteen or twenty.

Why can I not truthfully report that all the women of Seville and of Spain were as beautiful as the girl at Cordova? There is, after all, much luck in these matters, and if I did not see in Seville the full display of female loveliness that one is almost positively bound to see there — it is perhaps that I was born, as I have often thought, under an unpropitious star.

Almost the first thing after my arrival, I chanced to meet the women coming out from the great government tobacco-factory. Everybody speaks of that sight: read De Amicis and read Marie Bashkirtseff. For my part I remarked many and many a pale face, plenty of drawn and ugly features, and figures without the least distinction, the result of unhygienic conditions, sickness, hard work, poverty. They all wore red roses in their hair. Red roses were the rule that month, in Andalusia. First, in going up to Granada from Malaga, young women had showed themselves at the small stations, thus adorned. If brunette faces peered through the shrubbery like another kind of fruit, or if they sat sewing — a group of young tailoresses for instance — in open doors just off the street, or partly hid behind a curtain on their balconies, the red roses for their tresses were never forgotten. More rarely one fastened her mantilla at the breast with a bunch of them.

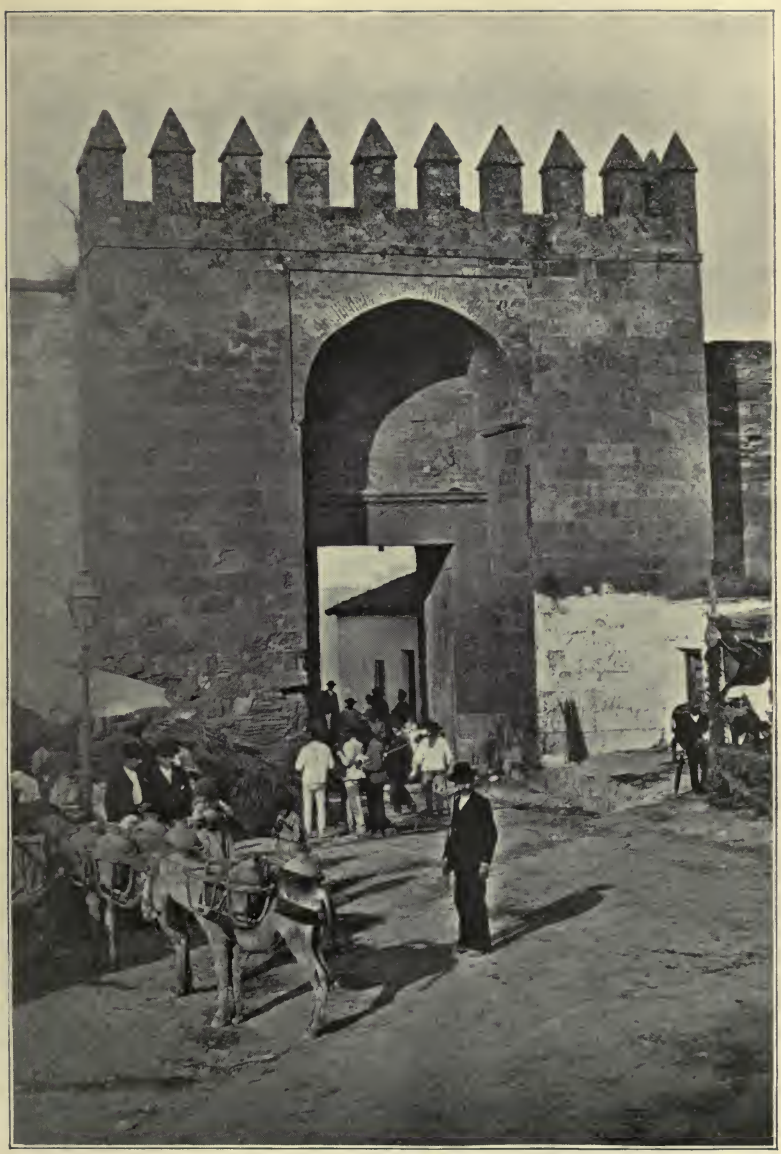
Even among the ladies of a much higher grade than the tobacco girls, among those, for example, who issued forth from an entertainment given by a group of fashionable young men, at the private bull-ring, one Sunday afternoon, and those who drove in the fine equipages on the Paseo by the Guadalquivir, there were often very bad complexions and even moustaches like a grenadier's. But all of them, even these, were very Spanish. They still flaunted the Spanish fan; they still wore, thank heaven, the graceful mantilla, though its days are numbered;

and some of the beautiful carriages were drawn by mules bedecked with colored trappings.

Spanish women are rather picturesque than beautiful. It is the painter effects to which they lend themselves instead of their actual good looks that accounts for much of the enthusiasm about them. It is a land where they are not afraid of vivid colors. Crimson and yellow drape not only the balconies, but the backs of the dark-haired women, in neckerchiefs, or shawls wrought with gay patterns of flowers or birds. Yonder maid, in the suburb of Triana, wears a China shawl of brilliant yellow embroidered in green and scarlet, and stands idly awaiting somebody in the doorway of a low house, dazzling white in the sunlight. From a window tumbles out a perfect cascade of gorgeous scarlet cactus blossoms. And it is all in no way tawdry; you no more think of tawdriness in connection with it than in a humming-bird, an oriole, or a bird of paradise.

Society in Spanish towns is retiring, at least from the stranger; and I was told of an English family, drawn by the natural beauties of the place, who had spent several years in Seville and had not made a single acquaintance. Of course there is no saying that the fault may not have been on their own side. Native authorities certainly give a pleasant account of the social doings at Seville. What with all their *tertullias*, or informal reunions, their dinners — no, not very many dinners — but their balls, picnics, and rowing-parties, life is not too serious. And in spite of the Moorish tradition of the close supervision of women, there would appear to be often almost as free and merry goings-on among the young people as if it were America. Then, after a sufficient term of coquetry and gayety, the maidens are said to settle down and become quite model wives.

Valdés treats of this elucidatingly in his "Sister San Sulpicio." I wish I had had the charming book when I was passing through there, as a guide to what was doing in the closed houses. His hero, wildly in love with, and engaged to, an extremely pretty and vivacious girl, goes to consult a friend of his, a man of the world. He has been smitten with a dread, such as has no doubt taken possession of other nervous lovers also, to wit, that his affianced, while possessed of every fascination now during the period of laughing maidenhood, may not, on account of the very brightness of her spirit, be able to stand the test of long enduring, prosaic matrimony.



GATE OF ALMODOVAR, CORDOVA

"Captain Villa," said he, "the women here have more comeliness and passion, as well as a livelier intelligence, than those of my part of the world, up in the north. They know how to love, that is evident; but — but do you not think there is some danger that they may make better sweethearts than wives?"

The Captain, on the contrary, takes up the defence of the woman of Seville with a zest.

"She is warm and she is lively, it is true," he says, "but she is not vain. The fire of her nature converts itself, after marriage, into domestic tenderness and devotion. She will demand to be loved, not to be extravagantly arrayed. Luxury does not turn the head of a woman in Seville as elsewhere, and poverty is not considered ridiculous. The mantilla equalizes all classes. Distinctions of rank are not felt here. A young girl from among those most favored in birth and fortune will associate on even terms with one who may have no more to look to than the modest salary of a struggling father. It is said that there still is something of the Moorish odalisque about the Sevillian woman, but I tell you that with one who demands nothing but fondness of her husband on his daily return to his home, life cannot well be other than very facile and sweet. And possibly the women of your section, more demure on the surface, more circumspect or timid in manner, are really less to be trusted than ours."

Ah, blessed Seville! ah, thrice happy homes of Seville! if this picture of female perfection have the truth that is asserted with such positiveness and charm.

That inveterate Paris *boulevardier*, Aurélien Scholl, affirms that it takes Italian women a year to become a *Parisienne*, a Spanish woman three years, an English woman a couple of generations, and a German woman five, — the Russian being already born a *Parisienne*. There is some play of national prejudice in this statement, but it shows that a certain fixity of character without degenerating into rooted obstinacy is to be properly ascribed to the Spanish woman. There must be a fund of gravity even in the lightest heads, for Spain is a country that has always taken life seriously. It has had plenty of heroic, even if sometimes mistaken, ideals, and personal inconvenience has never stood in their way.

The fact is there are none too many *Parisiennes* even in Paris. That is a type that flourishes somewhat indiscriminately everywhere. That particular union of intelligence, grace,

coquetry, and taste in attire, that gayety of character, with well-meaning principles, that yet must not be too much tempted — such a combination is a female inheritance only awaiting favorable opportunities to develop in any country.

But the more one journeys, the more he is inclined to think there are no fixed national types, especially in womankind, but only varying individuals of the universal type. You find light Spanish women as well as dark; reserved, silent ones as well as gay; spirits bustling in the march of progress, as well as those who sit under the shade of archaic traditions. The sweet young Queen Regent of Spain, with the baby king in her arms, was a portrait which hung in nearly all the public halls and was an influence that was strengthening the domestic virtues in private life. On the other side, no more energetic worker could be found, even in energetic America, than the novelist and essayist Emilia Pardo Bazan. She was devoting herself to the emancipation of woman "from her fetters of iron and gold and jewels." She welcomed most sagely to her banner every woman who could contribute to the cause, not sentimental twaddle and ridiculous bombast, but deeds of tangible worth. And, to show that it is still conservative Spain, she professes herself not a radical, not even a republican, but a monarchist of the most uncompromising sort.

I cannot help thinking there was something of the *Parisienne* even in St. Theresa, an ideal who still very greatly influences the women of Spain. Born in Avila, where the winter is long and hard and there is no spring, she threw the sunshine of a southern nature over that stern district which has been termed "a land of stones and saints." Never having been taught, she yet wrote a literary style that Juan Valera, of the Academy, declares a model.

"Above all," she used to say, "let our sanctity never befog our brains; no one has ever had too much intelligence."

Amid the austerities of the convents she founded, she always permitted them one cold, sweet sort of luxury, of a kind I most thoroughly indorse: they were placed where they commanded a lovely point of view. She was beautiful, she was always gay; she was full of a heavenly sort of common-sense. Saint if she were, there was still something very lovable about her, in the human way. And so I am not afraid of the connection if I cite so close to her name yet one more of those poetic little songs of the people, showing their ardent appreciation of their

womenkind, which I heard — to the accompaniment of guitars and castanets and clapping hands and loud *olés* — the last evening of my stay at Seville : —

" From the heavens a star has been lost. In the place it was wont to be it no longer appears. But lo ! in thy chamber instead it dwells. It shines in thy radiant eyes. From the heavens a star has been lost but with thee it is found.

" More than roses, my brown girl, thy dear eyes enchant me. More than all the flowers thy eyes delight me. Ah, truly I fall ill of their splendor, I am ill with their glances, and to the hospital of San Augostin I must go away."

" I HAVE LOVED FLOWERS THAT FADE."

I HAVE loved flowers that fade,
  Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
  With sweet unmemoried scents :
  A honeymoon delight,—
  A joy of love at sight,
  That ages in an hour :
  My song, be like a flower !

I have loved airs that die
  Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky,
  Trembling to welcome it :
  Notes, that with pulse of fire
  Proclaim the spirit's desire,
  Then die, and are nowhere :
  My song, be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath,
  And wither as a bloom :
Fear not a flowery death,
  Dread not an airy tomb !

Anonymous.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Bismarck (Otto Eduard Leopold), Prince von, a celebrated Prussian statesman, the founder of German unity, was born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. Died July 30, 1898. He was educated at the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin; entered the united Landtag of Prussia in 1847; and in 1849–50, being then a member of the second chamber of the Prussian Diet, became conspicuous as an advocate of reactionary measures. He was next chosen Prussian Ambassador to the diet of the German Confederation at Frankfort; Ambassador to Russia in 1859, and three years later was, for a few months only, Ambassador to France.

On October 8, 1862, he was appointed Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and immediately entered upon his extended struggle with the Landtag over the question of the army increase and prerogatives of the Emperor. At the close of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, in which he enlisted the co-operation of Austria, he was made a count. The Schleswig-Holstein complications were renewed shortly after, however, and Bismarck, securing the alliance of Italy, declared war against Prussia in 1866. He was appointed Chancellor of the North German Confederation in 1867, and, by checking Napoleon's plans with regard to Luxemburg, increased the prestige of Prussia considerably. He prepared the way for the Franco-Prussian War of 1871 by his attitude toward the South German States, and in the same year became the first Chancellor of the German Empire. He was a member of the National Liberal Party, and worked in harmony with that party until 1878, being engrossed in an extended struggle with the Ultramontanes, or *Kulturkampf*. After this struggle he inaugurated many economic reforms, including a system of insurance for the laboring classes. He presided at the Berlin Conference of 1878, and concluded in 1883 the Triple Alliance. In the month of March, 1890, he resigned on account of having incurred the displeasure of Emperor William II., and upon his retirement the title of Duke of Lauenburg was conferred upon him. He holds a place in literature through the volume of "Bismarck's Letters," and through his State papers, a series of which appears in Hahn's "Fürst Bismarck;" while as a thinker and economist he is seen to advantage in "Bismarck als Volkswirth," by Poschinger, containing many of the Prince's papers on sociological and fiscal subjects.

To His Wife.

Frankfort, August 7th, 1851.

I WANTED to write to you yesterday and to-day, but owing to all the clatter and bustle of business, could not do so until now, late in the evening on my return from a walk through the lovely summer-night breeze, the moonlight, and the murmuring of poplar leaves, which I took to brush away the dust of the day's dispatches and papers. Saturday afternoon I drove out with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdesheim; there I took a boat, rowed out upon the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with nothing but nose and eyes out of the water, as far as the Mäusethürm near Bingen, where the bad bishop came to his end. It gives one a peculiar dreamy sensation to float thus on a quiet warm night in the water, gently carried down by the current, looking above on the heavens studded with the moon and stars, and on each side the banks and wooded hill-tops and the battlements of the old castles bathed in the moonlight, whilst nothing falls on one's ear but the gentle splashing of one's own movements. I should like to swim like this every evening. I drank some very fair wine afterwards, and then sat a long time with Lynar smoking on the balcony — the Rhine below us. My little New Testament and the star-studded heavens brought us on the subject of religion, and I argued long against the Rousseau-like sophism of his ideas, without, however, achieving more than to reduce him to silence. He was badly treated as a child by *bonnes* and tutors, without ever having known his parents. Later on, in consequence of much the same sort of education as myself, he picked up the same ideas in his youth; but is more satisfied and more convinced by them than ever I was.

Next day we took the steamer to Coblenz, stopped there an hour for breakfast, and came back the same way to Frankfort, where we arrived in the evening. I undertook this expedition with the intention of visiting old Metternich, who had invited me to do so at Johannisberg; but I was so much pleased with the Rhine that I preferred to make my way over to Coblenz and to postpone the visit. When you and I saw it we had just returned from the Alps, and the weather was bad; on this fresh summer morning, however, and after the dusty monotony of Frankfort, the Rhine has risen very considerably in my estimation. I promise myself complete enjoyment in spending a couple of days with you at Lüdesheim; the place is so quiet and rural,

honest people and cheap living. We will hire a small boat and row at our leisure downwards, climb up the Niederwald and a castle or two, and return with the steamer. One can leave this place early in the morning, stay eight hours at Rüdesheim, Bingen, or Rheinstein, etc., and be back again in the evening. My appointment here appears now to be certain.

Personal Characteristics of the Members of the Frankfort Diet.

Confidential dispatch to minister von manteuffel, may 30th, 1853.

In connection with my report of to-day regarding the attitude of certain envoys in the Kettenburg affair, I take the liberty of making some confidential remarks regarding the personal traits of my colleagues in general in case it should interest your Excellency to have the information.

Herr von Prokesch is probably well enough known in Berlin to make further indications of his personal characteristics unnecessary; at the same time, I cannot refrain from remarking that the calmness and ease with which he advances false statements of fact, or contests true statements, surpass my expectations, although I have been led to expect a good deal in this direction. These qualities are supplemented by a surprising degree of coolness in dropping a subject or making a change of front, as soon as the untruth which he has taken as his point of departure is identified beyond the possibility of evasion. In case of necessity he covers a retreat of this sort by an ebullition of moral indignation, or by an attack, often of a very personal character, which transfers the discussion to a new and quite different field. His chief weapons in the petty war which I am obliged to wage with him, as often as the interests which we represent diverge, are: (1) Passive resistance, *i. e.*, a dilatory treatment of the affair, by which he forces upon me the rôle of a tiresome dun, and not infrequently, by reason of the nature of the affair, that of a paltry dun. (2) In case of attack, the *fait accompli*, in the shape of apparently insignificant usurpations on the part of the Chair. These are commonly so calculated that any protest on my part cannot but seem like a deliberate search for points of controversy or like captious verbal criticism. It is therefore scarcely possible for me to avoid, in my dealings with

him, the appearance of quarrelsomeness, unless I am willing to sacrifice the interests of Prussia to a degree which every concession would increase. . . .

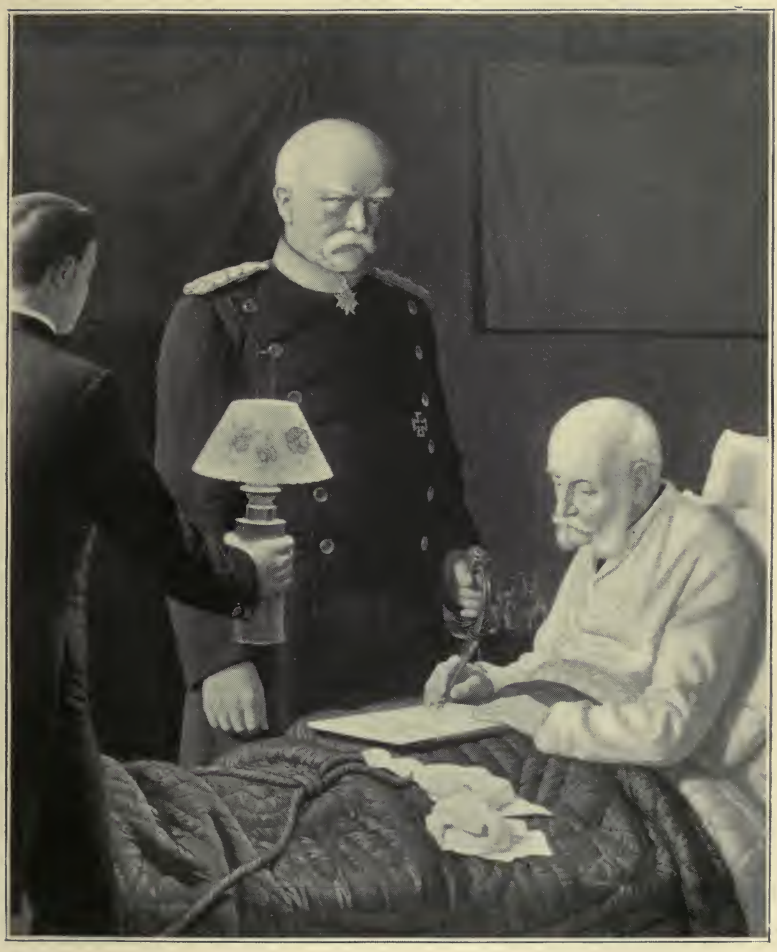
The Bavarian envoy, Herr von Schrenk, I place among the best elements in the assembly, as regards both his capacity and his character. He is a thorough and industrious worker, and practical in his views and opinions; although his predominantly juristic training and mode of thinking make him at times disputatious, and tend to impede the progress of affairs. In official intercourse he is frank and obliging, so long as his [Bavarian] patriotism, which is high-strung and extremely irritable, is treated with consideration; a foible for which I take particular pains to make allowance.

Our Saxon colleague, Herr von Nostitz, inspires in me less confidence. It seems to me that he has at bottom a traditional inclination toward Prussia and its political system, which is nourished in part by a Protestantism that is more rationalistic than orthodox, and by his fear of Ultramontane tendencies. I believe, however, — and I should be glad to find that I do him an injustice, — that on the whole, personal interests take precedence with him over political interests, and that the suppleness of his character permits him to view the latter in whatever light best suits the former. His economic position is dependent upon his place, aside from the salary, by reason of the fact that he owns a house here in which he lives, which he bought before 1848 at a high price, and which he has vainly attempted to rent for the last five years. His political course is therefore controlled by his desire of remaining in his official position under every contingency; and with the present tendency of the Saxon government, Austria has certainly more opportunity to help him in keeping his place than has Prussia. This circumstance indeed does not prevent Herr von Nostitz from avoiding, as far as his instructions will allow, any patent injury to Prussia; but with his great capacity for labor, his intelligence, and his long experience, he constitutes the most effective support of all Austria's efforts in the federal assembly. He is particularly adroit in formulating reports and propositions in awkward controversial questions; he knows how to give his draught a color of compromise without the least sacrifice of any Austrian interest, as soon as the correct interpretation comes to the aid of the apparently indeterminate expression. When his draughts become the basis of subsequent discussion, it is then usually discovered for the first time that the

real purpose for which they were drawn is contained in what seemed to be casual and incidental words. If the current in Dresden should shift in the Prussian direction, the valuable personal assistance which Herr von Nostitz is able to render by means of his sense, his experience, and the credit both have won him, would be thrown on the Prussian side with the same certainty as now on the Austrian, unless too strong a tie were found in the fact that one of his sons is being educated in the Austrian Naval School, while another is already an officer in the imperial service.

Herr von Bothmer returned to this place a few days ago as representative of Hanover; I learn from him, however, with regret, that his further stay here is in no wise assured. Not only is his a straightforward character that awakens confidence, but he is also the only one of my colleagues who has sufficient independence to give me anything more than passive assistance when I am obliged to protest against the conduct of the Chair.

His opposite is found in Herr von Reinhard. While Herr von Bothmer is thorough, clear, and objective in his productions, those of the Würtemberg envoy bear the stamp of superficiality and confused thinking. His removal from the federal assembly might justly be regarded as a great gain for us. I do not know whether his departure from Berlin was connected with circumstances which have left in him a lasting dislike of Prussia, or whether confused political theories (regarding which he expresses himself with more ease and with greater interest than regarding practical affairs) have brought him to believe that the Prussian influence in Germany is deleterious: but at all events his antipathy to us exceeds the degree which, in view of the political situation of Würtemberg, can be supposed to exist in the mind of his sovereign; and I have reason to assume that his influence upon the instructions which are sent him, and his activity, so far as this is independent of instructions, are exerted, as a matter of principle, to the disadvantage of Prussia. . . . In his bearing towards me personally there is nothing which would justify the conclusion that his feelings are of the sort I have indicated; and it is only rarely that a point is reached in our debates at which, moderated by a certain timidity, his suppressed bitterness against Prussia breaks out. I may remark incidentally that it is he who invariably appears at our sessions last, and too late; and who, through want of attention and through



BISMARCK AND THE LAST OFFICIAL ACT OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM

From Painting by E. F. Klein

subsequent participation in the discussion on the basis of misapprehensions, occasions further repetitions and waste of time.

The envoy from Baden, Herr von Marschall, is not without sense and fitness for affairs, but is scrupulously careful to avoid the responsibility of an independent opinion, and to discover in the least dubitable matter an intermediate point of view from which it may be possible to agree with both sides, or at least to disagree with neither. If there is no escape, he inclines, either for family reasons or because his government is more afraid of Vienna than of Berlin, to the Austrian side rather than to ours. Support against the Chair — as, for example, in the matter of the order of business, upon which he is charged with a report — I can hardly expect from him.

Our colleague from the Electorate, Herr von Trott, takes as little part as possible in the affairs of the Diet; especially avoids reports and committee work; and is frequently absent, making the representative from Darmstadt his proxy. He prefers country life and hunting to participation in assemblies, and gives the impression rather of a jovial and portly squire than of an envoy. He confines himself to announcing his vote, briefly and in the exact language of his instructions; and while the latter are invariably drawn by the Minister, Hassenpflug, in accordance with the directions received from Austria, it does not appear to me that either Austria or the States of the Darmstadt coalition enjoy the personal support of Herr von Trott any more than we do — an impartiality which is rendered easy to the Hessian envoy as much by his distaste for affairs, and I like to think by the revolt of his essentially honorable nature against all that savors of intrigue, as by his formerly indubitable sympathy for Prussia's interests.

We find a more inimical element in the Grand-Ducal Hessian envoy, Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen. While this gentleman is attached from the start to the interests of Austria by his family connections with the former presidential envoy of the same name, his antagonism to Prussia is considerably intensified by his strong, and I believe sincere, zeal for the Catholic Church. In private intercourse he is a man of agreeable manners; and as regards his official attitude, I have to this extent no cause of complaint — that beyond the degree of reserve imposed upon him by the anti-Prussian policy of his government, I have observed in him no tendency towards intrigue or insincerity. For the rest, he is a natural opponent of the Prussian policy in all cases where

this does not go hand in hand with Austria and the Catholic Church; and the warmth with which he not infrequently supports his opinion against me in discussion, I can regard only as a proof of the sincerity of his political convictions. It is certainly, however, an anomalous thing that a Protestant sovereign, who at this moment is in conflict with Catholic bishops, is represented in the Confederacy by Herr von Münch. . . .

One of our trustiest allies is Herr von Scherff, who personally is altogether devoted to the Prussian interests, and has moreover a son in our military service; he is experienced in affairs, and prudent to the point of timidity. This latter trait, as well as the sort of influence which his Majesty the King of the Netherlands exercises upon the federal instructions, often prevents him from giving me, in the sessions of the Diet, that degree of support which I should otherwise receive from him. Outside of the sessions I have always been able to count on him with confidence, whenever I have called upon him for advice, and whenever it has been a question of his aiding me through his influence upon some other envoy or through the collection of information. With his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, Herr von Scherff and his family justly stand in special favor.

. . . . . .

Nassau and Brunswick are represented by the Baron von Dungern, a harmless character, who has neither the personal capacity nor the political credit requisite to give him influence in the Federal Assembly. If the difference that exists in most questions between the attitude of Brunswick and that of Nassau is settled in most cases in favor of the views held by Nassau (*i. e.*, by Austria), this is partly due indeed to the connection of Herr von Dungern and his wife with families that are in the Austrian interest, and to the fact that the envoy, who has two sons in the Austrian military service, feels more dread of Austria's resentment than of Prussia's; but the chief mistake lies in the circumstance that Brunswick is represented by a servant of the Duke of Nassau, who lives here in the immediate neighborhood of his own court, — a court controlled by Austrian influences, — but maintains with Brunswick, I imagine, connections so closely restricted to what is absolutely necessary that they can hardly be regarded as an equivalent for the five thousand florins which his Highness Duke William contributes to his salary.

The Mecklenburg envoy, Herr von Oertzen, justifies in all respects the reputation of an honorable man which I had heard

attributed to him before he assumed his present position. In the period immediately following the reopening of the Federal Diet, he, like a large number of his fellow-countrymen, showed an unmistakable leaning to Austria; but it seems to me indubitable that his observation for two years of the methods which Austrian policy employs here through the organ of the Chair has aroused in Herr von Oertzen's loyal nature, in spite of the fact that he too has a son in the Austrian army, a reaction which permits me to count fully upon him as far as his personal attitude is concerned, and upon his political support as far as his instructions — of the character of which, on the whole, I cannot complain — in any wise permit. In any case I can depend upon his pursuing, under all circumstances, an open and honorable course. . . . His attitude in the debates is always tranquil, and in favor of compromise.

The representative of the Fifteenth Curia is Herr von Eisendecher, a man whose ready sociability, united with wit and vivacity in conversation, prepossesses one in his favor. He was formerly an advanced Gothaite, and it seems that this tendency of his has shaded over into a lively sympathy for the development of the Confederation as a strong, unified, central power; since in this way, and with the help of Austria, he thinks that a substitute will be discovered for the unsuccessful efforts towards unity in the Prussian sense. The Curia, it is reported, is so organized that the two Anhalts and the two Schwarzburgs, if they are united among themselves, outvote Oldenburg.

It is in a simpler way and without stating his reasons that the representative of the Sixteenth Curia, Baron von Holzhausen, throws his influence on the Austrian side of the scales. It is said of him that in most cases he draws up his own instructions, even when he has ample time to send for them, and that he meets any protest raised by his principals by holding his peace, or by an adroit use of the large number of members of his Curia and the lack of connection between them. To this it is to be added that the majority of the little princes are not disposed to spend upon their federal diplomacy the amount that would be required for a regular and organized chancelry and correspondence; and that if Herr von Holzhausen, who after the departure of Baron von Strombeck obtained the place as the lowest asker, should resign from their service, they would hardly be able, with the means at their disposal, to secure so imposing a representative as this prosperous gentleman, who is decorated with sundry

grand-crosses and the title of privy councillor, and is a member of the oldest patrician family of Frankfort. The nearest relations of Herr von Holzhausen, who is himself unmarried and childless, are in the service of Austria. Moreover, his family pride, which is developed to an unusual degree, points back with all its memories to the imperial city patriciate that was so closely associated with the glorious era of the Holy Roman Empire; and Prussia's entire position seems to him a revolutionary usurpation, which has played the most material part in the destruction of the privileges of the Holzhausens. His wealth leads me to assume that the ties that bind him to Austria are merely ambitious tendencies — such as the desire for an imperial order or for the elevation of the family to the rank of Austrian counts — and not pecuniary interests, unless his possession of a large quantity of [Austrian] mining shares is to be regarded in the latter light.

If your Excellency will permit me, in closing, to sum up the results of my report, they amount to what follows: —

The only envoys in the Federal Diet who are devoted to our interests as regards their personal views are Herren von Fritsch, von Scherff, and von Oertzen. Herein the first of these follows at the same time the instructions of the government which he represents. Personally assured to Austria, on the other hand, without it being possible to make the same assertion as regards the governments they represent, are Herren von Eisendecher and von Holzhausen, and von Dungern as representing Brunswick. On the Austrian side, besides these, are almost always, in accordance with the instructions of their governments, Herr von Nostitz, Herr von Reinhard, Herr von Münch, Herr von Trott (who, however, displays greater moderation than his Darmstadt colleague), and Herr von Dungern as representing Nassau.

A position in part more independent, in part more mediatory, is assumed by Herren von Schrenk, von Bothmer, von Bülow, von Marschall, and by the representatives of the Free Cities; and yet in the attitude of these envoys also, Austrian influences are not infrequently noticeable.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Björnson, Björnstjerne, a Norwegian journalist, poet, and novelist, born at Kvikne Österdalen, December 8, 1832. His father was a clergyman at Österdalen. In 1852 he entered the University of Christiania, and while yet a student there began to write for periodicals. Subsequently he became theatrical director at Bergen; then took up his residence at Copenhagen, and afterward went to Christiania, where he edited a newspaper, the "Aftenbladet," and, still later, an illustrated journal, the "Norsk Folkeblad." In 1860–63 he travelled in Germany, Italy, and France; from 1865 to 1867 was director of the theatre at Christiania, and from 1869 to 1872 was associate editor of "För Idé og Birkelighed," a periodical published at Copenhagen. In 1875 he returned to Norway, taking up his residence at Gausdal. During all these years he was a voluminous writer, his works including tales, poems, and dramas. Among his works are: "Magnhild," "Synnöve Solbakken," "Arne," "Bridal March and Other Stories," "A Happy Boy," "Flags are Flying," "In God's Way," "The Fisher Maiden," and "Captain Mansana." Among his dramatic works are "Mary Stuart," "Leonardo," "A Bankruptcy," and "A Glove." Many of his works have been translated into German and into English.

Arne's song.

(From "Arne.")

Eli was very weak after her relapse. Her mother sat over her day and night, and was never to be seen downstairs; her father went up to pay his accustomed visits in his stocking-feet, always leaving his hat outside the door. Arne was still at the farm; he and Baard sat together in the evenings, and he had grown very fond of him. Baard was a well-informed and very thoughtful man, but inclined to be somewhat afraid of what he knew; but now, when Arne encouraged, and told him of things that he did not know before, Baard was very grateful.

Eli was soon able to sit up at times; and after each attempt, as she got on better, she grew more and more full of whims. Thus it happened that one evening, as Arne sat in the room below hers, singing aloud, the mother came down and asked him, in Eli's name, to go up to her and sing, so that she could hear the words. Arne must surely have been sitting there singing for Eli as it was, for when Birgit spoke he turned red, and got up as if to deny that he had done so, though no one had said he had. However, he pulled himself up and said — trying to refuse — that he was scarcely able to sing at all. But he was answered by the mother that that did not seem to be so when he sat alone.

Arne gave in and went. He had not seen Eli since the day he helped carry her up; he felt that she must now be much changed, and that gave him a feeling of dread. But when he softly opened the door, and entered, there was such deep darkness that he saw no one. He paused by the door.

"Who is that?" asked Eli, in a clear, low tone.

"Arne Kampen," answered he, gently, trying to keep his voice from jarring on her nerves.

"It was good of you to come."

"How are you now, Eli?"

"Thanks; now I am getting better."

"You must sit down, Arne," she said, after a pause; and Arne felt his way to a chair that stood by the foot of the bed. "It was so nice to hear you singing, that you must sing a little to me up here."

"If I only knew what to sing!"

There was silence for a moment, and then, "Sing a hymn," said the girl. And he did so, singing a bit of a confirmation hymn. As he finished, he heard her weeping, and did not dare to sing any more; but presently she said, "Sing another," and he sang one that is often heard in church.

"How many things I have thought of while I've been lying here!" said Eli, when he had finished.

He knew not what to answer, and he heard her weeping again to herself in the darkness. A clock, which was ticking away on the wall, gathered itself up for a blow, and struck out the hour.

Eli slowly drew breath once or twice, as if trying to lighten a load on her breast, and said:

"One knows so little; one can't even get to know one's own

father or mother. I have not been good to them, and that's why it makes me feel so strange now to hear the confirmation hymn."

When people talk in the dark, they are likely to be more truthful than when they see one another's faces, and to speak more freely, too.

"It makes me happy to hear you say that," answered Arne. He was thinking of what she she had said when she fell ill.

She understood what was in his heart, and added:

"Had not that happened to me, God knows how long I might have been without having found mother."

"Has she spoken freely with you, then?"

"Every day; she has done nothing else."

"Then you must have heard much from her?"

"You may well say so."

". . . She talked to you about my father, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Does she still think of him?"

"She still thinks of him."

"He did not treat her well."

"Poor mother!"

"He treated himself far worse, though."

But there was something in the heart of each that neither would tell the other. It was Eli who first spoke again:—

"You are said to be like your father."

"They say so," he answered, uneasily.

She did not notice his tone, so she returned to the subject again.

"Could he, too, make songs?"

"No."

"Sing me a song — one that you have made yourself."

But it was not Arne's habit to admit that any song he sang was his own.

"I have none," he said.

"But you will find one, and you 'll sing it, too, won't you, if I ask?"

And he did for her now what he had never done for any one else. This was the song he sang:—

"Green stood the Tree, with its leaves tender-bright.
'Shall I take them?' said Frost, as he breathed through the night.

'Oh! pray let them be
Till my blossoms you see!'
Begged the Tree, as she shivered and shook in affright.

"Sweet sang the birds the fair blossoms among.
'Shall I take them?' said Wind as he swayed them and swung.
'Oh! pray let them be,
Till my berries you see!'
Begged the Tree, as its branches all quivering hung.

"Bright grew the berries beneath the sun's heat.
'Shall I take them?' said Lassie, so young and so sweet.
'Ah! take them, I crave,
Take all that I have!'
Begged the Tree, as it bent its full boughs to her feet."

The song seemed well nigh to take her breath away. He, too, sat there when it was ended, as if he had said more in his song than he had wanted.

Darkness lies heavy upon those who sit together in it, but do not talk; they are never nearer together than then. He heard it if she but turned, or merely drew her hand across the coverlet; he heard her, if she so much as breathed a little deeper than usual.

"Arne, could n't you teach me to make songs?"

"Have you never tried?"

"Yes, lately, but I can't get on."

"What have you tried to make your songs about?"

"About mother, and all her love for your father."

"That 's a difficult subject."

"I 've cried over it so, too."

"You must not seek for subjects; they come."

"How do they come?"

"Like other precious things — when one least expects them."

Both were silent awhile.

"I wonder, Arne," she said, at length, "that you, who have so much that is beautiful within yourself, should want to go away."

"How do you know I want to?"

She did not answer, but lay silent as if in thought.

"Arne, you must not go away!" she said, and it set his blood aflame.

"There are times when I seem not to want to so much," he said.

"Your mother must be very fond of you. I must get to know your mother."

"Come over to Kampen when you're well again," said he. And at the words he seemed to see her sitting in the bright room at Kampen, looking out at the mountains. His heart began to beat fast, and his blood to rush to his head. "It's very warm in here," said he, and he rose, as if to go.

She heard his movement.

"Are you going, Arne?" said she, and he sat down again. "You must come here oftener now. Mother's taken such a liking to you."

"I should like to come, too . . . but I must have something to come for."

Eli was silent for a while as if she were reflecting.

"I think," she said, "mother has something she will ask you about."

He heard her raising herself up in bed. No sound was there in the room or below, save the clock ticking on the wall. Suddenly she broke out:

"Would to God summer were here!"

"Summer!" — and at the word rose up before him fragrant leaves, and the tinkle of cattle-bells, merry sounds from the hills, and songs from the valleys, the black water glittering in the sun, and the homesteads reflected in its ripples. Eli came out, and was sitting down just as she had done that summer evening long ago.

"If summer were here," said she, "if I could sit on the hill, I certainly believe I should be able to sing a song of my own."

He laughed, and asked, "What would it be about?"

"About something that would be easy enough — about — about — I don't know!"

"Tell me, Eli!" and he rose joyously; but a thought struck him, and he sat down again.

"Not you, for all the world!" And she laughed.

"I sang to you when you asked me."

"That's true — but no, no, no!"

"Eli, do you think I'd make fun of the little verses you've made?"

"No, that I don't, Arne; but it's not anything I've made myself."

"Is it anybody else's then?"

"Yes; it came of itself to me, so to speak."

"Well, then, surely you can tell it me."

"No, no: it's not anything of that sort either, Arne. Don't ask me any more."

She was certainly hiding her head in the bed, for the last words were scarcely audible.

"Well, Eli, you're not as kind to me as I've been to you!" and he rose.

"Arne, it's different — you don't understand me — but it was — I don't know — some other time — don't be cross with me, Arne! Don't go away!" And she began to cry.

"Eli, what is the matter with you?" and he listened. "Are you ill?" he asked, but he did not think she was.

She was still weeping, and he felt that now he must move — either forward or back.

"Eli!"

"Yes!" — both voices in a whisper.

"Give me your hand."

She made no answer. He listened, quickly, closely — stretched out his hand over the coverlet, and grasped a warm little hand that lay bare.

There was a step on the stairs, and they let go of one another.

It was Birgit, coming in with a light. "You've been sitting too long in the dark," said she, and put the candle on the table. But neither Eli nor he could bear the light; she turned her face to the pillow, and he held his hand before his eyes. "Ah, yes; it's a bit dazzling at first," said the mother; "but the feeling soon passes away."

Arne groped about on the floor for his hat — which he had never brought in with him — and so left the room.

Next day he heard that Eli was going to come down for awhile after dinner. He put his tools together, and bade farewell to the farm. When she came down he was gone.

ARNE'S TREASURE.

It was a Sunday evening in summer-time. The pastor had come back from church, and Margit had been with him at his house till nearly seven o'clock. Then she bade him farewell, and hastened down the steps, and out into the farm-yard, for

there she had caught sight of Eli Böen, who had for some time past been playing with the little boy and her own brother.

"Good evening," said Margit, coming to a standstill; "God bless you all!"

"Good evening," said Eli, blushing red, and trying to leave off her game with the children, who kept pressing her to go on; but she begged them to let her go, and got their gracious permission for that one evening.

"It really seems to me," said Margit, "that I must know you."

"That may well be," replied the other.

"Surely you must be Eli Böen?"

Eli acquiesced.

"Ah! so then you really *are* Eli Böen! Yes, I see now you 're very like your mother."

Eli's auburn hair had come down, and was hanging long and loose about her; her face was hot, and brown as a berry; her bosom was rising and falling rapidly; she could not get breath to speak, and she laughed at herself for being in such a state.

"Well, well," said Margit, looking at her with pleasure, "it 's natural for young folks to be merry. You don't know me, I suppose?"

Eli had been wanting to ask her name, but could not pluck up courage to do it, because the other was so much her elder; now she said in answer, that she did not remember having seen her before.

"Ah, no," Margit said, "that was scarcely to be expected, of course; we old people seldom get about much. Perhaps, though, you know my son a bit — Arne Kampen? I 'm his mother." And she shot a glance at Eli, upon whose face had come a new expression. "I think," she went on, "he did some work once over there at Böen?"

Yes, that was so, Eli said.

"What beautiful weather it is this evening! We heaped up the hay to-day, and took it all in before I came out," continued Margit. "This is really God's own weather."

"It must indeed be a glorious year for hay," said Eli.

"You may well say so. Is there a good crop at Böen?"

"They 've taken it all in by now."

"Yes, I suppose so; sturdy folks, quick work. Are you going back to-night?"

No, she was not.

They talked together about one thing and another, and by degrees got intimate enough for Margit to venture to ask if Eli would walk with her part of the way.

"Can't you give me your company just for a few steps?" she said; "it 's so seldom I meet any one to talk to, and I dare say it 's much the same with you."

Eli had no jacket with her; she could not come, she said.

"Ah, it 's too bad of me, I know," said Margit, "to ask such a thing the first time I 've ever seen you; but one must put up with something from old folks."

Eli said she would be very glad to go with her; she would just run in and get her jacket.

It was a tight-fitting jacket; and when it was fastened about her, it looked as if it was merely a bodice; but now she did up only the two lowest hooks, she was so warm. Her pretty linen vest had a little collar, that turned down and spread out round her neck, and was fastened by a silver clasp in the shape of a bird with outstretched wings. Just such a one had Nils Skrædder worn the first time Margit Kampen danced with him.

"A pretty clasp," said she, looking at it.

"I had it from mother," said Eli.

"Ah, yes, naturally!" said Margit, helping her to fix it.

They walked along side by side. The hay was heaped up, and lay in little stacks; Margit pulled bits out of them, smelt it, and pronounced it good. She asked about the cattle on the parsonage farm, questioned Eli about those at Böen, and told her how big those were that they had at Kampen.

"The place has been getting on mightily these last few years," she said, "and there 's room for it to grow as much as one pleases. It supports twelve milch-cows now, and it might keep more; but my son 's got so many books that he reads and goes by, and so he will have them all so well fed."

Eli had nothing to say to all this, as was to be expected. Then Margit asked her how old she was.

She was nineteen.

"Have you taken any part in the house-work? you look so delicate that you can scarcely have done much," said Margit.

Oh, yes, Eli had borne her share in lots of ways — especially of late.

"Ah, it 's good to be used to doing a little of all that sort of thing; when one has a large house oneself, there is so much wants doing and looking after; of course, though, when one

finds good help at hand in the house, there 's not so much need."

Eli thought she must be going back now, for they had got long past the parsonage lands.

"Oh, it 'll be a long time, yet," urged Margit, "before the sun goes down. It would be so nice of you if you came a little further, and talked to me." And Eli went with her.

Then Margit began to talk of Arne.

"I don't know if you know him much. He can teach you something about everything. God bless me! what a lot he has read!"

Eli admitted that she knew he had read a great deal.

"Ah! yes; and that 's the least to be said for him. Far more than that is how he 's behaved to his mother all his life long — far more, I can tell you! If the old saying 's true, that he who 's good to his mother 'll be good to his wife, then she he chooses won't need much pity. What is it you 're looking for, my child?"

"Oh, I dropped a little twig I was carrying."

Both were silent for a while, and went on without looking at one another.

"It 's so curious in him," the mother began again; "he was always so kept down and shy as a child, and so he got into the habit of thinking over everything to himself, and people of that sort don't easily pluck up heart."

Eli felt sure she ought to be going back now, but Margit said it was such a little way up to Kampen that she really must come and see it now, since she had got so far.

Eli declared it was too late for doing so that day.

"Oh, we have always some one or other there who 'll see you safely home," said Margit.

"No, no!" cried Eli quickly, making as if to go.

"What a pity," said Margit, "Arne 's not at home, so that he can't see you back; but still, there are others there."

And now Eli made less objection. She would very much like to see Kampen, of course (she said), if only it did n't get too late.

"Well, if we stand talking here long it certainly will be," said Margit. And on they went again.

"I suppose you 've read lots of books," said the mother, "as you 've been brought up at the parsonage."

Yes, she had read a good many.

"That will be useful," said Margit, "if you have a husband who's read less."

Eli had no intention of having such a one, she said.

"Well, well, it's best not to, of course; but here in these parts folks don't get much book-learning."

Eli asked what the smoke came from, away there in the wood.

"That's the new crofter's clearing; it belongs to Kampen. A man called Upland Knut lives there. He was all alone in the world, so Arne gave him the place to clear and live in. Poor Arne, he knows what it is to be alone!"

Presently they were high enough up to see Kampen. The sun was straight in their faces; they put up their hands to shield them, and looked down. In the middle of the level ground lay the farm-house, its wall painted red, its window-frames white; round about it the meadows were mown and the hay was piled up in stacks, the heavy-laden, rich-looking fields of grain contrasting with the pale, shorn hay-fields. Away by the cattle sheds all was busy life, for cows, sheep, and goats were just come home, amid the tinkling of bells, the baying of dogs, the cry of the milking maids; and above and through all these sounds rose up from the ravine the thunderous voice of the waterfall. The longer Eli looked, the more this last alone took possession of her, filling her with such awe that at length it made her heart beat fast, and roared and thundered through and through her head till she grew quite dazed, and then so happy and excited that she began unconsciously to lag with short steps, so that Margit had to ask her to walk a little faster. She gave a start. "I have never heard a sound like that waterfall before," she explained; "I am almost afraid of it."

"You'll soon grow used to," said the mother; "you'd get quite to miss it at last."

"Do you really think so?" queried Eli.

"Ah! you'll see, sure enough," said Margit; and she smiled. "Come," she went on; and they turned into the farm from the road; "first we'll look at the cattle. These trees on both sides of the way here Nils planted; he was always wanting to have the place look nice, was Nils; and so's Arne too. Look at the garden he's made there."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Eli, darting up to the garden fence. She had often seen Kampen, but never so near as now; so she had not had a glimpse of the garden at all before.

"We 'll look at it presently," said Margit.

Eli glanced furtively through the windows, as they passed the house. There was no one within.

They went and stood at the barn door, and looked at the cows as they went lowing by to their stalls. Margit named each by its name to Eli, telling her how much milk each one gave, which of them would calve that summer and which not. The sheep were counted and penned in; they were of a large, strange breed, for Arne had taken a couple of lambs from the south.

"He takes great pains with all that sort of thing, though you might n't think it of him," said Margit.

Next they went into the barn and looked at the hay, which was already carted in; Eli had to smell it, of course, "for such hay," as the mother said, "was not to be found everywhere." She pointed out the different fields through the window-hole of the barn, telling her what crops each one bore, and how much was sown of each kind. And now they went towards the house. Eli, who had answered nothing to all Margit said hitherto, asked as they passed the garden if she might not go into it. Being allowed to do so, she next asked leave to pluck just a flower or two. There was a little bench in one corner; she seated herself on it, apparently only to try it, for she got up again at once.

"We must hurry now, if we don't want to be very late," said Margit, standing in the doorway; and at this they went in.

Margit asked Eli if she might not give her something to eat and drink, as this was the first time she had crossed their threshold; but Eli turned red, and curtly declined. She turned and looked round her. She was in the room they used in the day time; it was not large, but it was cosy-looking, with its timepiece, its tiled stove, and its windows that faced the road. Nils's fiddle, old and time-stained, but with new strings, hung there, as did a couple of guns that belonged to Arne, his English fishing-rod, and other precious objects, which the mother took down and showed her. Eli looked at them, and touched them. The room was not painted, for Arne disliked painted walls; neither was the other room, which looked out upon the ravine, with the bright, clear mountain-peak far away behind. This apartment, which was an addition to the original building — as was quite half that side of the house — was larger and handsomer than the other; but in the two smaller rooms of the wing the walls and ceilings were painted, for that was where

the mother was to live when she got old, and he took to himself a wife. They went into the kitchen, the pantry, the washhouse. Not a single word did Eli say, and she looked at everything as if from a distance. Even when Margit handed her something to look at, she put out her hand indeed, but scarcely touched it. Margit, talking to her the whole way, took her back to the house again; they must go up and look at the higher story.

Up there were tidy rooms that corresponded to those down below, but they looked new, and not lived in, except one that faced the ravine. In these rooms there lay about, or hung on the walls, all sorts of household goods that were not required for daily use. There were a whole row of fur coverlets and bed-clothes; these the mother took hold of and lifted one after another, and bade Eli do so too. The girl seemed now to have plucked up heart a little more, or else she took more interest in things like these; for some of them she went back to more than once, asking questions, and growing brighter and brighter. Presently the mother said, "Now we 'll go, last of all, to Arne's own room," and they went into the one facing the waterfall. The thunderous voice of the torrent smote right upon them through the open window. Up at the height they were, they could see jets and spray from the cascade amid the crags, but not the water of the fall itself, save at one place further up, where a huge bit of rock had broken loose, at the very spot where the torrent came rushing along, gathering all its strength for the last leap into the depths below. Fresh green turf had covered the upper surface of the rocky wall, and down into it a handful of fir-cones had dived, throwing their heads heavenward again, with their roots deep in the rifts of stone. The wind had dashed upon the trees, shaking them with all its might; the spray of the torrent had washed against their stems, so that not a twig was to be seen within four ells of their roots: they stood there as if with knees crippled and bent, and gnarled and knotted were the branches of them; but yet, stand firmly there they did, thrusting their heads aloft 'mid the mountain walls. They were the first that Eli saw from the window, and next she saw the shining white snow-peaks that rose above the green. She turned aside her eyes; over the fields lay peace and fruitfulness. And now at last she looked round the room where she stood, for the torrent had forbidden her doing so at first.

How calm and tranquil it was in here, contrasted with the tumult without! She singled out no special thing to gaze at, for everything in the room seemed to be in harmony, and nearly all of it was a new thing to her; for Arne had put his heart's love into that room, so that, poor as it was, it had been made as beautiful in almost every least particular as well might be. It seemed to her that his verses came singing in as she stood there, or that he himself smiled at her from everything. The first thing her mind took in separately was a large, handsome, and finely-carven bookcase. There were so many books in it that she thought the pastor himself could scarcely have more. Next, a handsome chest caught her attention. He had many a precious thing in that, his mother told her; there, too, he kept his money, she added, in a whisper. Twice had they had a legacy, she told her, a little later; once more they were to do so, if all went as it should. "But money," she said, "is not the best thing in the world; he's got the power to get what's better."

There were many little knick-knacks about the room that were well worth looking at, and Eli looked at them all, as happy and bright as a child.

Margit patted her on the shoulder. "I've never seen you before to-day, child," she said, "and yet I feel so fond of you," and she looked lovingly into her eyes. Before Eli had time to blush, she nudged her gently, and went on:

"Look at that little red chest there; there's something precious in that, you may be sure."

Eli looked at it. It was a little square box that she would much have liked to have for her own.

"He doesn't want me to know," whispered the mother, "what there is in that box, and he hides away the key every time." So saying, she went to some clothes that were hanging on the wall, took down a velvet waistcoat, felt in the watch-pocket and drew out the key.

"Come now," she whispered, "come and see!"

Eli thought what the mother was now doing was not at all right; but women are women, and both these two walked softly up to the little chest and knelt down before it. But the moment the mother raised the lid, such a pleasant odor arose that Eli clapped her hands together in delight before she saw a single thing. At the top lay a kerchief, spread out over everything, and this Margit now drew aside. "Look, look now!" she whis-

pered, and drew forth a fine black silk kerchief, but not one of the kind worn by men.

"That 's just fit for a girl," said the mother, "and here 's another."

Eli took hold of it involuntarily, and the other declared she must try it on her, though the girl objected and turned away her head. The mother folded it up carefully again.

"Look at this!" she cried, drawing forth a handful of beautiful silk ribbons, "all just as if for a girl, is n't it?"

Eli was fiery red now, but she uttered not a sound; her bosom was heaving, her eyes downcast, her whole being showed anxious unrest.

"There 's more yet!" went on Margit, drawing out some handsome black velvet, evidently meant for a dress. "This is fine indeed" — and she held it up to the light.

Eli's hands were trembling a little when the mother bade her feel it; she felt the blood rushing to her head, and she seemed to want to turn away, but not to have the power to do so.

"He 's bought something each time he 's been to the town," said Margit.

Eli could scarcely hold out much more now, she felt; her glance flitted from one thing in the chest to another, and then back again to the velvet; but indeed she no longer saw anything. But the mother went on with what she was doing. The last thing she took up was wrapped in many papers; she unfolded them one after another, so arousing Eli's curiosity that she got more and more excited; at last appeared a pair of little shoes. Neither Eli nor Margit had ever seen their like; the mother, indeed, declared she would not have believed such things could be made. Not a word said the girl, but when the shoes were given her to hold she closed her five little fingers tight on them, and then felt so ashamed of herself that she was like to weep: she would have given anything to go away, but she dared not trust herself to speak, she dared not cause the mother to look up. Margit, indeed, was fully taken up with what she herself was doing.

"Does n't it look," she said, "just as if he had bought all these things, one after another, for some one he did not dare give them to?" and she went on putting them all carefully back in the places she had taken them from; she must have had practice in it. "Now let 's see what 's in the compartment here," she went on, and opened it with much care, as there really was some great thing coming now. There lay a buckle, broad as if for a belt.

This was the first thing she called Eli's attention to, and next to a pair of gold rings fastened together; and then Eli saw a velvet-bound hymn-book with silver clasps, and after that nothing more — for she had seen engraved on the silver clasp of the hymn-book, in finely-wrought characters:

"Eli Baardsdatter Böen."

The mother urged her to look; she got no answer, but she saw tear after tear roll down on the silk covering, and stream over it. Margit put down the brooch she was holding up, closed the box again, turned, and clasped Eli to her heart. And the daughter wept there, and the mother wept over her, and neither of them said a word.

. . . . . .

A little while after, Eli was walking in the garden alone; the mother had gone to the kitchen to prepare something especially nice, for Arne would soon be back now. Presently she went out into the garden for Eli; she saw her sitting, leaning towards the ground, writing on the sandy soil. She rubbed it out with her foot when she saw Margit coming, and looked up at her smiling, but she had evidently been weeping.

"You've nothing to cry for, my child," said Margit, and patted her cheeks.

They saw something black among the bushes by the road. Into the house darted Eli, and after her Margit. There was quite a little banquet spread with its cream pudding, smoked meat, and cakes; but not a glance did it get from Eli: she went and sat on a chair against the wall in the corner by the clock, and started if she but heard a cat stirring. The mother sat down by the table. They heard a man's step on the stone flags, then a light, quick step in the passage: the door opened, and Arne came in. The first thing he saw was Eli in the corner by the clock; he let go the door-handle and stood motionless. Thereon Eli's confusion was even greater than before; she got up, repented having done so, and turned her face to the wall.

"*You* here!" said Arne, softly, blushing fiery red as he spoke.

She raised one hand and held it before her, as one does when the sun shines too dazzlingly in one's eyes.

"Why——?" he broke off, but he made a step or two towards her; she lowered her hand again, turned to him with bowed head, and burst into tears.

"God bless you, Eli!" said he, and he put his arms round her; she leant her head on his breast. He whispered something in her ear; she made no answer, but clasped him round the neck with her two arms.

Long stood they thus, with not a sound to be heard save the torrent's eternal admonition. Suddenly, somebody seemed to be crying on the other side of the table; Arne looked up; it was his mother, whom he had not seen in the room till then.

"Now, I'm *sure* you won't go away from me, Arne," said she, coming over to where he stood. Her tears were flowing fast, but that did her good, she said.

. . . . . .

As they walked home together in the fair summer evening, they could not utter many words to one another in their strange new happiness. Nature herself interpreted their hearts to one another, in her tranquil, shining, magnificent companionship. But on his way home from their first summer-night's walk, Arne, as he walked towards the rising sun, composed a song, which, though he had not time then to complete it, he perfected soon after, and made it his daily hymn for a season.

"Once I thought that I really might grow to be great,
If afar in the world I might grapple with fate;
And I recked not of friend, and I recked not of foe,
While my heart was aflame with a yearning to go.
But sudden mine eye met a girl's soft glance,
And straight died my longing for flight;
And it seems to me now that the fairest on earth
Were to live in that dear maid's sight.

"Once I thought that I really might grow to be great,
If afar in the world I might grapple with fate;
For the voice of Ambition cried loudly 'Arise,
Young spirit! and struggle thy best for the prize,'
But that maiden she taught me (with never a word)
That the dearest of things God can give
Is not to be famous, renownèd, or great,
But perfect in manhood to live.

"Once I thought that I really might grow to be great,
If afar in the world I might grapple with fate:
But to do aught at home I should never be bold,
For all I met here were misjudging and cold.

But when I saw her, and her sweet, bright love,
And her radiant, pure-hearted glee,
And I knew that her joy and her heart — all — was mine,
Ah! to live was a glory to me."

After that there was many a summer's evening walk, followed by many a song. Here is one such: —

"Whence comes this sudden change I find?
No flood has been, no angry wind;
And yet my gently wand'ring course
Now rushes with a torrent's force
Mightily to the mighty sea.

"Can something in Life's self, indeed,
Give to a man at utmost need
An earnest strength, yet tender heart,
That peril, care, and Love's own smart
Encompass, as with bridal chains?

"Sends Life to me such promise rare
As now I feel — strong, helpful, fair?
Then must some God this thing have willed,
Ordaining, 'Be My word fulfilled,'
Wafting me soft to joy for aye."

But perhaps nothing expressed his deep sense of thankfulness so well as the following: —

"The might that I got from my power to sing
Made Life's joy and Life's pain
Fall like sunshine and rain
On my soul, in its first fresh years of spring.
So in sorrow or glee
No harm I knew,
While my song might be
Of my own Love true.

"The might that I got from my power to sing
Made me love young and old,
Made me urgent and bold,
Spite of self, to prize love beyond all other thing.
On, on did I roam
Every barrier through,
Till at last I reached home
And my own Love true.

"The might that I got from my power to sing
Must help me to cheer
Those who wander in fear,
And shall lead them to share the glad tiding I bring.
Joy perfecter never
To man can be due,
Than carolling ever
His own Love true."

Over the Lofty Mountains.

(From "Arne.")

Often I wonder what there may be
Over the lofty mountains.
Here the snow is all I see,
Spread at the foot of the dark green tree;
Sadly I often ponder,
Would I were over yonder.

Strong of wing soars the eagle high
Over the lofty mountains;
Glad of the new day, soars to the sky,
Wild in pursuit of his prey doth fly;
Pauses, and, fearless of danger,
Scans the far coasts of the stranger.

The apple-tree, whose thoughts ne'er fly
Over the lofty mountains,
Leaves when the summer days draw nigh,
Patiently waits for the time when high
The birds in its bough shall be swinging,
Yet will not know what they are singing.

He who has yearned so long to go
Over the lofty mountains —
He whose visions and fond hopes grow
Dim, with the years that so restless flow —
Knows what the birds are singing,
Glad in the tree-tops swinging.

Why, O bird, dost thou hither fare
Over the lofty mountains?
Surely it must be better there,
Broader the view and freer the air;
Com'st thou these longings to bring me —
These only, and nothing to wing me?

BICYCLING IN NORWAY

(THE NORTH LAND)

From Painting by Hans Dahl

Oh, shall I never, never go
Over the lofty mountains?
Must all my thoughts and wishes so
Held in these walls of ice and snow
Here be imprisoned forever?
Till death shall escape be never?

Hence! I will hence! Oh, so far from here,
Over the lofty mountains!
Here 't is so dull, so unspeakably drear;
Young is my heart and free from fear—
Better the walls to be scaling
Than here in my prison lie wailing.

One day, I know, shall my free soul roam
Over the lofty mountains.
O my God, fair is thy home,
Ajar is the door for all who come;
Guard it for me yet longer,
Till my soul through striving grows stronger.

A Song.

"Lord, protect this little child,
Playing on the rugged shore.
Round him let Thy Spirit mild
Cast its bonds for evermore.
Mighty waves nor treach'rous sand
Tear him from that sacred band.
Safe and blessèd may he live,
Praise to thee and glory give.

"Mother sits in anxious pain,
Knowing not why thus he tarries
Calls him o'er and o'er again,
No reply the stillness carries.
Yet she knows, where'er the spot,
Help divine forsakes him not.
Far from angry wave and foam,
Jesus leads him gently home."

The Princess.

The Princess sat alone in her maiden bower,
The lad blew his horn at the foot of the tower.
"Why playest thou alway? Be silent, I pray,
It fetters my thoughts that would flee far away,
As the sun goes down."

In her maiden bower sat the Princess forlorn,
The lad had ceased to play on his horn.
"Oh, why art thou silent? I beg thee to play!
It gives wings to my thoughts that would flee far away,
As the sun goes down."

In her maiden bower sat the Princess forlorn,
Once more with delight played the lad on his horn.
She wept as the shadows grew long, and she sighed:
"Oh, tell me, my God, what my heart doth betide,
Now the sun has gone down."

The North Land.

My land will I defend,
My land will I befriend,
And my son to help its fortunes and be faithful will I train;
Its weal shall be my prayer,
And its want shall be my care,
From the rugged old snow mountains to the cabins by the main.

We have sun enough and rain,
We have fields of golden grain;
But love is more than fortune, or the best of sunny weather;
We have many a Child of Song,
And Sons of Labor strong,
We have hearts to raise the North Land, if they only beat together.

In many a gallant fight
We have shown the world our might,
And reared the Norseman's banner on a vanquished stranger's shore;
But fresh combats we will brave,
And a nobler flag shall wave,
With more of health and beauty than it ever had before!

New valor shall burst forth;
For the ancient three-cleft North
Shall unite its wealth and power, yielding thanks to God the Giver!
Once more shall kinsmen near
To their brethren's voice give ear,
And the torrents of the mountains wed thee forces in the river.

For this North Land is our own,
And we love each rock and stone,
From the rugged old snow mountains to the cabins by the main;
And our love shall be the seed
To bear the fruit we need,
And the country of the Norseman shall be great and *one* again!

Life.

The spark of life is like a spark of fire;
It flashes forth its beauty, and is gone;
So dies the minstrel, leaving Fancy's lyre
Bereft of heart, and chords, and song and tune;
Silent, because it cannot sing alone.
Meanwhile, all those who loved it mourn and weep
For loss of him with whom it could not sleep.

Yet leaves he pearls behind — a glorious name,
That time would fear to kill, so passeth by;
A dearly cherished memory, a fame
Forbid by immortality to die,
The crown for which a world of poets sigh;
A fairy tree, which he alone could find,
From when he plucked the bay leaves of the mind.

Anonymous.

WILLIAM BLACK.

Black, William, a Scottish novelist and journalist; born at Glasgow, in November, 1841; died at London, December 10, 1898. He began literary life as a journalist in his native city, but in 1864 he removed to London. In the Franco-Austrian war of 1866 he was a war-correspondent of a London newspaper, and during the next five years wrote several novels, achieving his first decided success by "A Daughter of Heth," which appeared in 1871. Since that he has written one or more novels a year. In 1874 he abandoned the career of journalism, which he had successfully pursued, visited America in 1876, and returning to London, devoted himself anew to literature. In addition to an interesting story, his novels contain fine descriptions of scenery. They are very popular, and include: "Love or Marriage" (1867); "In Silk attire" (1869); "A Daughter of Heth" (1871); "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" (1872); "A Princess of Thule" (1873); "Three Feathers" (1875); "Madcap Violet" (1876); "Macleod of Dare" (1878); "White Wings: a Yachting Romance" (1880); "Yolande" (1883); "Judith Shakespeare" (1884); "White Heather" (1885); "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat" (1888); "Wolfenberg" (1892); besides others. He has also written a "Life of Goldsmith" (1879); "Wild Eelin" (1898).

In the Face of a Gale.

(From "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat.")

At half-past two, on this perfectly calm morning, there are a few stars still visible in the western skies — faint, trembling points of silver in the deep-hued violet vault; but away in the east there is a pale, mysterious light that appears to tell of the coming dawn; while just over a serrated ridge of jet-black trees hangs the thin sickle of the moon, orange-hued, and sending down on the smooth surface of the water a long line of gold, broken here or there by some accidental ripple. The birds are already singing in the strange twilight, and their shrill carolling

seems to belong to some other and distant sphere, for the great world around us lies dark and dumb and dead. When Murdoch comes out, he speaks in undertones (it had been arranged we were to try to get the boat along to the basin without awakening any of the people on board), and when Columbus appears at the waterside he looks like a ghost approaching through the transparent, bewildering, phantasmal gloom.

Then in the prevailing silence we stealthily release the "Nameless Barge" from her moorings, and with brief paddlings of oars and poles get her over to the other side, where the tow-path is. There Murdoch and Columbus go ashore, taking with them the end of the line attached to the bow; and forthwith we are noiselessly gliding along through the smooth waters of the canal, towards the great gates that are to let us forth into the Severn.

Presently the door opposite the steersman is opened with an exceeding quietness, the figure of a tall young lady becomes visible, clad in a long dressing-gown, and with some soft white thing flung around her head and neck and shoulders; then, as carefully and gently, the door is shut again.

"I have n't wakened any one," she says in an apologetic whisper.

"You 'd much better go back to bed; you can't have had more than three hours' sleep."

"I have n't had any," she says; "I was too excited. I was lying awake, watching the stars, and then I thought I felt the boat moving, and I guessed you had begun. I 'm not in your way, am I?"

"Certainly not, but it will be a tedious business getting through the locks."

"Oh, but it is ever so much nicer to be out here; and what a strangely beautiful morning it is!" she says, looking all around her.

Indeed, she is almost justified in calling it morning now, for those trees close by are no longer quite black; some shadowy suggestion of green is traceable on the long shelving branches; the stars in the west have disappeared, and the skies there have grown from a deep violet to a pale, ethereal lilac; while in the eastern heavens the faint, wan glow has become radiant and clear: the herald of the new day, on some far hill-top, is blowing his silver bugle to awaken the sleeping valleys. She regards all this for some time in silence. Then one hears her repeat, almost to herself, the beginning of the old ballad —

"Down Deeside rode Inveray, whistling and playing,
He called loud at Brackla gate ere the day's dawing,"

though what fancy she has in her mind it is hard to say. She turns from her musings —

"Have you many mornings like this in those wonderful places in the north?" she asks rather wistfully.

"You will find still stranger things — seasons in which there is no night at all. You can sit on deck and read till midnight, if you like; only it is much nicer not to read, but to have some amiable young creature play and sing ballads for you; or you can walk up and down and listen to the sea-birds. No night at all; the sunset merely glides into the sunrise, and you have a new day around you before you know where you are."

"But," she says, "when you have been in such beautiful places, don't you feel it to be just dreadful to come back and live in a town?"

"Not at all. It is the contrast that tells. Perhaps, if you lived there always, you might become too familiar with it; you might lose the fine touch of things that wonder gives you. The first wild primrose you come upon in the spring has an extraordinary fascination and interest; but if there were spring and summer all the year round — none of the deadness of winter — where would be the surprise and delight?"

"Well," she says, after a little while — and her eyes are fixed on that light in the east, that is momentarily becoming more clear and silvery and wonderful — "there are things that could never grow familiar. Daybreak is one. There is always mystery about it. It is like coming to life again, after death. You have been away, you don't know where, and you come back to the world; and when you find it as it is now — belonging almost to yourself, all the other people as good as out of it — it is very strange. No, I'm not afraid of becoming too familiar with beautiful things. Besides, the halcyon times you talk about don't last forever. You have the stormy weather coming on, rain and gales; then you are shut up a prisoner in the house; and when you can go out again, when the sunlight and splendid weather come again, you have all the delight of novelty and surprise, just as much as if you had gone to live in some grimy old town."

She seemed inclined to continue talking, in this hushed way, about those northern scenes that had aroused her curiosity; but

we were now arrived at the lock-gates, and business had to be attended to. All that one could hear of Miss Peggy was an occasional snatch of the ballad that seemed to be running through her head: —

> "There rode wi' fierce Inveray thirty-and-three;
> And nane wi' the Gordon save his brother and he;
> Twa galanter Gordons did never sword draw,
> But against three-and-thirty, wae 's me! what were twa?"

At length we got down to the great basin, where all manner of craft were lying ready to sail with the turn of the tide, and there modestly took up our position by the side of some of the smaller vessels. There was as yet no symptom of life anywhere, but the objects round about us were now clearly defined; and colors had become visible, — the red of the steep, high bank, the warm yellow-green of the hanging foliage, and the resplendent saffron of the eastern skies, against which the tall, interposing masts were of intensest black.

Suddenly there was a harsh croak overhead, and a whir as if a hundred skyrockets had simultaneously hurtled through the air.

"What 's that?" Miss Peggy exclaimed, startled out of the low tones in which she had been talking.

"Look, mem, look!" said Murdoch, who was standing on the quay. "It 's a string of wild geese — look!" And away the great birds went swinging over to the western seas.

But towards four o'clock it began to be apparent that there was some human life on board these various craft. Here and there a thin blue line of smoke would rise from the stovepipe into the motionless air; here and there an ancient mariner would appear on deck, rubbing his eyes, and looking all round the heavens for a sign. Soon, indeed, there was plenty of animation. Gradually the crews tumbled up and began to hoist sail — a picturesque occupation in this early morning glow; and presently the ringing music of the topsail halyards told us they were looking forward to a quiet slipping down the stream. Bustle and activity prevailed everywhere; men on deck calling to men on shore; hawsers being passed over our heads; on the smaller craft long sweeps being got ready. In the midst of this general uproar it is hardly to be wondered at that the rest of the people on board the "Nameless Barge" should speedily make their appearance.

"Here 's a pretty hullabaloo!" says Queen Tita, looking all around her at the picturesque clusters of boats, with their tall spars and ruddy sails. "Well, we are going to have sufficient company. If anything goes wrong, there will be plenty of people ready to pick us up."

"Don't be too sure of that," one says to her. "When once we get started, you 'll soon find out how a smart-sailing pilot-boat will draw away from these lumbering craft. That is, if we get any wind at all; at present there is n't a breath. Now, will any one explain how we are to be towed down to Bristol in a dead calm?"

"And you, you American girl," she says, turning to Miss Peggy, "what have you been about? When did you steal out of that cabin?"

"About half-past two, I believe," answered Miss Rosslyn, with an air of calm superiority. "*I* have seen it all from the beginning."

"I don't know how it is," continues Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "but you two are always up first on board this boat. What is it? — a wakeful conscience?"

"It is not," answers Miss Peggy, promptly; "it is simply the necessity of looking after this valuable craft. Of course, if you choose to lie in your berth till all hours of the day, you must have somebody to manage things for you. And there 's no sloth about me; I am always willing to sacrifice myself for the general good."

"Yes, but I want to know what your share was; what did you manage?" says the other.

"I kept my weather-eye open," Miss Peggy answers, enigmatically.

"No doubt you did! I 'll be bound you did! And so this is what you call all hours of the day, is it, when it is hardly four o'clock? I know this, that I wish Murdoch could get us a cup of tea."

"You 'll have to leave Murdoch alone," one says to her. "There are all these vessels beginning to slip out, and Murdoch will be wanted at the bow until we get attached to the pilot-boat. Indeed, he 'd better stop there all the way down, so there will be little breakfast for you for some hours to come. Why don't you go inside and bring out some soda-water and biscuits?"

"Well," she says, with much good-nature, "people who

make long voyages into distant lands have to put up with many things. But soda-water and biscuits, it 's a gruesome breakfast!"

"I 'm going to hunt out some beer, if I may," said Jack Duncombe, forthwith.

"I think," said Colonel Cameron, "if you will let me advise, that an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry would be a good deal wholesomer for you ladies at this time of the morning; and if you are not going to have breakfast for some hours — "

But here Miss Peggy interposed.

"An egg — and sherry?" she said. "Why should n't we have egg-nog at once? Let 's all have some egg-nog, and you may drink to the Fourth of July or not, just as you please. And do you think I do not know how to make it? Oh, but I do. And I know that Murdoch has all the materials, and I know where he keeps them; so come along and get out the glasses."

Accordingly these greedy people crowded into Murdoch's pantry, where one could hear them hauling things about, with a great deal of unseemly jesting. At the same time, when the transatlantic beverage was at length produced, one could not but confess that it was extremely grateful and comforting at this early hour of the morning; and the Daughter of the Republic received our general thanks. Not that she came back at this moment; oh, no, nor for some time thereafter. When she did return to us, we could perceive that she had seized the occasion to get rid of her hap-hazard costume (which was all very well in the mysterious light preceding the dawn), and now wore her suit of blue serge. She had done up her hair, too, and was altogether looking very smart and fine and neat.

Meanwhile we had attached ourselves to the pilot-boat, and were now lying out in the open, in the midst of a dead calm, and with a scene of singular beauty all around us. Here was no longer any river with twisting channels and bare sandbanks, but a vast lakelike expanse of yellow water, quite smooth save for the rippling of the tide; and that rippling declared itself in a series of sharp flashes of turquoise blue, the color of the overhead sky. On this pale golden plain the various craft, already widely separated, lay with their gray or brown or russet sails idly swaying or entirely motionless, — the various

tints and hues warmed into loveliness by the light streaming over from the gates of the morn. For by this time the sun was actually risen, and his rays shot across the great Severn valley, glorifying all the wide plain of waters, and shining along the wood-crowned, low-lying green hills in the west.

Of course we regarded with some little curiosity our friends in the boat to which we were attached; and found them to be far away indeed from the old-fashioned type of pilot. They were quite elegant young men, and smartly dressed; in fact, if it had n't been that they showed something of a seafaring complexion, and that one or two of them were plainly solacing themselves with the chewing of tobacco, they might have been taken for a party of city clerks setting forth for a day's pleasure-sailing. Though very little sailing there was for anybody. For a little while there was a light puff of wind coming over from the east — the merest cat's-paw, just sufficient to fill the sails; but presently that died away; we were in a dead calm again; and so they on board the pilot-boat took to the sweeps, and began to work at these. We crept along in a kind of way, but very slowly, opposite the green hills and farms of Lydney and its neighborhood.

"And where is all the danger that was talked about?" said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, as bold as a very lion (perhaps the egg-nog had something to do with her fearlessness).

"Where, indeed!" said the steersman.

"Besides, we are in open daylight," she continued. "The darkness was the hateful thing about those tunnels. Now, if anything happens, we shall see what it is; and those young men could stop in a moment and help us. Why, this seems to be about the quietest and safest part of the whole trip!"

Oh, yes, it was all very pleasant — the sweet air of the morning, the smooth-lapping water, the sun shining along the ruddy banks and the green woods and fields, and our slow floating down with the tide. One was almost for withdrawing Murdoch from his post forward and sending him to get breakfast ready, but that now and again one's nostrils seemed to perceive some faint indication of a change of wind, or, rather, of a coming wind, while as yet there was nothing to stir the sails. And very shortly thereafter, indeed, the sails did stir, and quietly fell over and filled; then the sweeps were taken in; and presently we found ourselves being towed through these yellow waters in quite a joyous fashion. Even with this lum-

bering weight behind her, the pilot-boat gradually drew away from all her rivals; the young men who looked like clerks had no trouble at all in not only keeping the lead but increasing it, beating against the ever-freshening southwesterly breeze with a shiftiness and judgment that were very pleasant to watch from this old tub of ours. Of course we had nothing to do but follow accurately in their wake, and avoid the temptation of making little short cuts when they put about; and as the wind was getting brisker and brisker, and blowing up against the current, it was quite a new and delightful experience to chase this flyer through the now rising sea.

And now Miss Peggy separates herself from these associates of hers in the stern-sheets — steps on to the steering-thwart — catches hold of the iron rod by both hands, and places her chin on these as if she were bent merely on gazing away over the waste of waters we are leaving behind, and towards the distant shores.

"I say," she observes, in a remarkably low voice, "is n't this what Murdoch calls a ' sous ' wind ? "

"Southwesterly, I should say."

She smiles a little (the others cannot see her face).

"That was the wind those men at the docks spoke of," she remarks.

"What then ? "

"I was thinking of the five hundred pounds," she says, demurely.

"Five hundred fiddlesticks! She is walking the water like a thing of life. Don't you feel how beautifully she goes ? "

"Yes, but is she going to do it any more? " she asks.

"Do what ? "

"Why, jump about like this."

"It is n't jumping about. I tell you it 's the minuet in ' Ariadne ' she 's doing."

"Is the water going to be any rougher ? "

"If this wind keeps up it certainly will be."

"Oh, my gracious! " she says, in accents of dismay, and one understands at once what she is afraid of.

"Now listen to words of wisdom: if you want to induce seasickness, you 're doing your best at present, standing up here in that spread-eagle fashion. But if you wish to guard against it — I mean, if the water should get really rough farther down, you just ask Colonel Cameron or Mr. Duncombe to go into the

saloon and get out a tin of cold tongue and some biscuits and a bottle of champagne. Begin with a bit of biscuit. Then take a sip of champagne. Then some cold tongue and biscuit. Then some more champagne. Keep on as long as you can at the cold tongue and champagne; and then go and get a foot-stool, and cuddle yourself up in that corner there, and sit perfectly still: do you understand?"

"But I should feel just horrid asking for those things for myself," she protests. "Will your wife join me, do you think?"

"Join you in eating some cold tongue and biscuit? My dear young friend, she would eat you or the boat or anybody or anything, rather than run the risk of being sea-sick."

"Well, I'm not going to give in just yet, at any rate," she says; and she maintains her position on the steering-thwart; only she turns round now to face the pleasant breeze.

We were getting plenty of sailing for our money, but making little progress, owing to the perpetual tacking. Jack Duncombe and the colonel were between them trying to make out by the chart the whereabouts of Sheperdine Sands and Norwood Rocks and Whinstone Rocks; but the high tide rendered this difficult, and we could only guess at the distance we had come. At all events we had left the other vessels a long way behind; we could see them still sawing and sawing across that yellow plain, in the teeth of the still freshening wind.

But when, in course of time, we got still farther down, we could better make out our position. There, unmistakably, was the mouth of the Wye, with the long spit running out, and ending in a conspicuous watch-house. Clearly we were getting on. And so far the "Nameless Barge" had behaved herself admirably; if our young friends in the pilot-boat may have been tempted to smile when they saw her bobbing up and down in their wake, like a fat old donkey being dragged along by a thoroughbred, they were polite enough to conceal their merriment. We never pretended that good looks were our strong point. What we wanted was to get down to Bristol; and we rather congratulated ourselves on having got so far in safety. If there yet lay ahead of us a certain channel or series of channels called "The Shoots," of which the Sharpness people had spoken in somewhat solemn tones — But who was afraid? Even Mrs. Threepenny-bit professed rather to like this sawing and sawing across; and nobody was so ill-natured as to draw

attention to the fact that all the southern horizon was now grown dark, as if there was a stiffish bit of a storm brewing down there.

But what the Sharpness people had been warning us about, we were by and by to discover. "The Shoots," as they are called, are formed by the sudden contraction of the Severn estuary between Northwich and Portskewet (at New Passage, that is), and consist of a series of races and whirlpools not unlike those in the neighborhood of Corrievreckan — over by the Corra Islands and the Dorus Môr. When we found these currents strong enough to grip the pilot-boat by the bows and yaw her about, it is to be imagined that our poor old Noah's ark, lumbering up in the rear, had anything but a "daisy time" of it. Moreover, the water became more and more lumpy. What with the swirling currents themselves, and the breeze blowing against the tide, the "Nameless Barge" began to forsake her heavy gambollings for all kinds of mystical and unexpected gyrations; and again and again ominous noises told of catastrophes within. With that, of course, no one cared to concern himself; the saloon and cabins and pantry might mix themselves up, if they chose; they might make of the whole inside of the ship an elongated dice-box: it was what was happening out here that claimed our attention. And so we fought our way — with such rolling and pitching and springing and curveting as is quite indescribable, down through the Shoots; until, as the morning went by, we gained what looked like a very good imitation of the open sea, where the pilot-boat began to lengthen out her tacks.

It was now blowing hard, and looking very dirty in the south; and one of us, at least, began to wish that the two women could be transferred to the other boat. The pilots themselves (who had lowered their topsail some time ago) no longer seemed to regard this performance as a joke; they kept an eye on our unwieldy craft, as she plunged through the heavily running sea. Indeed, it was almost ludicrous to watch this misshapen thing dipping her nose in the water, and springing forward again, and dashing the foam from her bows just as if she were a real yacht; and the only question was how long she was likely to keep up the pretence by remaining afloat.

Presently a new and startling discovery was made. As there was no calculating what time we should get to Bristol, with this head-wind driving against us, the steersman desired

Jack Duncombe to go inside and bring forth a handful of biscuits; and the young man cheerfully obeyed. The next instant he came out again, without any biscuits.

"I say," he exclaimed, with a curious expression of face, "this blessed boat is full of water!"

In a moment, from the look of the women, he perceived the mistake he had made.

"Oh, no; not that," he protested, "but a little water has come in, and it 's slopping all about the floor of the saloon. Here, you 'd better let me take the tiller for a minute, and you can go and look for yourself."

Of course we all of us instantly made for the door of the saloon; and there a most unpleasant spectacle met our eyes; for if there was not as yet much water visible, it was washing from side to side as the vessel lurched; and, of course, no one could tell at what rate the leakage was coming in.

"Is she going to sink?" said Miss Peggy, rather breathlessly: it was Sir Ewen Cameron she addressed.

"I won't stay another moment in this boat," Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaimed. "You must call to the pilots — tell them to stop and take us on board."

"Oh, be quiet!" one had to say to her. "This is nothing of a leakage — it only means that there 's nowhere for the water to go to. Don't you understand that all the space below the flooring was filled up with that old iron so as to let her get underneath the bridges? — and this water is merely coming in at some of the dried seams — or, perhaps, at the bull's-eyes."

"And how fast is it coming in?" she asked.

"How can anybody tell? We 'll have to wait and watch. Or, rather, Columbus must come inside and watch; and if the water should begin to rise in any quantity, then we may have to get on board the pilot-boat; that 's all. It is n't doing any harm — it 's only washing the floor."

Here a violent pitch of the boat flung us all together; and then we could see through the forward window her bows shaking off a great mass of foam.

"Do you see that now? She is n't used to dipping her nose like that; and, of course, there must be sun-dried seams on the bit of deck up there. Or, it may be, those bull's-eyes have got a little loose."

Well, it has to be conceded to Colonel Cameron that he was the only one who cared to wet his ankles in order to make an

examination. He boldly splashed through the lurching water, and got to the farther end of the saloon, and, stooping down, strove to reach with his long arm the circular pieces of glass set in the bows of the boat. But neither there nor anywhere else could we find out the source of the leakage; and when Captain Columbus was summoned from his post and shown the state of affairs, it was generally agreed that the water must be coming in through defective seams, and that, if it did not pour in any faster than it seemed to be doing at present, we should manage to get to our anchorage in safety. Nevertheless, Columbus was directed to remain in the saloon, and furnished with a bucket and a bailing-can, to amuse himself withal.

But now these long tacks were telling; and we hoped that we should ere long be getting under shelter of a certain dark spur of land running out there in the south. And none too soon either. We had not bargained for this squally weather when we started in the morning, and we knew well enough that this topheavy boat was not at all fitted for the open sea. Of course we were glad that she was doing so well; and the reports from the saloon informed us that the water was not rapidly increasing; but we were perfectly aware that, if a heavier wave than usual should happen to strike her broadside on, she was just as likely as not to "turn turtle." For one thing we kept all the doors and windows of the house part rigorously closed, so that no sudden gust could get hold of her that way; the other alternative — to open them all and let the wind blow freely through — did not recommend itself.

So our gallant convoy continued to cut her way through those swift-running seas like a racer; and we laboriously plunged and rolled and struggled after. It must be said for the women that they were very brave over it; after that first fright about the water in the saloon, they had hardly a word to say; they merely looked on in silence — sitting close to each other. And now that long dark spur of land — Portishead Point, was it called? — was drawing sensibly nearer. The shipping that was gradually becoming visible no doubt marked the whereabouts of the King, or King's Road; and that, we knew, was just off the mouth of the Avon. Then the sea grew a little calmer. Captain Columbus was provided with a huge sponge to help him in his bailing. We could hear Murdoch at the bow calling to his brother mariners ahead of him — asking for instructions, most probably. And at length and at last the

connecting hawser was shipped, and we parted company; the pilots put out a small boat, and our tall, modest-eyed young friend came on board to be paid; and when we had settled accounts, and when he had shaken hands with each one of us (there is somehow always a touch of the pathetic in a sailor's farewell), we found ourselves at anchor in a comparatively smooth sheet of yellow water, and near to a Dutch-looking line of coast, the topmasts of vessels, or here and there a little glimmer of distant landscape, appearing above steep banks of mud.

"Now, Miss Peggy, you and I expect to be waited upon by the whole of this ship's crew and passengers. We have been on duty since half-past two, and now it is ten. If that is n't working for one's breakfast, what is?"

"I 'm sure I 'm hungry enough," said Miss Peggy, sadly; and Queen Tita was so touched with compassion that she herself began to get the table ready, while Murdoch was in the pantry, busy with ham and eggs and tea.

Now, we had just finished breakfast, and had gone out again to have a look at our surroundings, when we were approached by a wherry containing three men, who offered, for a consideration, to tow us up to Bristol. Truth compels the admission that these three sailors of Bristol city were about the most villanous-looking set of scoundrels one had ever clapped eyes on; and experience proved that they were capable of acting up to their looks. But still, getting to Bristol was the main thing; we agreed to their exorbitant terms, gave them a line, and away they went, we following.

Soon we had entered the river Avon, which is probably rather a pretty river at full tide, but was now, at low water, showing long mud-banks that were far from attractive. As we got farther inland, however, we passed through beautiful woods, now almost in full summer foliage; and, whatever had become of the storm we had seen gathering in the south, there were clear blue skies overhead, and a warm sunlight filling the river valley. The three pirates, we observed, drank hard all the way, having replenished their huge keg at a place called Pill. It was none of our business, of course; we were idly speculating as to which would probably murder which before nightfall; and we came to the conclusion that it did not greatly matter, so long as there was a reasonable likelihood that one or other of them would get his notice to quit.

The first trick they played us was to stop at a stone slip not far from Clifton Suspension Bridge, intimating that they had fulfilled their contract and wanted to be paid. Unthinkingly we gave them the money, only to find out that there was no tow-path here, and that we were stuck fast. Then Guzzling Jack and Gorging Jimmy, for a further consideration, offered to pull us on another stage — into Bristol city proper; and to that we, being helpless, agreed. At the second stoppage we were somewhat cheered by the sight of the horse-marine and his four-footed companion, who were awaiting us. Moreover, there was here a tow-path — at least, there was the common street; but it was so far away from the river edge that there was some difficulty in getting the boat along; whereupon the pirates, observing our quandary, again offered us their help, and volunteered to pull us into the Floating Harbor for yet another sovereign. We gazed upon these men in silence, and had no answer for them. Forthwith they became pertinacious. Then we curtly bade them begone, and even told them (the womenfolk being within) whither we wished them to go. But then again — when Columbus informed us that he and Murdoch could get the "Nameless Barge" along to the docks by themselves, and suggested that we might as well go ashore now, and he would bring our things to the hotel later on — it occurred to us that we were once more dependent on those sailors of Bristol. So we airily and good-naturedly pointed out to them that they might do us the favor of taking us ashore — a few yards' distance — in their boat, and this they did; but they claimed a shilling a head for the service, and then were dissatisfied and sulkily demanded drink. We parted with them more in sorrow than in anger, for the contemplation of such deeps of depravity is painful. And even that, as will hereafter be related, was not our last experience of the three Bristol pirates.

As we were leisurely getting along to our hotel on the College Green, Colonel Cameron hung back a little, allowing Jack Duncombe to go on with the womenfolk.

"Look here, my friend," said Inverfask, in something of an undertone; "now it 's all over, I suppose you ought to be congratulated on having come down the Severn in a house-boat, and in the face of half a gale of wind. Well, you 've done it — successfully — for once. But, if I were you, *I would n't try it again.*"

The Voyage Over.

(From "Macleod of Dare.")

And now the brave old "Umpire" is nearing her Northern home once more; and surely this is a right royal evening for the reception of her. What although the sun has just gone down, and the sea around them become a plain of heaving and wrestling blue-black waves? Far away, in that purple-black sea, lie long promontories that are of a still pale rose-color; and the western sky is a blaze of golden-green; and they know that the wild, beautiful radiance is still touching the wan walls of Castle Dare. And there is Ardalanish Point; and that the ruddy Ross of Mull; and there will be a good tide in the Sound of Iona. Why, then, do they linger, and keep the old "Umpire" with her sails flapping idly in the wind?

"As you pass through Jura's Sound
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh shun, the gulf profound
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!"

They are in no danger of Corrievreckan now, they are in familiar waters; only that is another Colonsay that lies away there in the south. Keith Macleod, seated up at the bow, is calmly regarding it. He is quite alone. There is no sound around him but the lapping of the waves.

"And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay."

And is he listening now for the wild sound of her singing? Or is he thinking of the brave Macphail, who went back after seven long months of absence, and found the maid of Colonsay still true to him? The ruby ring she had given him had never paled. There was one woman who could remain true to her absent lover.

Hamish came forward.

"Will we go on now, sir?" said he, in the Gaelic.

"No."

Hamish looked round. The shining clear evening looked very calm, notwithstanding the tossing of the blue-black waves. And it seemed wasteful to the old sailor to keep the yacht lying-

to or aimlessly sailing this way and that while this favorable wind remained to them.

"I am not sure that the breeze will last, Sir Keith."

"Are you sure of anything, Hamish?" Macleod said, quite absently. "Well, there is one thing we can all make sure of. But I have told you, Hamish, I am not going up the Sound of Iona in daylight: why, there is not a man in all the islands who would not know of our coming by to-morrow morning. We will go up the Sound as soon as it is dark. It is a new moon to-night; and I think we can go without lights, Hamish."

"'Dunara' is coming south to-night, Sir Keith," the old man said.

"Why, Hamish, you seem to have lost all your courage as soon as you put Colin Laing ashore."

"Colin Laing! Is it Colin Laing!" exclaimed Hamish, indignantly. "I will know how to sail this yacht, and I will know the banks, and the tides, and the rocks better than any fifteen thousands of Colin Laings!"

"And what if the 'Dunara' is coming south? If she cannot see us, we can see her."

But whether it was that Colin Laing had, before leaving the yacht, managed to convey to Hamish some notion of the risk he was running, or whether it was that he was merely anxious for his master's safety, it was clear that Hamish was far from satisfied. He opened and shut his big clasp-knife in an awkward silence. Then he said, —

"You will not go to Castle Dare, Sir Keith?"

Macleod started; he had forgotten that Hamish was there.

"No. I have told you where I am going."

"But there is not any good anchorage at that island, sir!" he protested. "Have I not been round every bay of it; and you too, Sir Keith? and you know there is not an inch of sand or of mud, but only the small loose stones. And then the shepherd they left there all by himself; it was mad he became at last, and took his own life too."

"Well, do you expect to see his ghost?" Macleod said. "Come, Hamish, you have lost your nerve in the South. Surely you are not afraid of being anywhere in the old yacht so long as she has good sea-room around her?"

"And if you are not wishing to go up the Sound of Iona in the daylight, Sir Keith," Hamish said, still clinging to the point, "we could bear a little to the south, and go round the outside of Iona."

"The Dubh-Artach men would recognize the 'Umpire' at once," Macleod said abruptly; and then he suggested to Hamish that he should get a little more way on the yacht, so that she might be a trifle steadier when Christina carried the dinner into the English lady's cabin. But indeed there was now little breeze of any kind. Hamish's fear of a dead calm was likely to prove true.

Meanwhile another conversation had been going forward in the small cabin below, that was now suffused by a strange warm light reflected from the evening sky. Miss White was looking very well now, after her long sea-voyage. During their first few hours in blue water she had been very ill indeed; and she repeatedly called on Christina to allow her to die. The old Highland-woman came to the conclusion that English ladies were rather childish in their way; but the only answer she made to this reiterated prayer was to make Miss White as comfortable as was possible, and to administer such restoratives as she thought desirable. At length, when recovery and a sound appetite set in, the patient began to show a great friendship for Christina. There was no longer any theatrical warning of the awful fate in store for everybody connected with this enterprise. She tried rather to enlist the old woman's sympathies on her behalf, and if she did not very well succeed in that direction, at least she remained on friendly terms with Christina and received from her the solace of much gossip about the whereabouts and possible destination of the ship.

And on this evening Christina had an important piece of news.

"Where have we got to go now, Christina?" said Miss White, quite cheerfully, when the old woman entered.

"Oh yes, mem, we will still be off the Mull shore, but a good piece away from it, and there is not much wind, mem. But Hamish thinks we will get to the anchorage the night whatever."

"The anchorage!" Miss White exclaimed eagerly. "Where? You are going to Castle Dare, surely?"

"No, mem, I think not," said Christina. "I think it is an island; but you will not know the name of that island — there is no English for it at all."

"But where is it? Is it near Castle Dare?"

"Oh no, mem; it is a good way from Castle Dare; and it is out in the sea. Do you know Gometra, mem? — wass you ever going out to Gometra?"

"Yes, of course; I remember something about it, anyway."

"Ah, well, it is away out past Gometra, mem; and not a good place for an anchorage whatever; but Hamish he will know all the anchorages."

"What on earth is the use of going there?"

"I do not know, mem."

"Is Sir Keith going to keep me on board this boat forever?"

"I do not know, mem."

Christina had to leave the cabin just then; when she returned she said, with some little hesitation: —

"If I wass mekking so bold, mem, ass to say this to you: Why are you not asking the questions of Sir Keith himself? He will know all about it; and if you were to come into the saloon, mem — "

"Do you think I would enter into any communication with him after his treatment of me?" said Miss White, indignantly. "No; let him atone for that first. When he has set me at liberty, then I will speak with him; but never so long as he keeps me shut up like a convict."

"I wass only saying, mem," Christina answered, with great respect, "that if you were wishing to know where we were going, Sir Keith will know that; but how can I know it? And you know, mem, Sir Keith has not shut you up in this cabin; you hef the saloon, if you would please to hef it."

"Thank you, I know!" rejoined Miss White. "If I choose, my gaol may consist of two rooms instead of one. I don't appreciate that amount of liberty. I want to be set ashore."

"That I hef nothing to do with, mem," Christina said humbly, proceeding with her work.

Miss White, being left to think over these things, was beginning to believe that, after all, her obduracy was not likely to be of much service to her. Would it not be wiser to treat with the enemy — perhaps to outwit him by a show of forgiveness? Here they were approaching the end of the voyage — at least, Christina seemed to intimate as much; and if they were not exactly within call of friends, they would surely be within rowing distance of some inhabited island, even Gometra, for example. And if only a message could be sent to Castle Dare? Lady Macleod and Janet Macleod were women. They would not countenance this monstrous thing. If she could only reach them, she would be safe.

The rose-pink died away from the long promontories, and was succeeded by a sombre gray; the glory in the west sank down; a wan twilight came over the sea and the sky; and a small golden star, like the point of a needle, told where the Dubh-Artach men had lit their beacon for the coming night. The "Umpire" lay and idly rolled in this dead calm; Macleod paced up and down the deck in the solemn stillness. Hamish threw a tarpaulin over the skylight of the saloon, to cover the bewildering light from below; and then, as the time went slowly by, darkness came over the land and the sea. They were alone with the night and the lapping waves and the stars.

About ten o'clock there was a loud rattling of blocks and cordage — the first puff of a coming breeze had struck her. The men were at their posts in a moment; there were a few sharp, quick orders from Hamish; and presently the old "Umpire," with her great boom away over her quarter, was running free before a light southeasterly wind.

"Ay, ay!" said Hamish, in sudden gladness, "we will soon be by Ardalanish Point with a fine wind like this, Sir Keith; and if you would rather hef no lights on her — well, it is a clear night whateffer; and the 'Dunara' she will hef up her lights."

The wind came in bits of squalls, it is true; but the sky overhead remained clear, and the "Umpire" bowled merrily along. Macleod was still on deck. They rounded the Ross of Mull, and got into the smoother waters of the Sound. Would any of the people in the cottages at Drraidh see this gray ghost of a vessel go gliding past over the dark water? Behind them burned the yellow eye of Dubh-Artach, before them a few small red points told them of the Iona cottages; and still this phantom gray vessel held on her way. The "Umpire" was nearing her last anchorage.

And still she steals onward, like a thief in the night. She has passed through the Sound; she is in the open sea again; there is a calling of startled birds from over the dark bosom of the deep. Then far away they watch the light of a steamer; but she is miles from their course; they cannot even hear the throb of her engines.

It is another sound they hear — a low booming as of distant thunder. And that black thing away on their right — scarcely visible over the darkened waves — is that the channelled and sea-bird haunted Staffa, trembling through all her caves under the shock of the smooth Atlantic surge? For all the clearness of the

starlit sky, there is a wild booming of waters all around her rocks; and the giant caverns answer; and the thunder shudders out to the listening sea.

The night drags on. The Dutchman is fast asleep in his vast Atlantic bed; the dull roar of the waves he has heard for millions of years is not likely to awake him. And Fladda and Lunga; surely this ghost-gray ship that steals by is not the old "Umpire" that used to visit them in the gay summer-time, with her red ensign flying, and the blue seas all around her? But here is a dark object on the waters that is growing larger and larger as one approaches it. The black outline of it is becoming sharp against the clear dome of stars. There is a gloom around as one gets nearer and nearer the bays and cliffs of this lonely island; and now one hears the sound of breakers on the rocks. Hamish and his men are on the alert. The topsail has been lowered. The heavy cable of the anchor lies ready by the windlass. And then, as the "Umpire" glides into smooth water, and her head is brought round to the light breeze, away goes the anchor with a rattle that awakes a thousand echoes; and all the startled birds among the rocks are calling through the night — the sea-pyots screaming shrilly, the curlews uttering their warning note, the herons croaking as they wing their slow flight away across the sea. The "Umpire" has got to her anchorage at last.

And scarcely was the anchor down when they brought him a message from the English lady. She was in the saloon, and wished to see him. He could scarcely believe this; for it was now past midnight, and she had never come into the saloon before. But he went down through the forecastle and through his own stateroom, and opened the door of the saloon.

For a second the strong light almost blinded him; but, at all events, he knew she was sitting there; and that she was regarding him with no fierce indignation at all, but with quite a friendly look.

"Gertrude!" said he, in wonder; but he did not approach her. He stood before her, as one who was submissive.

"So we have got to land at last," said she; and more and more he wondered to hear the friendliness of her voice. Could it be true, then? Or was it only one of those visions that had of late been torturing his brain?

"Oh, yes, Gerty!" said he. "We have got to anchorage."

"I thought I would sit up for it," said she. "Christina said we should get to land some time to-night; and I thought I

would like to see you. Because, you know, Keith, you have used me very badly. And won't you sit down?"

He accepted that invitation. *Could it be true? could it be true?* This was ringing in his ears. He heard her only in a bewildered way.

"And I want you to tell me what you mean to do with me," said she, frankly and graciously: "I am at your mercy, Keith!"

"Oh, not that — not that," said he; and he added, sadly enough, "it is I who have been at your mercy since ever I saw you, Gerty; and it is for you to say what is to become of you and of me. And have you got over your anger now? And will you think of all that made me do this, and try to forgive it for the sake of my love for you, Gerty? Is there any chance of that now?"

She rather avoided the earnest gaze that was bent on her. She did not notice how nervously his hand gripped the edge of the table near him.

"Well, it is a good deal to forgive, Keith; you will acknowledge that yourself; and though you used to think that I was ready to sacrifice everything for fame, I did not expect you would make me a nine-days' wonder in this way. I suppose the whole thing is in the papers now."

"Oh, no, Gerty; I sent a message to your father."

"Well, that was kind of you — and audacious. Were you not afraid of his overtaking you? The "Umpire" is not the swiftest of sailers, you used to say; and you know there are telegraphs and railways to all the ports."

"He did not know you were in the 'Umpire,' Gerty. But of course, if he were very anxious about you, he would write or come to Dare. I should not be surprised if he were there now."

A quick look of surprise and gladness sprang to her face.

"Papa — at Castle Dare!" she exclaimed. "And Christina says it is not far from here."

"Not many miles away."

"Then, of course, they will know we are here in the morning!" she cried, in the indiscretion of sudden joy. "And they will come out for me."

"Oh, no, Gerty, they will not come out for you. No human being but those on board knows that we are here. Do you think they could see you from Dare? And there is no one living now on the island. We are alone in the sea."

The light died away from her face; but she said, cheerfully enough: —

"Well, I am at your mercy, then, Keith. Let us take it that way. Now you must tell me what part in the comedy you mean me to play; for the life of me I can't make it out."

"Oh, Gerty, Gerty, do not speak like that!" he exclaimed. "You are breaking my heart! Is there none of the old love left? Is it all a matter for jesting?"

She saw she had been incautious.

"Well," said she, gently, "I was wrong; I know it is more serious than that; and I am not indisposed to forgive you, if you treat me fairly. I know you have great earnestness of nature; and — and you were very fond of me; and although you have risked a great deal in what you have done, still, men who are very deeply in love don't think much about consequences. And if I were to forgive you, and make friends again, what then?"

"And if we were as we used to be," said he, with a grave wistfulness in his face, "do you not think I would gladly take you ashore, Gerty?"

"And to Castle Dare?"

"Oh, yes, to Castle Dare! Would not my mother and Janet be glad to welcome you!"

"And papa may be there?"

"If he is not there, can we not telegraph for him? Why, Gerty, surely you would not be married anywhere but in the Highlands?"

At the mention of marriage she blanched somewhat; but she had nerved herself to play this part.

"Then, Keith," said she, gallantly, "I will make you a promise. Take me to Castle Dare to-morrow, and the moment I am within its doors I will shake hands with you, and forgive you, and we will be friends again as in the old days."

"We were more than friends, Gerty," said he, in a low voice.

"Let us be friends first, and then who knows what may not follow?" said she, brightly. "You cannot expect me to be over profuse in affection just after being shut up like this?"

"Gerty," said he, and he looked at her with those strangely tired eyes, and there was a great gentleness in his voice, "do you know where you are? You are close to the island that I told you of — where I wish to have my grave on the cliff. But instead of a grave, would it not be a fine thing to have

a marriage here? No, do not be alarmed, Gerty, it is only with your own good-will; and surely your heart will consent at last! Would not that be a strange wedding too; with the minister from Salen; and your father on board; and the people from Dare? Oh, you would see such a number of boats come out that day, and we would go proudly back; and do you not think there would be a great rejoicing that day? Then all our troubles would be at an end, Gerty! There would be no more fear; and the theatres would never see you again; and the long happy life we should lead, we two together! And do you know the first thing I would get you, Gerty? — it would be a new yacht! I would go to the Clyde and have it built all for you. I would not have you go out again in this yacht, for you would then remember the days in which I was cruel to you; but in a new yacht you would not remember that any more; and do you not think we would have many a pleasant, long summer day on the deck of her, and only ourselves, Gerty? And you would sing the songs I first heard you sing, and I think the sailors would imagine they heard the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay; for there is no one can sing as you can sing, Gerty. I think it was that first took away my heart from me."

"But we can talk about all these things when I am on shore again," said she, coldly. "You cannot expect me to be very favorably disposed so long as I am shut up here."

"But then," he said, "if you were on shore you might go away again from me, Gerty! The people would get at your ear again; they would whisper things to you; you would think about the theatres again. I have saved you, sweetheart; can I let you go back?"

The words were spoken with an eager affection and yearning; but they sank into her mind with a dull and cold conviction that there was no escape for her through any way of artifice.

"Am I to understand, then," said she, "that you mean to keep me a prisoner here until I marry you?"

"Why do you speak like that, Gerty?"

"I demand an answer to my question."

"I have risked everything to save you; can I let you go back?"

A sudden flash of desperate anger — even of hatred — was in her eyes; her fine piece of acting had been of no avail.

"Well, let the farce end!" said she, with frowning eyebrows. "Before I came on board this yacht I had some pity for

you. I thought you were at least a man, and had a man's generosity. Now I find you a coward, and a tyrant — "

"Gerty!"

"Oh, do not think you have frightened me with your stories of the revenge of your miserable chiefs and their savage slaves! Not a bit of it! Do with me what you like; I would not marry you if you gave me a hundred yachts!"

"Gerty!"

The anguish of his face was growing wild with despair.

"I say, let the farce end! I had pity for you — yes, I had! Now — I hate you!"

He sprang up with a quick cry, as of one shot to the heart. He regarded her, in a bewildered manner, for one brief second; and then he gently said, "Good-night, Gerty! God forgive you!" and he staggered backward, and got out of the saloon, leaving her alone.

See! the night is still fine. All around this solitary bay there is a wall of rock, jet black, against the clear, dark sky, with its myriad twinkling stars. The new moon has arisen, but it sheds but little radiance yet down there in the south. There is a sharper gleam from one lambent planet — a thin line of golden-yellow light that comes all the way across from the black rocks until it breaks in flashes among the ripples close to the side of the yacht. Silence once more reigns around; only from time to time one hears the croak of a heron from the dusky shore.

What can keep this man up so late on deck? There is nothing to look at but the great bows of the yacht black against the pale gray sea, and the tall spars and the rigging going away up into the starlit sky, and the suffused glow from the skylight touching a yellow-gray on the main-boom. There is no need for the anchor-watch that Hamish was insisting on: the equinoctials are not likely to begin on such a night as this.

He is looking across the lapping gray water to the jet-black line of cliff. And there are certain words haunting him. He cannot forget them; he cannot put them away.

. . . . . .

WHEREFORE IS LIGHT GIVEN TO HIM THAT IS IN MISERY, AND LIFE UNTO THE BITTER IN SOUL? . . . WHICH LONG FOR DEATH, BUT IT COMETH NOT; AND DIG FOR IT MORE THAN FOR HIDDEN TREASURES. . . . WHICH REJOICE EXCEEDINGLY AND ARE GLAD WHEN THEY CAN FIND THE GRAVE.

. . . . . .

Then, in the stillness of the night, he heard a breathing. He went forward, and found that Hamish had secreted himself behind the windlass. He uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic, and the old man rose and stood guiltily before him.

"Have I not told you to go below before? and will I have to throw you down into the forecastle?"

The old man stood irresolute for a moment. Then he said, also in his native tongue, —

"You should not speak like that to me, Sir Keith: I have known you many a year."

Macleod caught Hamish's hand.

"I beg your pardon, Hamish. You do not know. It is a sore heart I have this night."

"Oh, God help us! Do I not know that!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice; and Macleod, as he turned away, could hear the old man crying bitterly in the dark. What else could Hamish do now for him who had been to him as the son of his old age?

"Go below, now, Hamish," said Macleod, in a gentle voice; and the old man slowly and reluctantly obeyed.

But the night had not drawn to day when Macleod again went forward, and said, in a strange, excited whisper, —

"Hamish, Hamish, are you awake now?"

Instantly the old man appeared; he had not turned into his berth at all.

"Hamish, Hamish, do you hear the sound?" Macleod said, in the same wild way; "do you not hear the sound?"

"What sound, Sir Keith?" said he; for indeed there was nothing but the lapping of the water along the side of the yacht and a murmur of ripples along the shore.

"Do you not hear it, Hamish? It is a sound as of a brass-band! — a brass-band playing music — as if it was in a theatre. Can you not hear it, Hamish?"

"Oh, God help us! God help us!" Hamish cried.

"You do not hear it, Hamish?" he said. "Ah, it is some mistake. I beg your pardon for calling you, Hamish: now you will go below again."

"Oh, no, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "Will I not stay on deck now till the morning? It is a fine sleep I have had; oh, yes, I had a fine sleep. And how is one to know when the equinoctials may not come on?"

"I wish you to go below, Hamish."

WILLIAM BLACK

And now this sound that is ringing in his ears is no longer of the brass-band that he had heard in the theatre. It is quite different. It has all the ghastly mirth of that song that Norman Ogilvie used to sing in the old, half-forgotten days. What is it that he hears?

"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

It is a strange mirth. It might almost make a man laugh. For do we not laugh gently when we bury a young child, and put the flowers over it, and know that it is at peace? The child has no more pain at the heart. Oh, Norman Ogilvie, are you still singing the wild song? and are you laughing now? — or is it the old man Hamish that is crying in the dark?

. . . . . .

"There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

It is such a fine thing to sleep — when one has been fretting all the night, and spasms of fire go through the brain! Ogilvie, Ogilvie, do you remember the laughing Duchess? Do you think she would laugh over one's grave; or put her foot on it, and stand relentless, with anger in her eyes? That is a sad thing; but after it is over there is sleep.

. . . . . .

"All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them, in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"

Hamish! — Hamish! — will you not keep her away from me? I have told Donald what pibroch he will play; I want to be at peace now. But the brass-band — the brass-band — I can hear the blare of the trumpets; Ulva will know that we are here, and the Gometra men, and the sea-birds too, that I

used to love. But she has killed all that now, and she stands on my grave. She will laugh, for she was light-hearted, like a young child: But you, Hamish, you will find the quiet grave for me; and Donald will play the pibroch for me that I told him of; and you will say no word to her of all that is over and gone.

. . . . . .

See — he sleeps. This haggard-faced man is stretched on the deck; and the pale dawn, arising in the east, looks at him; and does not revive him, but makes him whiter still. You might almost think he was dead. But Hamish knows better than that; for the old man comes stealthily forward; and he has a great tartan plaid in his hands; and very gently indeed he puts it over his young master. And there are tears running down Hamish's face; and he says, "The brave lad! the brave lad!"

THE END.

"Duncan," said Hamish, in a low whisper — for Macleod had gone below, and they thought he might be asleep in the small, hushed state-room, "this is a strange-looking day, is it not? And I am afraid of it in this open bay, with an anchorage no better than a sheet of paper for an anchorage. Do you see now how strange-looking it is?"

Duncan Cameron also spoke in his native tongue; and he said: —

"That is true, Hamish. And it was a day like this there was when the "Solan" was sunk at her moorings in Loch Hourn. Do you remember, Hamish? And it would be better for us now if we were in Loch Tua, or Loch-na-Keal, or in the dock that was built for the steamer at Tiree. I do not like the look of this day."

Yet to an ordinary observer it would have seemed that the chief characteristic of this pale, still day was extreme and settled calm. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the sea; but there was a slight, glassy swell, and that only served to show curious opalescent tints under the suffused light of the sun. There were no clouds; there was only a thin veil of faint and sultry mist all across the sky; the sun was invisible, but there was a glare of yellow at one point of the heavens. A dead calm; but heavy, oppressed,

sultry. There was something in the atmosphere that seemed to weigh on the chest.

"There was a dream I had this morning," continued Hamish, in the same low tones. "It was about my little granddaughter Christina. You know my little Christina, Duncan. And she said to me, 'What have you done with Sir Keith Macleod? Why have you not brought him back? He was under your care, grandfather.' I did not like that dream."

"Oh, you are becoming as bad as Sir Keith Macleod himself!" said the other. "He does not sleep. He talks to himself. You will become like that if you pay attention to foolish dreams, Hamish."

Hamish's quick temper leaped up.

"What do you mean, Duncan Cameron, by saying, 'as bad as Sir Keith Macleod'? You — you come from Ross; perhaps they have not good masters there. I tell you there is not any man in Ross, or in Sutherland either, is as good a master, and as brave a lad, as Sir Keith Macleod — not any one, Duncan Cameron!"

"I did not mean anything like that, Hamish," said the other, humbly. "But there was a breeze this morning. We could have got over to Loch Tua. Why did we stay here where there is no shelter and no anchorage? Do you know what is likely to come after a day like this?"

"It is your business to be a sailor on board this yacht: it is not your business to say where she will go," said Hamish.

But all the same the old man was becoming more and more alarmed at the ugly aspect of the dead calm. The very birds, instead of stalking among the still pools, or lying buoyant on the smooth waters, were excitedly calling, and whirring from one point to another.

"If the equinoctials were to begin now," said Duncan Cameron, "this is a fine place to meet the equinoctials! An open bay, without shelter; and a ground that is no ground for an anchorage. It is not two anchors or twenty anchors would hold in such ground."

Macleod appeared; the man was suddenly silent. Without a word to either of them — and that was not his wont — he passed to the stern of the yacht. Hamish knew from his manner that he would not be spoken to. He did not follow him, even with all this vague dread on his mind.

The day wore on to the afternoon. Macleod, who had been

pacing up and down the deck, suddenly called Hamish. Hamish came aft at once.

"Hamish," said he, with a strange sort of laugh, "do you remember this morning, before the light came? Do you remember that I asked you about a brass-band that I heard playing?"

Hamish looked at him, and said, with an earnest anxiety:

"Oh, Sir Keith, you will pay no heed to that! It's very common; I have heard them say it is very common. Why, to hear a brass-band, to be sure! There is nothing more common than that. And you will not think you are unwell merely because you think you can hear a brass-band playing."

"I want you to tell me, Hamish," said he, in the same jesting way, "whether my eyes have followed the example of my ears, and are playing tricks. Do you think they are bloodshot, with my lying on deck in the cold? Hamish, what do you see all around?"

The old man looked at the sky, and the shore, and the sea. It was a marvellous thing. The world was all enshrouded in a salmon-colored mist: there was no line of horizon visible between the sea and sky.

"It is red, Sir Keith," said Hamish.

"Ah! Am I in my senses this time? And what do you think of a red day, Hamish? That is not a usual thing."

"Oh, Sir Keith, it will be a wild night this night! And we cannot stay here, with this bad anchorage!"

"And where would you go, Hamish — in a dead calm?" Macleod asked, still with a smile on the wan face.

"Where would I go?" said the old man, excitedly. "I — I will take care of the yacht. But you, Sir Keith; oh! you — you will go ashore now. Do you know, sir, the sheiling that the shepherd had? It is a poor place; oh, yes; but Duncan Cameron and I will take some things ashore. And do you not think we can look after the yacht? She has met the equinoctials before, if it is the equinoctials that are beginning. She has met them before; and cannot she meet them now? But you, Sir Keith, you will go ashore."

Macleod burst out laughing, in an odd sort of fashion.

"Do you think I am good at running away when there is any kind of danger, Hamish? Have you got into the English way? Would you call me a coward too? Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, Hamish! I — why, I am going to drink a glass of

the coal-black wine, and have done with it. I will drink it to the health of my sweetheart, Hamish!"

"Sir Keith," said the old man, beginning to tremble, though he but half understood the meaning of the scornful mirth, "I have had charge of you since you were a young lad."

"Very well!"

"And Lady Macleod will ask of me, 'Such and such a thing happened: what did you do for my son?' Then I will say, 'Your ladyship, we were afraid of the equinoctials; and we got Sir Keith to go ashore; and the next day we went ashore for him; and now we have brought him back to Castle Dare!"

"Hamish, Hamish, you are laughing at me! Or you want to call me a coward! Don't you know I should be afraid of the ghost of the shepherd who killed himself? Don't you know that the English people call me a coward?"

"May their souls dwell in the downmost hall of perdition!" said Hamish, with his cheeks becoming a gray white; "and every woman that ever came of the accursed race!"

He looked at the old man for a second, and he gripped his hand.

"Do not say that, Hamish — that is folly. But you have been my friend. My mother will not forget you — it 's not the way of a Macleod to forget — whatever happens to me."

"Sir Keith!" Hamish cried, "I do not know what you mean! But you will go ashore before the night?"

"Go ashore!" Macleod answered, with a return to his wild, bantering tone, "when I am going to see my sweetheart? Oh, no! Tell Christina, now! Tell Christina to ask the young English lady to come into the saloon, for I have something to say to her. Be quick, Hamish!"

Hamish went away; and before long he returned with the answer that the young English lady was in the saloon. And now he was no longer haggard and piteous, but joyful; and there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," said he, "are you waiting for me at last? I have brought you a long way. Shall we drink a glass now at the end of the voyage?"

"Do you wish to insult me?" said she; but there was no anger in her voice: there was more of fear in her eyes as she regarded him.

"You have no other message for me than the one you gave me last night, Gerty?" said he, almost cheerfully. "It is all

over, then? You would go away from me forever? But we will drink a glass before we go!"

He sprang forward, and caught both her hands in his with the grip of a vice.

"Do you know what you have done, Gerty?" said he, in a low voice. "Oh, you have soft, smooth, English ways; and you are like a rose-leaf; and you are like a queen, whom all people are glad to serve. But do you know that you have killed a man's life? And there is no penalty for that in the South, perhaps; but you are no longer in the South. And if you have this very night to drink a glass with me, you will not refuse it? It is only a glass of the coal-black wine!"

She struggled back from him, for there was a look in his face that frightened her. But she had a wonderful self-command.

"Is that the message I was to hear?" she said, coldly.

"Why, sweetheart, are you not glad? Is not that the only gladness left for you and for me, that we should drink one glass together, and clasp hands, and say good-by? What else is there left? What else could come to you and to me? And it may not be this night, or to-morrow night; but one night I think it will come; and then, sweetheart, we will have one more glass together, before the end."

He went on deck. He called Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, in a grave, matter-of-fact way, "I don't like the look of this evening. Did you say the sheiling was still on the island?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Keith," said Hamish, with great joy; for he thought his advice was going to be taken, after all.

"Well, now, you know the gales, when they begin, sometimes last for two, or three, or four days; and I will ask you to see that Christina takes a good store of things to the sheiling before the darkness comes on. Take plenty of things now, Hamish, and put them in the sheiling, for I am afraid this is going to be a wild night."

Now, indeed, all the red light had gone away; and as the sun went down there was nothing but a spectral whiteness over the sea and the sky; and the atmosphere was so close and sultry that it seemed to suffocate one. Moreover, there was a dead calm; if they had wanted to get away from this exposed place, how could they? They could not get into the gig and pull this great yacht over to Loch Tua.

It was with a light heart that Hamish set about this thing; and Christina forthwith filled a hamper with tinned meats, and bread, and whiskey, and what not. And fuel was taken ashore, too; and candles, and a store of matches. If the gales were coming on, as appeared likely from this ominous-looking evening, who could tell how many days and nights the young master — and the English lady, too, if he desired her company — might not have to stay ashore, while the men took the chance of the sea with this yacht, or perhaps seized the occasion of some lull to make for some place of shelter? There was Loch Tua, and there was the bay at Bunessan, and there was the little channel called Polterriv, behind the rocks opposite Iona. Any shelter at all was better than this exposed place, with the treacherous anchorage.

Hamish and Duncan Cameron returned to the yacht.

"Will you go ashore now, Sir Keith?" the old man said.

"Oh, no; I am not going ashore yet. It is not yet time to run away, Hamish."

He spoke in a friendly and pleasant fashion, though Hamish, in his increasing alarm, thought it no proper time for jesting. They hauled the gig up to the davits, however, and again the yacht lay in dead silence in the little bay.

The evening grew to dusk; the only change visible in the spectral world of pale yellow-white mist was the appearance in the sky of a number of small, detached bulbous-looking clouds of a dusky blue-gray. They had not drifted hither, for there was no wind. They had only appeared. They were absolutely motionless.

But the heat and the suffocation in this atmosphere became almost insupportable. The men, with bare heads, and jerseys unbuttoned at the neck, were continually going to the cask of fresh water beside the windlass. Nor was there any change when the night came on. If anything, the night was hotter than the evening had been. They awaited in silence what might come of this ominous calm.

Hamish came aft.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Keith," said he, "but I am thinking we will have an anchor-watch to-night."

"You will have no anchor-watch to-night," Macleod answered, slowly, from out of the darkness. "I will be all the anchor-watch you will need, Hamish, until the morning."

"You, sir!" Hamish cried. "I have been waiting to

take you ashore: and surely it is ashore that you are going!"

Just as he had spoken there was a sound that all the world seemed to stand still to hear. It was a low, murmuring sound of thunder; but it was so remote as almost to be inaudible. The next moment an awful thing occurred. The two men standing face to face in the dark suddenly found themselves in a blaze of blinding steel-blue light; and at the very same instant the thunder-roar crackled and shook all around them like the firing of a thousand cannon. How the wild echoes went booming over the sea! Then they were in the black night again. There was a period of awed silence.

"Hamish," Macleod said, quickly, "do as I tell you now! Lower the gig; take the men with you, and Christina, and go ashore, and remain in the sheiling till the morning."

"I will not!" Hamish cried. "Oh, Sir Keith, would you have me do that?"

Macleod had anticipated his refusal. Instantly he went forward and called up Christina. He ordered Duncan Cameron and John Cameron to lower away the gig. He got them all in but Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, "you are a smaller man than I. Is it on such a night that you would have me quarrel with you? Must I throw you into the boat?"

The old man clasped his trembling hands together as if in prayer; and he said, with an agonized and broken voice: —

"Oh, Sir Keith, you are my master, and there is nothing I will not do for you; but only this one night you will let me remain with the yacht? I will give you the rest of my life; but only this one night—"

"Into the gig with you!" Macleod cried, angrily. "Why, man, don't you think I can keep anchor-watch?" But then he added, very gently, "Hamish, shake hands with me now. You were my friend, and you must get ashore before the sea rises."

"I will stay in the dingy, then?" the old man entreated.

"You will go ashore, Hamish; and this very instant, too. If the gale begins, how will you get ashore. Good-by, Hamish — *Good-night!*"

Another white sheet of flame quivered all around them just as this black figure was descending into the gig; and then the fierce hell of sounds broke loose once more. Sea and sky together seemed to shudder at the wild uproar, and far away the

sounds went thundering through the hollow night. How could one hear if there was any sobbing in that departing boat, or any last cry of farewell? It was Ulva calling now, and Fladda answering from over the black water; and the Dutchman is surely awake at last!

There came a stirring of wind from the east, and the sea began to moan. Surely the poor fugitives must have reached the shore now. And then there was a strange noise in the distance: in the awful silence between the peals of thunder it would be heard; it came nearer and nearer — a low murmuring noise, but full of secret life and thrill — it came along like the tread of a thousand armies — and then the gale struck its first blow. The yacht reeled under the stroke but her bows staggered up again like a dog that has been felled, and after one or two convulsive plunges she clung hard at the strained cables. And now the gale was growing in fury, and the sea rising. Blinding showers of rain swept over, hissing and roaring; the white tongues of flame were shooting this way and that across the startled heavens; and there was a more awful thunder than even the falling of the Atlantic surge booming into the great sea-caves. In the abysmal darkness the spectral arms of the ocean rose white in their angry clamor; and then another blue gleam would lay bare the great heaving and wreathing bosom of the deep. What devil's dance is this? Surely it cannot be Ulva — Ulva the green-shored — Ulva that the sailors, in their love of her, call softly *Ool-a-va* — that is laughing aloud with wild laughter on this awful night? And Colonsay, and Lunga, and Fladda — they were beautiful and quiet in the still summertime; but now they have gone mad, and they are flinging back the plunging sea in white masses of foam, and they are shrieking in their fierce joy of the strife. And Staffa — Staffa is far away and alone; she is trembling to her core; how long will the shuddering caves withstand the mighty hammer of the Atlantic surge? And then again the sudden wild gleam startles the night, and one sees, with an appalling vividness, the driven white waves and the black island; and then again a thousand echoes go booming along the iron-bound coast. What can be heard in the roar of the hurricane, and the hissing of rain, and the thundering whirl of the waves on the rocks? Surely not the glad last cry; SWEETHEART! YOUR HEALTH! YOUR HEALTH IN THE COAL-BLACK WINE!

. . . . . .

The poor fugitives crouching in among the rocks; is it the blinding rain or the driven white surf that is in their eyes? But they have sailors' eyes; they can see through the awful storm; and their gaze is fixed on one small green point far out there in the blackness — the starboard light of the doomed ship. It wavers like a will-o'-the-wisp, but it does not recede; the old "Umpire" still clings bravely to her chain-cables.

And amidst all the din of the storm they hear the voice of Hamish lifted aloud in lamentation: —

"Oh, the brave lad! the brave lad! And who is to save my young master? and who will carry this tale back to Castle Dare? They will say to me: 'Hamish, you had charge of the young lad; you put the first gun in his hand; you had charge of him; he had the love of a son for you; what is it you have done with him this night?' He is my Absalom; he is my brave young lad: oh, do you think that I will let him drown and do nothing to try to save him? Do you think that? Duncan Cameron, are you a man? Will you get into the gig with me and pull out to the 'Umpire'?"

"By God," said Duncan Cameron, solemnly, "I will do that! I have no wife; I do not care. I will go into the gig with you, Hamish; but we will never reach the yacht — this night or any night that is to come."

Then the old woman Christina shrieked aloud, and caught her husband by the arm.

"Hamish! Hamish! Are you going to drown yourself before my eyes?"

He shook her hand away from him.

"My young master ordered me ashore; I have come ashore. But I myself, I order myself back again. Duncan Cameron, they will never say that we stood by and saw Macleod of Dare go down to his grave!"

They emerged from the shelter of this great rock; the hurricane was so fierce that they had to cling to one boulder after another to save themselves from being whirled into the sea. But were these two men by themselves? Not likely! It was a party of five men that now clambered along the slippery rocks to the shingle up which they had hauled the gig, and one wild lightning-flash saw them with their hands on the gunwale, ready to drag her down to the water. There was a surf raging there that would have swamped twenty gigs: these five

men were going of their own free will and choice to certain death — so much had they loved the young master.

But a piercing cry from Christina arrested them. They looked out to sea. What was this sudden and awful thing? Instead of the starboard green light, behold! the port red light — and that moving! Oh, see! how it recedes, wavering, flickering through the whirling vapor of the storm! And there again is the green light! Is it a witch's dance, or are they strange death-fires hovering over the dark ocean grave? But Hamish knows too well what it means; and with a wild cry of horror and despair, the old man sinks on his knees and clasps his hands, and stretches them out to the terrible sea.

"Oh, Macleod, Macleod! are you going away from me forever? and we will go up the hills together and on the lochs together no more — no more — no more! Oh, the brave lad that he was! — and the good master! And who was not proud of him — my handsome lad — and he the last of the Macleods of Dare?"

Arise, Hamish, and have the gig hauled up into shelter; for will you not want it when the gale abates, and the seas are smooth, and you have to go away to Dare, you and your comrades, with silent tongues and sombre eyes? Why this wild lamentation in the darkness of the night? The stricken heart that you loved so well has found peace at last; the coal-black wine has been drunk; there is an end! And you, you poor cowering fugitives, who only see each other's terrified faces when the wan gleam of the lightning blazes through the sky, perhaps it is well that you should weep and wail for the young master; but that is soon over, and the day will break. And this is what I am thinking of now: when the light comes, and the seas are smooth, then which of you — oh, which of you all will tell this tale to the two women at Castle Dare?

. . . . . .

So fair shines the morning sun on the white sands of Iona! The three days' gale is over. Behold, how Ulva — Ulva the green-shored — the *Ool-a-va* that the sailors love — is laughing out again to the clear skies! And the great skarts on the shores of Erisgeir are spreading abroad their dusky wings to get them dried in the sun; and the seals are basking on the rocks in Loch-na-Keal; and in Loch Scridain the white gulls sit buoyant on the blue sea. There go the Gometra men in their brown-sailed boat to look after the lobster-traps at Staffa, and very soon you will see the steamer come round the far Cailleach Point;

over at Erraidh they was signalling to the men at Dubh-artach, and they are glad to have a message from them after the heavy gale. The new, bright day has begun; the world has awakened again to the joyous sunlight; there is a chattering of the sea-birds all along the shores. It is a bright, eager, glad day for all the world. But there is a silence in Castle Dare!

Fair Helen.

I wish I were where Helen lies;—
Night and day on me she cries:
Oh that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot—
And in my hands burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her dow wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea,—

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

Anonymous.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Blackie, John Stuart, a Scottish philologist and poet, born in July, 1809; died in Edinburgh, March 2, 1895. After studying at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, he spent two years on the Continent. On his return to Scotland he studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but finding the law an uncongenial pursuit, he abandoned it for literature. In 1841 he was called to the chair of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1852, on the publication of his metrical translation of Æschylus, to the chair of Greek, in the University of Edinburgh, resigning this position in 1882.

Among his works are: "A Discourse on Beauty," "Songs and Legends of Ancient Greece," "Poems English and Latin," "Homer and the Iliad," "Four Phases of Morals," "Songs of the Highlands and Islands," "Self-Culture," "Horæ and Hellenicæ," "Language and Literature of the Highlands of Scotland," "The Wise Men of Greece," and "The Natural History of Atheism." His work on "Self-Culture" (1873) has been translated into several languages.

The Growth of the Myth.

(From "On Interpretation of Popular Myths.")

As it has well been said of popular proverbs, that they are the wisdom of many and the wit of one, so theological and moral myths grew up in the popular imagination, and were nursed there till in happy season they received a definite shape from some one representative man, whose inspiration led him to express in a striking form what all felt to be true and all were willing to believe. The first framers of the myth were, no doubt, perfectly aware of the real significance of these imaginative pictures; but they were aware as poets, not as analysts. It is not, therefore, necessary to suppose that in framing their legends they proceeded with the full consciousness which belongs to the framers of fables, allegories, and parables. A myth is always a gradual, half unconscious growth; a parable is the conscious creation of the moment.

During a certain early stage of national life which cannot be

accurately defined, but which always precedes the creation of a regular written literature, the popular myth, like a tree or plant, becomes subject to a process of growth and expansion, in the course of which it not only receives a rich embellishment, but may be so transformed by the vivid action of a fertile imagination, and by the ingrafting of new elements, that its original intention may be altogether obscured and forgotten. How far this first significance may in after times be rightly apprehended depends partly on the degree of its original obviousness, partly on the amount of kindred culture possessed by the persons to whom it is addressed.

As of essentially popular origin and growth the myth cannot, in the proper sense, be said to have been the creation of any poet, however distinguished. Much less could a popular minstrel like Homer, using a highly polished language, and who manifestly had many predecessors, be said to have either created the characters or invented the legends about the Greek gods, which form what the critics of the last century used to call the "machinery" of his poems. In regard to theological myths, which are most deeply rooted in the popular faith, such a poet as Homer could only turn to the best account the materials already existing, with here and there a litlle embellishment or expansion, where there was no danger of contradicting any article of the received imaginative creed.

The two most powerful forces which act on the popular mind, when engaged in the process of forming myths, are the physical forces of external nature, and the more hidden, though fundamentally more awful powers of the human will, intellect, and passions. It is to be presumed, therefore, that all popular myths will contain imaginative representations of both these powers; and in their original shape they are in fact nothing more than the assertion of the existence of these two great classes of forces in a form which speaks to the imagination, — that is, in the form of personality; and there will be a natural presumption against the adopting of any system of mythological interpretation which ignores entirely either the one or the other of these elements.

Narrowness.

(From "Self-Culture.")

If we look around us in the world with a view to discover what is the cause of the sad deficiency of energy often put forth

in the best of causes, we shall find that it arises generally from some sort of narrowness. A man will not help you in this or that noble undertaking simply because he has no sympathy with it. Not a few persons are a sort of human lobsters; they live in a hard shell formed out of some professional, ecclesiastical, political, or classical crust, and cautiously creep their way within certain beaten bounds, beyond which they have no desire. The meagre and unexpansive life of such persons teaches us what we want in order to attain a wider and a richer range of social vitality. The octogenarian poet-philosopher, Goethe, when sinking into the darkness of death, called out with his last breath, "More light!" What every young man should call out daily, if he wishes to save himself from the narrowing crust of professional and other limitations is, "*More love!*"

Men are often clever enough, but they do not know what to do with their cleverness; they are good swordsmen, but they have no cause to fight for, or prefer fighting in a bad cause. What these men want is Love. The precept of the great Apostle, "Weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice," if it were grandly carried out, would make every man's life as rich in universal sympathy as Shakespeare's imagination was in universal imagery.

Every man cannot be a poet; but every man may give himself some trouble to cultivate that kindly and genial sensibility on which the writing and the appreciation of poetry depend. To live poetry, indeed, is always better than to write it; better for the individual, and better for society. Now a poetical life is just a life opposed to all sameness and all selfishness; eagerly seizing upon the good and beautiful from all quarters, as on its proper aliment. Let a young man, therefore, above all things, beware of shutting himself up within a certain narrow pale of sympathy and fostering unreasonable hatreds and prejudices against others. An honest hater is often a better fellow than a cool friend; but it is better not to hate at all. A good man will as much as possible strive to be shaken out of himself, and learn to study the excellences of persons and parties to whom he is naturally opposed.

Never allow yourself to indulge in sneering condemnations of large classes and sections of your fellow beings; that sort of talk sounds big, but is in fact puerile. Never refuse to entertain a man in your heart because all the world is talking against him, or because he belongs to some sect or party that everybody despises; if he is universally talked against, as has happened to many of

the best men in certain circumstances, there is only so much the more need that he should receive a friendly judgment from you. "Honor all men" is one of the many texts of combined sanctity and sapience with which the New Testament abounds; but this you cannot do unless you try to know all men; and you know no man until you have looked with the eye of a brother into the best that is in him.

On Physical Culture.

(From "Self-Culture.")

I. It is a patent fact, as certain as anything in mathematics, that whatever exists must have a basis on which to stand, a root from which to grow, a hinge on which to turn, a something which, however subordinate in itself with reference to the complete whole, is the indispensable point of attachment from which the existence of the whole depends. No house can be raised except on a foundation, a substructure which has no independent virtue, and which, when it exists in the greatest perfection, is generally not visible, but rather loves to hide itself in darkness. Now this is exactly the sort of relation which subsists between a man's thinking faculty and his body, between his mental activity and his bodily health; and it is obvious that, if this analogy be true, there is nothing that a student ought to be more careful about than the sound condition of his flesh and blood. It is, however, a well-known fact that the care of their health, or, what is the same thing, the rational treatment of their own flesh and blood, is the very last thing that students seriously think of; and the more eager the student, the more apt is he to sin in this respect, and to drive himself, like an unsignaled railway train, to the very brink of a fatal precipice, before he knows where he stands. It is wise, therefore, to start in a studious life with the assured conviction which all experience warrants, that sedentary occupations generally, and specially sedentary habits combined with severe and persistent brain exercise, are more or less unhealthy, and, in the case of naturally frail constitutions, such as have frequently a tendency to fling themselves into books, tend directly to the enfeebling of the faculties and the undermining of the frame. After this warning from an old student, let every man consider that his blood shall be on his own head if he neglect to use, with a firm purpose, as much care in the preservation of his health as any

good workman would do in keeping his tools sharp, or any good soldier in having his powder dry. Meanwhile I will jot down, under a few heads, some of the most important practical suggestions with which experience has furnished me in this matter.

II. The growth and vigorous condition of every member of the body, as, in fact, of every function of existence in the universe, depends on EXERCISE. All life is an energizing or a working; absolute rest is found only in the grave; and the measure of a man's vitality is the measure of his working power. To possess every faculty and function of the body in harmonious working order is to be healthy; to be healthy, with a high degree of vital force, is to be strong. A man may be healthy without being strong; but all health tends, more or less, towards strength, and all disease is weakness. Now, any one may see in nature, that things grow big simply by growing; this growth is a constant and habitual exercise of vital or vegetative force, and whatever checks or diminishes the action of this force — say, harsh winds or frost — will stop the growth and stunt the production. Let the student therefore bear in mind, that sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, cannot possibly be the way to make his body grow. The blood can be made to flow, and the muscles to play freely, only by exercise; and, if that exercise is not taken, Nature will not be mocked. Every young student ought to make a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, the clogging of the wheels of the internal parts of the fleshly frame, and various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort, will not fail in due season to inform him that he has been sinning against Nature, and, if he does not amend his courses, as a bad boy he will certainly be flogged; for Nature is never, like some soft-hearted human masters, over merciful in her treatment. But why should a student indulge so much in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting? A man may think as well standing as sitting, often not a little better; and as for reading in these days, when the most weighty books may be had cheaply, in the lightest form, there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back, and doubling his chest, merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. A man will read a play or a poem far more naturally and effectively while walking up and down the room, than when sitting sleepily in a chair. Sitting, in fact, is a slovenly habit, and ought

not to be indulged. But when a man does sit, or must sit, let him at all events sit erect, with his back to the light, and a full free projection of the breast. Also, when studying languages, or reading fine passages of poetry, let him read as much as possible aloud; a practice recommended by Clemens of Alexandria,[1] and which will have the double good effect of strengthening that most important vital element, the lungs, and training the ear to the perception of vocal distinctions, so stupidly neglected in many of our public schools. There is, in fact, no necessary connection, in most cases, between the knowledge which a student is anxious to acquire, and the sedentary habits which students are so apt to cultivate. A certain part of his work, no doubt, must be done amid books; but if I wish to know Homer, for instance, thoroughly, after the first grammatical and lexicographical drudgery is over, I can read him as well on the top of Ben Cruachan, or, if the day be blasty, amid the grand silver pines at Inverawe, as in a fusty study. A man's enjoyment of an Æschylean drama or a Platonic dialogue will not be diminished, but sensibly increased, by the fragrant breath of birches blowing around him, or the sound of mighty waters rushing near. As for a lexicon, if you make yourself at the first reading a short index of the more difficult words, you can manage the second reading more comfortably without it. What a student should specially see to, both in respect of health and of good taste, is not to carry the breath of books with him wherever he goes, as some people carry the odor of tobacco. To prevent this contagion of bookishness, the best thing a young man can do is to join a volunteer corps, the drill connected with which will serve the double purpose of brushing off all taint of pedantry, and girding the loins stoutly for all the duties that belong to citizenship and active manhood. The modern Prussians, like the ancient Greeks, understand the value of military drill, and make every man serve his time in the army; but we rush prematurely into the shop, and our citizenship and our manhood suffer accordingly. The cheapness of railway and steamboat travelling, also, in the present day, renders inexcusable the conduct of the studious youth who will sit, week after week, and month after month, chained to a dull gray book, when he might inhale much more healthy imaginings from the vivid face of nature in some green glen or remote wave-plashed

[1] πολλοῖς δὲ ἐσθ' ὅτε καὶ τὸ γεγωνὸν
τῆς ἀναγνώσεως γυμνάσιόν ἐστιν. — *Pædagog.*, iii. 110.

isle. A book, of course, may always be in his pocket, if a book be necessary; but it is better to cultivate independence of these paper helps, as often as may be, to learn directly from observation of nature, and to sit in a frame of "wise passiveness," growing insensibly in strong thought and feeling by the breezy influences of Nature playing about us. But it is not necessary that a man should be given to indulge in Wordsworthian musings, before the modern habits of travelling and touring can be made to subserve the double end of health and culture. Geology, Botany, Zoölogy, and all branches of Natural History, are best studied in the open air; and their successful cultivation necessarily implies the practice of those habits of active and enterprising pedestrianism, which are such a fine school of independent manhood. History also and archæology are most aptly studied in the storied glen, the ruined abbey, or the stout old border tower; and in fact, in an age when the whole world is more or less locomotive, the student who stays at home, and learns in a gray way only from books, in addition to the prospect of dragging through life with enfeebled health, and dropping into a premature grave, must make up his mind to be looked on by all well-conditioned persons as a weakling and an oddity.

For keeping the machine of the body in a fine poise of flexibility and firmness, nothing deserves a higher place than GAMES and GYMNASTICS. A regular constitutional walk, as it is called, before dinner, as practised by many persons, has no doubt something formal about it, which not everybody knows to season with pleasantness: to those who feel the pressure of such formality, athletic games supply the necessary exercise along with a healthy social stimulus. For boys and young men, cricket; for persons of a quiet temperament, and staid old bachelors, bowls; for all persons and all ages, the breezy Scottish game of golf is to be commended. Boating, of course, when not overdone, as it sometimes is in Oxford and Cambridge, is a manly and characteristically British exercise; and the delicate management of sail and rudder, as practised in the Shetland and Hebridean seas, is an art which calls into play all the powers that belong to a prompt and vigorous manhood. Angling, again, is favorable to musing and poetic imaginings, as the examples of Walton and Stoddart, and glorious John Wilson, largely show; in rainy weather billiards is out of sight the best game; in it there is developed a quickness of eye, an expertness

of touch, and a subtlety of calculation, truly admirable. In comparison with this, cards are stupid, which, at best, in whist, only exercise the memory, while chess can scarcely be called an amusement; it is a study and a severe brain exercise, which for a man of desultory mental activity may have a bracing virtue, but to a systematic thinker can scarcely act as a relief.

The Hope of the Heterodox.

In thee, O blessèd God, I hope,
In thee, in thee, in thee!
Though banned by Presbyter and Pope,
My trust is still in thee.
Thou wilt not cast thy servant out
Because he chanced to see
With his own eyes, and dared to doubt
What praters preach of thee.
Oh no! no! no!
For ever and ever and aye
(Though Pope and Presbyter bray)
Thou wilt not cast away
An honest soul from thee.

. . . . . .

My faith is strong; out of itself
It grows erect and free;
No Talmud on the Rabbi's shelf
Gives amulets to me.
Small Greek I know, nor Hebrew much,
But this I plainly see:
Two legs without a Bishop's crutch
God gave to thee and me.
Oh no! no! no!
The Church may loose and bind,
But mind, immortal mind,
As free as wave or wind,
Came forth, O God, from thee!

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

Blackmore, Richard Doddridge, a contemporary English novelist and poet, was born at Longworth, in Berkshire, June 9, 1825. His father was a noted clergyman, and his maternal grandmother was a granddaughter of the famous Dr. Doddridge. He was educated at Tiverton and at Oxford, graduating in 1847. He studied law, and began practice in 1852; afterward he became a conveyancer. He is well known in London as a very successful market-gardener on a large scale, having contributed interesting letters to "The Times" on that subject. In 1860 he brought out a poem entitled "The Fate of Franklin," and two years later he began the publication of a series of translations of the "Georgics" of Virgil. Other poetical works, all among the earliest of his publications, are, "Poems by Melanter," "Apullia," and "The Bugle of the Black Sea," the first of which appeared in 1854. Ten years later he appeared as a novelist, and it is in this connection that he is best known. His works of fiction include: "Clara Vaughan" (1864); "Cradock Nowell" (1866); "Lorna Doone" (1869); "Maid of Sker" (1872); "Alice Lorraine" (1875); "Cripps the Carrier" (1876); "Erèma" (1877); "Mary Annerley" (1880); "Christowell" (1882); "Tommy Upmore" (1884); "Springhaven" (1887); "Kit and Kitty" (1889); "Perlycross" (1894); "Fringilla" (1895); and "Dariel" (1897). Of these novels "Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor," is his best and is one of the great novels of our time.

A Desperate Venture.

(From "Lorna Doone.")

The journey was a great deal longer to fetch around the southern hills, and enter by the Doone gate, than to cross the lower land and steal in by the water-slide. However, I durst not take a horse (for fear of the Doones, who might be abroad upon their usual business), but started betimes in the evening, so as not to hurry, or waste any strength upon the way. And thus I came to the robbers' highway, walking circumspectly, scanning the sky-line of every hill, and searching the folds of every valley, for any moving figure.

Although it was now well on toward dark, and the sun was down an hour or so, I could see the robbers' road before me, in a trough of the winding hills, where the brook ploughed down from the higher barrows, and the coving banks were roofed with furze. At present there was no one passing, neither post nor sentinel, so far as I could descry; but I thought it safer to wait a little, as twilight melted into night; and then I crept down a seam of the highland, and stood upon the Doone track.

As the road approached the entrance, it became more straight and strong, like a channel cut from rock, with the water brawling darkly along the naked side of it. Not a tree or bush was left, to shelter a man from bullets; all was stern, and stiff, and rugged, as I could not help perceiving, even through the darkness: and a smell as of churchyard mould, a sense of being boxed in and cooped, made me long to be out again.

And here I was, or seemed to be, particularly unlucky; for as I drew near the very entrance, lightly of foot, and warily, the moon (which had often been my friend) like an enemy broke upon me, topping the eastward ridge of rock, and filling all the open spaces with the play of wavering light. I shrank back into the shadowy quarter on the right side of the road, and gloomily employed myself to watch the triple entrance, on which the moonlight fell askew.

All across and before the three rude and beetling archways hung a felled oak overhead, black and thick and threatening. This, as I heard before, could be let fall in a moment, so as to crush a score of men, and bar the approach of horses. Behind this tree the rocky mouth was spanned, as by a gallery, with brushwood and piled timber, all upon a ledge or stone, where thirty men might lurk unseen, and fire at any invader. From that rampart it would be impossible to dislodge them, because the rock fell sheer below them twenty feet, or it may be more; while overhead it towered three hundred, and so jutted over that nothing could be cast upon them, even if a man could climb the height. And the access to this portcullis place — if I may so call it, being no portcullis there — was through certain rocky chambers known to the tenants only.

But the cleverest of their devices, and the most puzzling to an enemy, was that, instead of one mouth only, there were three to choose from, with nothing to betoken which was the proper access, all being pretty much alike, and all unfenced and yawning. And the common rumor was that in times of any danger,

when any force was known to be on muster in their neighborhood, they changed their entrance every day, and diverted the other two, by means of sliding-doors, to the chasm and dark abysses.

Now I could see those three rough arches, jagged, black, and terrible, and I knew that only one of them could lead me to the valley; neither gave the river now any further guidance, but dived underground with a sullen roar, where it met the cross-bar of the mountain. Having no means at all of judging which was the right way of the three, and knowing that the other two would lead to almost certain death, in the ruggedness and darkness — for how could a man, among precipices and bottomless depths of water, without a ray of light, have any chance to save his life? — I do declare that I was half inclined to go away, and have done with it.

However, I knew one thing for certain, to wit, that the longer I stayed debating, the more would the enterprise pall upon me, and the less my relish be. And it struck me that, in times of peace, the middle way was the likeliest; and the others diverging right and left in their further parts might be made to slide into it (not far from the entrance) at the pleasure of the warders. Also I took it for good omen that I remembered (as rarely happened) a very fine line in the Latin grammar, whose emphasis and meaning is, "Middle road is fastest."

Therefore, without more hesitation, I plunged into the middle way, holding a long ash-staff before me, shodden at the end with iron. Presently I was in black darkness, groping along the wall, and feeling a deal nore fear than I wished to feel; especially when, upon looking back, I could no longer see the light, which I had forsaken. Then I stumbled over something hard, and sharp, and very cold; moreover, so grievous to my legs that it needed my very best doctrine and humor to forbear from swearing in the manner they use in London. But when I arose, and felt it, and knew it to be a culverin, I was somewhat reassured thereby, inasmuch as it was not likely that they would plant this engine except in the real and true entrance.

Therefore I went on again, more painfully and wearily, and presently found it to be good that I had received that knock, and borne it with such patience; for otherwise I might have blundered full upon the sentries, and been shot without more ado. As it was, I had barely time to draw back, as I turned a corner upon them; and if their lantern had been in its place,

they could scarce have failed to descry me, unless indeed I had seen the gleam before I turned the corner.

There seemed to be only two of them, of size indeed and stature as all the Doones must be; but I need not have feared to encounter them both, had they been unarmed, as I was. It was plain, however, that each had a long and heavy carbine, not in his hands (as it should have been), but standing close beside him. Therefore it behooved me now to be exceeding careful; and even that might scarce avail, without luck in proportion. So I kept well back at the corner, and laid one cheek to the rock face, and kept my outer eye round the jut in the wariest mode I could compass, watching my opportunity; and this is what I saw:

The two villains looked very happy — which villains have no right to be, but often are, meseemeth; they were sitting in a niche of rock, with the lantern in the corner, quaffing something from glass measures, and playing at pushpin, or shepherd's chess, or basset, or some trivial game of that sort. Each was smoking a long clay pipe, quite of new London shape, I could see, for the shadow was thrown out clearly; and each would laugh from time to time as he fancied he got the better of it. One was sitting with his knees up, and left hand on his thigh; and this one had his back to me, and seemed to be the stouter. The other leaned more against the rock, half sitting and half astraddle, and wearing leathern overalls, as if newly come from riding. I could see his face quite clearly by the light of the open lantern, and a handsomer or a bolder face I had seldom if ever set eyes upon; insomuch that it made me very unhappy to think of his being so near my Lorna.

"How long am I to stay crouching here?" I asked of myself at last, being tired of hearing them cry, "Score one," "Score two," "No, by ——, Charlie!" "By ——, I say it is, Phelps." And yet my only chance of slipping by them unperceived was to wait till they quarrelled more, and came to blows about it. Presently, as I made up my mind to steal along towards them (for the cavern was pretty wide just there), Charlie, or Charleworth Doone, the younger and taller man, reached forth his hand to seize the money, which he swore he had won that time. Upon this the other jerked his arm, vowing that he had no right to do it; whereupon Charlie flung at his face the contents of the glass he was sipping, but missed him and hit the candle, which sputtered with a flare of blue flame (from the strength, perhaps, of the spirit), and then went out completely. At this one swore and

the other laughed; and before they had settled what to do, I was past them and round the corner.

And then, like a giddy fool as I was, I needs must give them a startler — the whoop of an owl, done so exactly, as John Fry had taught me, and echoed by the roof so fearfully, that one of them dropped the tinder-box, and the other caught up his gun and cocked it — at least as I judged by the sounds they made. And then, too late, I knew my madness: for if either of them had fired, no doubt but what all the village would have risen and rushed upon me. However, as the luck of the matter went, it proved for my advantage; for I heard one say to the other: —

"Curse it, Charlie, what was that? It scared me so, I have dropped my box; my flint is gone, and everything. Will the brimstone catch from your pipe, my lad?"

"My pipe is out, Phelps, ever so long. D—n it, I am not afraid of an owl, man. Give me the lantern, and stay here. I'm not half done with you yet, my friend."

"Well said, my boy, well said! Go straight to Carver's, mind you. The other sleepy-heads be snoring, as there is nothing up to-night. No dallying now under captain's window: Queen will have naught to say to you, and Carver will punch your head into a new wick for your lantern."

"Will he, though? Two can play at that."

And so, after some rude jests and laughter, and a few more oaths, I heard Charlie (or at any rate somebody) coming toward me, with a loose and not too sober footfall. As he reeled a little in his gait, and I would not move from his way one inch, after his talk of Lorna, but only longed to grasp him (if common sense permitted it), his braided coat came against my thumb, and his leathern gaiters brushed my knee. If he had turned or noticed it, he would have been a dead man in a moment; but his drunkenness saved him.

So I let him reel on unharmed; and thereupon it occurred to me that I could have no better guide, passing as he would exactly where I wished to be — that is to say, under Lorna's window. Therefore I followed him, without any special caution; and soon I had the pleasure of seeing his form against the moonlit sky.

Down a steep and winding path, with a hand-rail at the corners (such as they have at Ilfracombe), Master Charlie tripped along — and indeed there was much tripping, and he must have been an active fellow to recover as he did — and after him

walked I, much hoping (for his own poor sake) that he might not turn and espy me.

But Bacchus (of whom I read at school, with great wonder about his meaning — and the same I may say of Venus), that great deity, preserved Charlie, his pious worshipper, from regarding consequences. So he led me very kindly to the top of the meadow-land where the stream from underground broke forth, seething quietly with a little hiss of bubbles. Hence I had fair view and outline of the robbers' township, spread with bushes here and there, but not heavily overshadowed. The moon, approaching now the full, brought the forms in manner forth, clothing each with character, as the moon (more than the sun) does to an eye accustomed.

I knew that the captain's house was first, both from what Lorna had said of it, and from my mother's description, and now again from seeing Charlie halt there for a certain time, and whistle on his fingers, and hurry on, fearing consequence. The tune that he whistled was strange to me, and lingered in my ears, as having something very new and striking and fantastic in it. And I repeated it softly to myself, while I marked the position of the houses and the beauty of the village. For the stream, in lieu of the street, passing between the houses, and affording perpetual change and twinkling and reflections — moreover, by its sleepy murmur, soothing all the dwellers there — this, and the snugness of the position, walled with rock and spread with herbage, made it look in the quiet moonlight like a little paradise. And to think of all the inmates there sleeping with good consciences, having plied their useful trade of making others work for them, enjoying life without much labor, yet with great renown!

Master Charlie went down the village, and I followed him carefully, keeping as much as possible in the shadowy places, and watching the windows of every house, lest any light should be burning. As I passed Sir Ensor's house, my heart leaped up, for I spied a window, higher than the rest above the ground, and with a faint light moving. This could hardly fail to be the room wherein my darling lay; for here that impudent young fellow had gazed while he was whistling. And here my courage grew tenfold, and my spirit feared no evil; for lo! if Lorna had been surrendered to that scoundrel Carver, she would not have been at her grandfather's house, but in Carver's accursed dwelling.

LORNA DOONE

Warm with this idea, I hurried after Charleworth Doone, being resolved not to harm him now, unless my own life required it. And while I watched from behind a tree, the door of the furthest house was opened; and, sure enough, it was Carver's self, who stood bareheaded, and half undressed, in the doorway. I could see his great black chest and arms, by the light of the lamp he bore.

"Who wants me this time of night?" he grumbled, in a deep, gruff voice; "any young scamp prowling after the maids shall have sore bones for his trouble."

"All the fair maids are for thee, are they, Master Carver?" Charlie answered, laughing; "we young scamps must be well content with coarser stuff than thou wouldst have."

"Would have? Ay, and will have," the great beast muttered, angrily. "I bide my time; but not very long. Only one word for thy good, Charlie. I will fling thee senseless into the river if ever I catch thy girl-face here again."

"Mayhap, Master Carver, it is more than thou couldst do. But I will not keep thee; thou art not pleasant company to-night. All I want is a light for my lantern, and a glass of schnapps, if thou hast it."

"What is become of thy light, then? Good for thee I am not on duty."

"A great owl flew between me and Phelps as we watched beside the culverin, and so scared was he at our fierce bright eyes that he fell and knocked the light out."

"Likely tale, or likely lie, Charles! We will have the truth to-morrow. Here, take thy light, and be gone with thee. All virtuous men are in bed now."

"Then so will I be; and why art thou not? Ha! have I earned my schnapps now?"

"If thou hast, thou hast paid a bad debt! there is too much in thee already. Be off! my patience is done with."

Then he slammed the door in the young man's face, having kindled his lantern by this time; and Charlie went up the watch-place again, muttering, as he passed me, "Bad lookout for all of us when that surly old beast is captain. No gentle blood in him, no hospitality, not even pleasant language, nor a good new oath in his frowsy pate! I've a mind to cut the whole of it; and but for the girls I would do so."

My heart was in my mouth, as they say, when I stood in the shade by Lorna's window, and whispered her name gently. The

house was of one story only, as the others were, with pine-ends standing forth the stone, and only two rough windows upon that western side of it, and perhaps those two were Lorna's. The Doones had been their own builders, for no one should know their inns and outs; and of course their work was clumsy. As for their windows, they stole them mostly from the houses round about. But though the window was not very close, I might have whispered long enough before she would have answered me, frightened as she was, no doubt, by many a rude overture. And I durst not speak aloud, because I saw another watchman posted on the western cliff, and commanding all the valley. And now this man (having no companion for drinking or for gambling) espied me against the wall of the house, and advanced to the brink, and challenged me.

"Who are you there? Answer. One, two, three and I fire at thee."

The nozzle of his gun was pointed full upon me, as I could see, with the moonlight striking on the barrel; he was not more than fifty yards off, and now he began to reckon. Being almost desperate about it, I began to whistle, wondering how far I should get before I lost my windpipe; and as luck would have it, my lips fell into that strange tune I had practised last; the one I had heard from Charlie. My mouth would hardly frame the notes, being parched with terror; but to my surprise the man fell back, dropped his gun, and saluted. Oh, sweetest of all sweet melodies!

That tune was Carver Doone's passport (as I heard long afterward), which Charleworth Doone had imitated, for decoy of Lorna. The sentinel took me for that vile Carver, who was like enough to be prowling there for private talk with Lorna, but not very likely to shout forth his name, if it might be avoided. The watchman, perceiving the danger, perhaps, of intruding on Carver's privacy, not only retired along the cliff, but withdrew himself to good distance.

Meanwhile he had done me the kindest service; for Lorna came to the window at once to see what the cause of the shout was, and drew back the curtain timidly. Then she opened the rough lattice, and then she watched the cliff and trees, and then she sighed very sadly.

"O Lorna, don't you know me?" I whispered from the side, being afraid of startling her by appearing over-suddenly.

Quick though she always was of thought, she knew me not

from my whisper, and was shutting the window hastily, when I caught it back and showed myself.

"John!" she cried, yet with sense enough not to speak aloud; "oh, you must be mad, John!"

"As mad as a March hare," said I, "without any news of my darling. You knew I would come — of course you did."

A Wedding and a Revenge.

(From "Lorna Doone.")

However humble I might be, no one knowing anything of our part of the country would for a moment doubt that now here was a great to-do and talk of John Ridd and his wedding. The fierce fight with the Doones so lately, and my leading of the combat (though I fought not more than need be), and the vanishing of Sir Counsellor, and the galloping madness of Carver, and the religious fear of the women that this last was gone to hell, — for he himself had declared that his aim, while he cut through the yeomanry, — also their remorse that he should have been made to go thither, with all his children left behind — these things, I say (if ever I can again contrive to say anything), had led to the broadest excitement about my wedding of Lorna. We heard that people meant to come from more than thirty miles around, upon excuse of seeing my stature and Lorna's beauty, but in good truth out of sheer curiosity and the love of meddling.

Our clerk had given notice that not a man should come inside the door of his church without shilling fee, and women (as sure to see twice as much) must every one pay two shillings. I thought this wrong; and as church-warden begged that the money might be paid into mine own hands when taken. But the clerk said that was against all law; and he had orders from the parson to pay it to him without any delay. So, as I always obey the parson when I care not much about a thing, I let them have it their own way, though feeling inclined to believe sometimes that I ought to have some of the money.

Dear mother arranged all the ins and outs of the way in which it was to be done; and Annie and Lizzie and all the Snowes, and even Ruth Huckaback (who was there, after great persuasion), made such a sweeping of dresses that I scarcely knew where to place my feet, and longed for a staff to put by their gowns. Then Lorna came out of a pew half-way, in a

manner which quite astonished me, and took my left hand in her right, and I prayed God that it were done with.

My darling looked so glorious that I was afraid of glancing at her, yet took in all her beauty. She was in a fright, no doubt, but nobody should see it; whereas I said (to myself, at least), "I will go through it like a grave-digger."

Lorna's dress was of pure white, clouded with faint lavender (for the sake of the old Earl Brandir), and as simple as need be, except for perfect loveliness. I was afraid to look at her, as I said before, except when each of us said, "I will;" and then each dwelt upon the other.

It is impossible for any who have not loved as I have to conceive my joy and pride when, after ring and all was done, and the parson had blessed us, Lorna turned to look at me with her glances of subtle fun subdued by this great act.

Her eyes, which none on earth may ever equal or compare with, told me such a depth of comfort, yet awaiting further commune, that I was almost amazed, thoroughly as I knew them. Darling eyes, the sweetest eyes, the loveliest, the most loving eyes — the sound of a shot rang through the church, and those eyes were filled with death.

Lorna fell across my knees when I was going to kiss her, as the bridegroom is allowed to do, and encouraged, if he needs it: a flood of blood came out upon the yellow wood of the altar steps; and at my feet lay Lorna, trying to tell me some last message out of her faithful eyes. I lifted her up, and petted her, and coaxed her, but it was no good; the only sign of life remaining was a spurt of bright red blood.

Some men know what things befall them in the supreme time of their life — far above the time of death — but to me comes back as a hazy dream, without any knowledge in it, what I did, or felt, or thought, with my wife's arms flagging, flagging, around my neck, as I raised her up, and softly put them there. She sighed a long sigh on my breast, for her last farewell to life, and then she grew so cold, and cold, that I asked the time of year.

It was now Whit-Tuesday, and the lilacs all in blossom; and why I thought of the time of year, with the young death in my arms, God or his angels may decide, having so strangely given us. Enough that so I did, and looked, and our white lilacs were beautiful. Then I laid my wife in my mother's arms, and begging that no one would make a noise, went forth for my revenge.

Of course I knew who had done it. There was but one man in the world, or at any rate in our part of it, who could have done such a thing — such a thing. I use no harsher word about it, while I leaped upon our best horse, with bridle, but no saddle, and set the head of Kickums toward the course now pointed out to me. Who showed me the course I cannot tell. I only know that I took it. And the men fell back before me.

Weapon of no sort had I. Unarmed, and wondering at my strange attire (with a bridal vest wrought by our Annie, and red with the blood of the bride), I went forth just to find out this — whether in this world there be or be not a God of justice.

With my vicious horse at a furious speed, I came up Black Barrow Down, directed by some shout of men, which seemed to me but a whisper. And there, about a furlong before me, rode a man on a great black horse, and I knew that man was Carver Doone.

"Your life, or mine," I said to myself; "as the will of God may be. But we two live not upon this earth one more hour together."

I knew the strength of this great man; and I knew that he was armed with a gun — if he had time to load again, after shooting my Lorna — or at any rate with pistols, and a horseman's sword as well. Nevertheless, I had no more doubt of killing the man before me than a cook has of spitting a headless fowl.

Sometimes seeing no ground beneath me, and sometimes heeding every leaf, and the crossing of the grass-blades, I followed over the long moor, reckless whether seen or not. But only once the other man turned round and looked back again, and then I was beside a rock, with a reedy swamp behind me.

Although he was so far before me, and riding as hard as ride he might, I saw that he had something on the horse in front of him; something which needed care, and stopped him from looking backward. In the whirling of my wits, I fancied first that this was Lorna; until the scene I had been through fell across hot brain and heart, like the drop at the close of a tragedy. Rushing there through crag and quag at utmost speed of a maddened horse, I saw, as of another's fate, calmly (as on canvas laid), the brutal deed, the piteous anguish, and the cold despair.

The man turned up the gully leading from the moor to Cloven Rocks, through which John Fry had tracked Uncle Ben, as of old

related. But as Carver entered it, he turned round, and beheld me not a hundred yards behind; and I saw that he was bearing his child, little Ensie, before him. Ensie also descried me, and stretched his hands and cried to me; for the face of his father frightened him.

Carver Doone, with a vile oath, thrust spurs into his flagging horse, and laid one hand on a pistol-stock, whence I knew that his slung carbine had received no bullet since the one that pierced Lorna. And a cry of triumph rose from the black depths of my heart. What cared I for pistols? I had no spurs, neither was my horse one to need the rowel; I rather held him in than urged him, for he was fresh as ever; and I knew that the black steed in front, if he breasted the steep ascent, where the track divided, must be in our reach at once.

His rider knew this, and having no room in the rocky channel to turn and fire, drew rein at the crossways sharply, and plunged into the black ravine leading to the Wizard's Slough. "Is it so?" I said to myself, with brain and head cold as iron: "though the foul fiend come from the slough to save thee, thou shalt carve it, Carver."

I followed my enemy carefully, steadily, even leisurely; for I had him as in a pitfall, whence no escape might be. He thought that I feared to approach him, for he knew not where he was; and his low disdainful laugh came back. "Laugh he who wins," thought I.

A gnarled and half-starved oak, as stubborn as my own resolve, and smitten by some storm of old, hung from the crag above me. Rising from my horse's back, although I had no stirrups, I caught a limb, and tore it (like a mere wheat-awn) from the socket. Men show the rent even now with wonder; none with more wonder than myself.

Carver Doone turned the corner suddenly on the black and bottomless bog; with a start of fear he reined back his horse, and I thought he would have turned upon me. But instead of that, he again rode on, hoping to find a way round the side.

Now there is a way between cliff and slough for those who know the ground thoroughly, or have time enough to search it; but for him there was no road, and he lost some time in seeking it. Upon this he made up his mind; and wheeling, fired, and then rode at me.

His bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that. Fearing only his escape, I laid my horse across the way, and

with the limb of oak struck full on the forehead his charging steed. Ere the slash of the sword came nigh me, man and horse rolled over and well-nigh bore my own horse down with the power of their onset.

Carver Doone was somewhat stunned, and could not arise for a moment. Meanwhile I leaped on the ground and awaited, smoothing my hair back, and baring my arms, as though in the ring for wrestling. Then the little boy ran to me, clasped my leg, and looked up at me, and the terror in his eyes made me almost fear myself.

"Ensie, dear," I said quite gently, grieving that he should see his wicked father killed, "run up yonder round the corner, and try to find a pretty bunch of bluebells for the lady." The child obeyed me, hanging back, and looking back, and then laughing, while I prepared for business. There and then I might have killed mine enemy with a single blow while he lay unconscious, but it would have been foul play.

With a sullen and black scowl, the Carver gathered his mighty limbs and arose, and looked round for his weapons; but I had put them well away. Then he came to me and gazed, being wont to frighten thus young men.

"I would not harm you, lad," he said, with a lofty style of sneering: "I have punished you enough for most of your impertinence. For the rest I forgive you, because you have been good and gracious to my little son. Go and be contented."

For answer I smote him on the cheek, lightly, and not to hurt him, but to make his blood leap up. I would not sully my tongue by speaking to a man like this.

There was a level space of sward between us and the slough. With the courtesy derived from London, and the procession I had seen, to this place I led him. And that he might breathe himself, and have every fibre cool, and every muscle ready, my hold upon his coat I loosed, and left him to begin with me whenever he thought proper.

I think he felt that his time was come. I think he knew from my knitted muscles, and the firm arch of my breast, and the way in which I stood, but most of all from my stern blue eyes, that he had found his master. At any rate, a paleness came, an ashy paleness on his cheeks, and the vast calves of his legs bowed in, as if he were out of training.

Seeing this, villain as he was, I offered him first chance. I stretched forth my left hand as I do to a weaker antagonist, and

I let him have the hug of me. But in this I was too generous; having forgotten my pistol-wound, and the cracking of one of my short lower ribs. Carver Doone caught me round the waist with such a grip as never yet had been laid upon me.

I heard my rib go; I grasped his arm and tore the muscle out of it[1] (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling, but he had snatched at mine; and now was no time of dalliance. In vain he tugged and strained and writhed, dashed his bleeding fist into my face, and flung himself on me with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of my strength — for God that day was with me — I had him helpless in two minutes, and his fiery eyes lolled out.

"I will not harm thee any more," I cried, so far as I could for panting, the work being very furious: "Carver Doone, thou art beaten; own it, and thank God for it; and go thy way, and repent thyself."

It was all too late. Even if he had yielded in his ravening frenzy — for his beard was like a mad dog's jowl — even if he would have owned that for the first time in his life he had found his master, it was all too late.

The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground drew on him, like the thirsty lips of death. In our fury we had heeded neither wet nor dry, nor thought of earth beneath us. I myself might scarcely leap, with the last spring o'erlabored legs, from the engulfing grave of slime. He fell back, with his swarthy breast (from which my grip had rent all clothing), like a hummock of bog-oak, standing out the quagmire; and then he tossed his arms to heaven, and they were black to the elbow, and the glare of his eyes was ghastly. I could only gaze and pant; for my strength was no more than an infant's from the fury and the horror. Scarcely could I turn away, while, joint by joint, he sank from sight.

Landing the Trout.

(From "Alice Lorraine.")

The trout knew nothing of all this. They had not tasted a worm for a month, except when a sod of the bank fell in, through cracks of the sun, and the way cold water has of licking upward. And even the flies had no flavor at all; when

[1] A far more terrible clutch than this is handed down to weaker ages, of the great John Ridd. — Ed. L. D.

they fell on the water, they fell flat, and on the palate they tasted hot, even under the bushes.

Hilary followed a path through the meadows, with the calm bright sunset casting its shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge-road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he carried a fishing-basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short springy rod, the absent sailor's favorite. After long council with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up-stream as far as the spot where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel and the swish of his rod were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut-glass, and the twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more clear. It twisted about a little, here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with something, a clump of loosestrife, a tuft of avens, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with. "This won't do," said Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade. "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't rise till it is quite dark. I must have the interdict off my tobacco, if this sort of thing is to go on. How I should enjoy a pipe just now! I may just as well sit on a gate and think. No, hang it, I hate thinking now. There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip, and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horrible poaching upon his conscience; for suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary, "so you are up for your supper, are you? I myself will awake right early. Still I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not its cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying-pan."

He gave that fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another, the while he was putting a

white moth on, in lieu of his blue upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and he tried his knots, for he knew that this trout was a Triton.

Then, with a delicate sidling and stooping, known only to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the summer-time, — compared with which art the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's — with, or in, or by, a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access of the water, without any doubt in the mind of the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast, but a spring of the rod, and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole. The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought; for he had his own favorite spot for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked at the white moth also, and thought that he had never seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump, spotted sides with his tail.

"Upon my word, it is too bad," said Hilary, after three beautiful throws, and exquisite management down-stream; "everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if that had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching him. One more throw, however. How would it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience."

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist, he played them just below the surface, and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider's web. Still the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human hat about twelve yards up the water? Revolving these things, he might have lived to a venerable age but for that noble ambition to teach, which is fatal to even the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in

his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through over-eagerness. "I'll show you the way to catch a fly," said the big trout to him: "open your mouth like this, my son."

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail, and turned to go home again. Alas! his sweet home now shall know him no more. For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped, in his wrath, a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You 've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one too. It is much if I ever land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope that there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug.

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace very hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eyes on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha, he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a springle-bow.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook from the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were come to a corner where a nut-bush quite overhung the stream.

"I am done for now," said the fisherman; "the villain knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the hazel boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then he plunged out to an open reach of shallow water and gravel slope.

"I ought to have you now," he said, "though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have led me!"

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead

weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or back-water, where a small spring ran out. Into this by a dexterous turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he stuck his rod into the bank, ran down stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit from the gut. It was all up now with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and jumped, with his rich yellow belly, and chaste silver sides, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. "Two and three quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how bright your spots are!" he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. "You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you."

While he cut his fly out of this grand trout's mouth, he felt for the first time a pain in his knee, where the point of the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; and then he saw how he had dyed the water. After washing the wound and binding it with dock-leaves and a handkerchief, he followed the stream through a few more meadows, for the fish began to sport pretty well as the gloom of the evening deepened; so that by the time the gables of the old farm-house appeared, by the light of a young moon, and the comet, Lorraine had a dozen more trout in his basket, silvery-sided and handsome fellows, though none of them over a pound perhaps, except his first and redoubtable captive.

Slain by the Doones.

To hear people talking about North Devon, and the savage part called Exmoor, you might almost think that there never was any place in the world so beautiful, or any living men so wonderful. It is not my intention to make little of them, for they would be the last to permit it; neither do I feel ill will against them for the pangs they allowed me to suffer; for I dare say they could not help themselves, being so slow-blooded, and hard to stir even by their own egrimonies. But when I look back upon the things that happened, and were for a full generation of mankind accepted as the will of God, I say, that the

people who endured them must have been born to be ruled by the devil. And in thinking thus I am not alone; for the very best judges of that day stopped short of that end of the world, because the law would not go any further. Nevertheless, every word is true of what I am going to tell, and the stoutest writer of history cannot make less of it by denial.

My father was Sylvester Ford of Quantock, in the county of Somerset, a gentleman of large estate as well as ancient lineage. Also of high courage and resolution not to be beaten, as he proved in his many rides with Prince Rupert, and woe that I should say it! in his most sad death. To this he was not looking forward much, though turned of threescore years and five; and his only child and loving daughter, Sylvia, which is myself, had never dreamed of losing him. For he was exceeding fond of me, little as I deserved it, except by loving him with all my heart and thinking nobody like him. And he without anything to go upon, except that he was my father, held, as I have often heard, as good an opinion of me.

Upon the triumph of that hard fanatic, the Brewer, who came to a timely end by the justice of high Heaven — my father, being disgusted with England as well as banished from her, and despoiled of all his property, took service on the Continent, and wandered there for many years, until the replacement of the throne. Thereupon he expected, as many others did, to get his estates restored to him, and perhaps to be held in high esteem at court, as he had a right to be. But this did not so come to pass. Excellent words were granted him, and promise of tenfold restitution; on the faith of which he returned to Paris, and married a young Italian lady of good birth and high qualities, but with nothing more to come to her. Then, to his great disappointment, he found himself left to live upon air — which, however distinguished, is not sufficient — and love, which, being fed so easily, expects all who lodge with it to live upon itself.

My father was full of strong loyalty; and the king (in his value of that sentiment) showed faith that it would support him. His majesty took both my father's hands, having learned that hearty style in France, and welcomed him with most gracious warmth, and promised him more than he could desire. But time went on, and the bright words faded, like a rose set bravely in a noble vase, without any nurture under it.

Another man had been long established in our hereditaments by the Commonwealth; and he would not quit them of his own

record, having a sense of obligation to himself. Nevertheless, he went so far as to offer my father a share of the land, if some honest lawyers, whom he quoted, could find proper means for arranging it. But my father said: "If I cannot have my rights, I will have my wrongs. No mixture of the two for me." And so, for the last few years of his life, being now very poor and a widower, he took refuge in an outlandish place, a house and small property in the heart of Exmoor, which had come to the Fords on the spindle side, and had been overlooked when their patrimony was confiscated by the Brewer. Of him I would speak with no contempt, because he was ever as good as his word.

In the course of time, we had grown used to live according to our fortunes. And I verily believe that we were quite content, and repined but little at our lost importance. For my father was a very simple-minded man, who had seen so much of uproarious life, and the falsehood of friends, and small glitter of great folk, that he was glad to fall back upon his own good will. Moreover he had his books, and me; and as he always spoke out his thoughts, he seldom grudged to thank the Lord for having left both of these to him. I felt a little jealous of his books now and then, as a very poor scholar might be; but reason is the proper guide for women, and we are quick enough in discerning it, without having to borrow it from books.

At any rate now we were living in a wood, and trees were the only creatures near us, to the best of our belief and wish. Few might say in what part of the wood we lived, unless they saw the smoke ascending from our single chimney; so thick were the trees, and the land they stood on so full of sudden rise and fall. But a little river called the Lynn makes a crooked border to it, and being for its size as noisy a water as any in the world perhaps, can be heard all through the trees and leaves to the very top of the Warren Wood. In the summer all this was sweet and pleasant; but lonely and dreary and shuddersome, when the twigs bore drops instead of leaves, and the ground would not stand to the foot, and the play of light and shadow fell, like the lopping of a tree, into one great lump.

Now there was a young man about this time, and not so very distant from our place — as distances are counted there — who managed to make himself acquainted with us, although we lived so privately. To me it was a marvel, both why and how he did it; seeing what little we had to offer, and how much we desired

to live alone. But Mrs. Pring told me to look in the glass, if I wanted to know the reason; and while I was blushing with anger at that, being only just turned eighteen years, and thinking of nobody but my father, she asked if I had never heard the famous rhymes made by the wise woman at Tarr-steps: —

> "Three fair maids live upon Exymoor,
> The rocks, and the woods, and the dairy-door.
> The son of a baron shall woo all three,
> But barren of them all shall the young man be."

Of the countless things I could never understand, one of the very strangest was how Deborah Pring, our only domestic, living in the lonely depths of this great wood, and seeming to see nobody but ourselves, in spite of all that contrived to know as much of the doings of the neighborhood as if she went to market twice a week. But my father cared little for any such stuff; coming from a better part of the world, and having been mixed with mighty issues and making of great kingdoms, he never said what he thought of these little combings of petty pie crust, because it was not worth his while. And yet he seemed to take a kindly liking to the young De Wichehalse; not as a youth of birth only, but as one driven astray perhaps by harsh and austere influence. For his father, the baron, was a godly man, — which is much to the credit of any one, growing rarer and rarer, as it does, — and there should be no rasp against such men, if they would only bear in mind that in their time they had been young, and were not quite so perfect then. But lo! I am writing as if I knew a great deal more than I could know until the harrow passed over me.

No one, however, need be surprised at the favor this young man obtained with all who came into his converse. Handsome, and beautiful as he was, so that bold maids longed to kiss him, it was the sadness in his eyes, and the gentle sense of doom therein, together with a laughing scorn of it, that made him come home to our nature, in a way that it feels but cannot talk of. And he seemed to be of the past somehow, although so young and bright and brave; of the time when greater things were done, and men would die for women. That he should woo three maids in vain, to me was a stupid old woman's tale.

"Sylvia," my father said to me, when I was not even thinking of him, "no more converse must we hold with that son of the Baron de Wichehalse. I have ordered Pring to keep the

door; and Mistress Pring, who hath the stronger tongue, to come up if he attempted to dispute; the while I go away to catch our supper."

He was bearing a fishing rod made by himself, and a basket strapped over his shoulders.

"But why, father? Why should such a change be? How hath the young gentleman displeased thee!" I put my face into his beard as I spoke, that I might not appear too curious.

"Is it so?" he answered, "then high time it is. No more shall he enter this" — *house* he would have said, but being so truthful changed it into — "hut. I was pleased with the youth. He is gentle and kind; but weak — my dear child, remember that. Why are we in this hut, my dear? and thou, the heiress of the best land in the world, now picking up sticks in the wilderness? Because the man who should do us right is weak, and wavering, and careth but for pleasure. So is this young Marwood de Wichehalse. He rideth with the Doones. I knew it not, but now that I know, it is enough."

My father was of tall stature and fine presence, and his beard shone like a cascade of silver. It was not the manner of the young as yet to argue with their elders, and though I might have been a little fluttered by the comely gallant's lofty talk and gaze of daring melancholy, I said good-bye to him in my heart, as I kissed my noble father. Shall I ever cease to thank the Lord that I proved myself a good daughter then?

BY A QUIET RIVER.

Living as we did all by ourselves, and five or six miles away from the Robbers' Valley, we had felt little fear of the Doones hitherto, because we had nothing for them to steal except a few books, the sight of which would only make them swear and ride away. But now that I was full-grown, and beginning to be accounted comely, my father was sometimes uneasy in his mind, as he told Deborah, and she told me; for the outlaws showed interest in such matters, even to the extent of carrying off young women who had won reputation thus. Therefore he left Thomas Pring at home, with the doors well-barred, and two duck guns loaded, and ordered me not to quit the house until he should return with a creel of trout for supper. Only our little boy Dick Hutchings was to go with him, to help when his fly caught in the bushes.

My father set off in the highest spirits, as anglers always

seem to do, to balance the state in which they shall return; and I knew not, neither did any one else, what a bold stroke he was resolved upon. When it was too late, we found out that, hearing so much of that strange race, he desired to know more about them, scorning the idea that men of birth could ever behave like savages, and forgetting that they had received no chance of being tamed, as rough spirits are by the lessons of the battlefield. No gentleman would ever dream of attacking an unarmed man, he thought; least of all one whose hair was white. And so he resolved to fish the brook which ran away from their stronghold, believing that he might see some of them, and hoping for a peaceful interview.

We waited and waited for his pleasant face, and long, deliberate step upon the steep, and cheerful shout for his Sylvia, to come and ease down his basket, and say — "Well done, father!" But the shadows of the trees grew darker, and the song of the gray-bird died out among them, and the silent wings of the owl swept by, and all the mysterious sounds of night in the depth of forest loneliness, and the glimmer of a star through the leaves here and there, to tell us that there still was light in heaven — but of an earthly father not a sign; only pain, and long sighs, and deep sinking of the heart.

But why should I dwell upon this? All women, being of a gentle and loving kind, — unless they forego their nature, — know better than I at this first trial knew, the misery often sent to us. I could not believe it, and went about in a dreary haze of wonder, getting into dark places, when all was dark, and expecting to be called out again and asked what had made such a fool of me. And so the long night went at last, and no comfort came in the morning. But I heard a great crying, sometime the next day, and ran back from the wood to learn what it meant, for there I had been searching up and down, not knowing whither I went or why. And lo, it was little Dick Hutchings at our door, and Deborah Pring held him by the coat-flap, and was beating him with one of my father's sticks.

"I tell 'ee, they Doo-uns has done for 'un," the boy was roaring betwixt his sobs; "dree on 'em, dree on 'em, and he 've killed one. The squire be layin' as dead as a sto-un."

Mrs. Pring smacked him on the mouth, for she saw that I had heard it. What followed I know not, for down I fell, and the sense of life went from me.

There was little chance of finding Thomas Pring, or any

other man to help us, for neighbors were none, and Thomas was gone everywhere he could think of to look for them. Was I likely to wait for night again, and then talk for hours about it? I recovered my strength when the sun went low; and who was Deborah Pring, to stop me? She would have come, but I would not have it; and the strength of my grief took command of her.

Little Dick Hutchings whistled now, I remember that he whistled, as he went through the wood in front of me. Who had given him the breeches on his legs and the hat upon his shallow pate? And the poor little coward had skiddered away, and slept in a furze rick, till famine drove him home. But now he was set up again by gorging for an hour, and chattered as if he had done a great thing.

There must have been miles of rough walking through woods, and tangles, and craggy and black boggy hollows, until we arrived at a wide open space where two streams ran into one another.

"This be Oare watter," said the boy, "and t' other over yonner be Badgery. Squire be dead up there; plaise, Miss Sillie, 'ee can goo vorrard and vaind 'un."

He would go no further; but I crossed the brook, and followed the Badgery stream, without knowing, or caring to know, where I was. The banks, and the bushes, and the rushing water went by me until I came upon — but though the Lord hath made us to endure such things, he hath not compelled us to enlarge upon them.

In the course of the night kind people came, under the guidance of Thomas Pring, and they made a pair of wattles such as farmers use for sheep, and carried home father and daughter, one sobbing and groaning with a broken heart, and the other that should never so much as sigh again. Troubles have fallen upon me since, as the will of the Lord is always; but none that I ever felt like that, and for months everything was the same to me.

But inasmuch as it has been said by those who should know better, that my father in some way provoked his merciless end by those vile barbarians, I will put into plainest form, without any other change, except from outlandish words, the tale received from Dick Hutchings, the boy, who had seen and heard almost everything while crouching in the water and huddled up inside a bush.

"Squire had catched a tidy few, and he seemed well pleased with himself, and then we came to a sort of a hollow place where one brook floweth into the other. Here he was a-casting of his fly, most careful, for if there was ever a trout on the feed, it was like to be a big one, and lucky for me I was keeping round the corner when a kingfisher bird flew along like a string-bolt, and there were three great men coming round a fuzz-bush, and looking at squire, and he back to them. Down goes I, you may say sure enough, with all of me in the water but my face, and that stuck into a wutts-clump, and my teeth making holes in my naked knees, because of the way they were shaking.

"'Ho, fellow!' one of them called out to squire, as if he was no better than father is, 'who give thee leave to fish in our river?'

"'Open moor,' says squire, 'and belongeth to the king, if it belongeth to anybody. Any of you gentlemen hold his majesty's warrant to forbid an old officer of his?'

"That seemed to put them in a dreadful rage, for to talk of a warrant was unpleasant to them.

"'Good fellow, thou mayest spin spider's webs, or jib up and down like a gnat,' said one, 'but such tricks are not lawful upon land of ours. Therefore render up thy spoil.'

"Squire walked up from the pebbles at that, and he stood before the three of them, as tall as any of them. And he said, 'You be young men, but I am old. Nevertheless, I will not be robbed by three, or by thirty of you. If you be cowards enough, come on.'

"Two of them held off, and I heard them say, 'Let him alone, he is a brave old cock.' For you never seed anyone look more braver, and his heart was up with righteousness. But the other, who seemed to be the oldest of the three, shouted out something, and put his legs across, and made at the squire with a long blue thing that shone in the sun, like a looking-glass. And the squire, instead of turning around to run away as he should have, led at him with the thick end of the fishing rod, to which he had bound an old knife of Mother Pring's for to stick it in the grass, while he put his flies on. And I heard the old knife strike the man in his breast, and down he goes dead as a door-nail. And before I could look again almost, another man ran a long blade into squire, and there he was lying as straight as a lath, with the end of his white beard as red as a rose. At that I was so scared that I could n't look no more, and the water

came bubbling into my mouth, and I thought I was at home along of mother.

"By and by, I came back to myself with my face full of scratches in a bush, and the sun was going low, and the place all as quiet as Cheriton church. But the noise of the water told me where I was; and I got up, and ran for the life of me, till I came to the goyal. And then I got into a fuzz-rick, and slept all night, for I durst n't go home to tell Mother Pring. But I just took a look before I began to run, and the Doone that was killed was gone away, but the squire lay along with his arms stretched out, as quiet as a sheep before they hang him up to drain."

WISE COUNSEL.

Some pious people seem not to care how many of their dearest hearts the Lord in Heaven takes from them. How well I remember that in later life, I met a beautiful young widow, who had loved her husband with her one love, and was left with twin babies by him. I feared to speak, for I had known him well, and thought her the tenderest of the tender, and my eyes were full of tears for her. But she looked at me with some surprise, and said: "You loved my Bob, I know," for he was a cousin of my own, and as good a man as ever lived, "but, Sylvia, you must not commit the sin of grieving for him."

It may be so, in a better world, if people are allowed to die there; but as long as we are here, how can we help being as the Lord has made us? The sin, as it seems to me, would be to feel or fancy ourselves case-hardened against the will of our Maker, which so often is — that we should grieve. Without a thought how that might be, I did the natural thing, and cried about the death of my dear father until I was like to follow him. But a strange thing happened in a month or so of time, which according to Deborah saved my life, by compelling other thoughts to come. My father had been buried in a small churchyard, with nobody living near it, and the church itself was falling down, through scarcity of money on the moor. The Warren, as our wood was called, lay somewhere in the parish of Brendon, a straggling country, with a little village somewhere, and a blacksmith's shop and an ale house, but no church that anyone knew of, till you came to a place called Cheriton. And there was a little church all by itself, not easy to find, though it had four bells, which nobody dared to ring, for fear of his head and the

burden above it. But a boy would go up the first Sunday of each month, and strike the liveliest of them with a poker from the smithy. And then a brave parson, who feared nothing but his duty, would make his way in, with a small flock at his heels, and read the Psalms of the day, and preach concerning the difficulty of doing better. And it was accounted to the credit of the Doones that they never came near him, for he had no money.

The Fords had been excellent Catholics always; but Thomas and Deborah Pring, who managed everything while I was overcome, said that the church, being now so old, must have belonged to us, and therefor might be considered holy. The parson also said that it would do, for he was not a man of hot persuasions. And so my dear father lay there, without a stone, or a word to tell who he was, and the grass began to grow.

Here I was sitting one afternoon in May, and the earth was beginning to look lively; when a shadow from the west fell over me, and a large, broad man stood behind it. If I had been at all like myself, a thing of that kind would have frightened me; but now the strings of my system seemed to have nothing like a jerk in them, for I cared not whither I went, nor how I looked, nor whether I went anywhere.

"Child! poor child!" It was a deep, soft voice of distant yet large benevolence. "Almost a woman, and a comely one, for those who think of such matters. Such a child I might have owned, if Heaven had been kind to me."

Low as I was of heart and spirit, I could not help looking up at him; for Mother Pring's voice, though her meaning was so good, sounded like a cackle in comparison to this. But when I looked up, such encouragement came from a great benign and steadfast gaze that I turned away my eyes, as I felt them overflow. But he said not a word, for his pity was too deep, and I thanked him in my heart for that.

"Pardon me if I am wrong," I said, with my eyes on the white flowers I had brought and arranged as my father would have liked them; "but perhaps you are the clergyman of this old church." For I had lain senseless and moaning on the ground when my father was carried away to be buried.

"How often am I taken for a clerk in holy orders! And in better times I might have been of that sacred vocation, though so unworthy. But I am a member of the older church, and to me all this is heresy."

There was nothing of bigotry in our race, and we knew that

we must put up with all changes for the worst; yet it pleased me not a little that so good a man should be also a sound Catholic.

"There are few of us left, and we are persecuted. Sad calumnies are spread about us," this venerable man proceeded, while I gazed on the silver locks that fell upon his well-worn velvet coat. "But of such things we take small heed, while we know that the Lord is with us. Haply even you, young maiden, have listened to slander about us."

I told him with some concern, although not caring much for such things now, that I never had any chance of listening to tales about anybody, and was yet without the honor of even knowing who he was.

"Few indeed care for that point now," he answered, with a toss of his glistening curls, and a lift of his broad white eyebrows. "Though there has been a time when the noblest of this earth — but vanity, vanity, the wise man saith. Yet some good I do in my quiet little way. There is a peaceful company among these hills, respected by all who conceive them aright. My child, perhaps you have heard of them?"

I replied sadly that I had not done so, but hoped that he would forgive me as one unacquainted with that neighborhood. But I knew that there might be godly monks still in hiding, for the service of God in the wilderness.

"So far as the name goes, we are not monastics," he said, with a sparkle in his deep-set eyes; "we are but a family of ancient lineage, expelled from our home in these irreligious times. It is no longer in our power to do all the good we would, and therefore we are much undervalued. Perhaps you have heard of the Doones, my child?"

To me it was a wonder that he spoke of them thus, for his look was of beautiful mildness, instead of any just condemnation. But his aspect was as if he came from heaven; and I thought that he had a hard job before him, if he were sent to conduct the Doones thither.

"I am not severe; I think well of mankind," he went on, as I looked at him meekly; "perhaps because I am one of them. You are very young, my dear, and unable to form much opinion as yet. But let it be your rule of life ever to keep an open mind."

This advice impressed me much, though I could not see clearly what it meant. But the sun was going beyond Exmoor

now, and safe as I felt with so good an old man, a long lonely walk was before me. So I took up my basket and rose to depart, saying, "Good-bye, sir; I am much in your debt for your excellent advice and kindness."

He looked at me most benevolently, and whatever may be said of him hereafter, I shall always believe that he was a good man, overcome perhaps by circumstances, yet trying to make the best of them. He has now become a by-word as a hypocrite and a merciless self-seeker. But many young people, who met him as I did, without possibility of prejudice, hold a larger opinion of him. And surely young eyes are the brightest.

"I will protect thee, my dear," he said, looking capable in his great width and wisdom of protecting all the host of heaven. "I have protected a maiden even more beautiful than thou art. But now she hath unwisely fled from us. Our young men are thoughtless, but they are not violent, at least until they are sadly provoked. Your father was a brave man, and much to be esteemed. My brother, the mildest man that ever lived, hath ridden down hundreds of Roundheads with him. Therefore thou shalt come to no harm. But he should not have fallen upon our young men as if they were rabble of the Commonwealth."

Upon these words I looked at him I know not how, so great was the variance betwixt my ears and eyes. Then I tried to say something, but nothing would come, so entire was my amazement.

"Such are the things we have ever to contend with," he continued, as if to himself, with a smile of compassion at my prejudice. "Nay, I am not angry; I have seen so much of this. Right and wrong stand fast, and cannot be changed by any facundity. But time is short, and will soon be stirring. Have a backway from thy bedroom, child. I am Councillor Doone; by birthright and in right of understanding, the captain of that pious family, since the return of the good Sir Ensor to the land where there are no lies. So long as we are not molested in our peaceful valley, my will is law; and I have ordered that none shall go near thee. But a mob of country louts are drilling in a farmyard up the moorlands, to plunder and destroy us, if they can. We shall make short work of them. But after that, our youths may be provoked beyond control, and sally forth to make reprisal. They have their eyes on thee, I know, and thy father hath assaulted us. An ornament to our valley thou wouldst be; but I would reproach myself if the daughter of my brother's

friend were discontented with our life. Therefore have I come to warn thee, for there are troublous times in front. Have a backway from thy bedroom, child, and slip out into the wood if a noise comes in the night."

Before I could thank him, he strode away, with a step of no small dignity, and as he raised his pointed hat, the western light showed nothing fairer or more venerable than the long wave of his silver locks.

A COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

Master Pring was not much of a man to talk. But for power of thought he was considered equal to any pair of other men, and superior of course to all womankind. Moreover, he had seen a good deal of fighting, not among outlaws, but fine soldiers well skilled in the proper style of it. So that it was impossible for him to think very highly of the Doones. Gentlemen they might be, he said, and therefore by nature well qualified to fight. But where could they have learned any discipline, any tactics, any knowledge of formation, or even any skill of sword or firearms? "Tush, there was his own son, Bob, now serving under Captain Purvis, as fine a young trooper as ever drew sword, and perhaps on his way at this very moment, under orders from the Lord Lieutenant, to rid the country of that pestilent race. Ah, ha! We soon shall see!"

And in truth we did see him, even sooner than his own dear mother had expected, and long before his father wanted him, though he loved him so much in his absence. For I heard a deep voice in the kitchen one night (before I was prepared for such things, by making a backway out of my bedroom), and thinking it best to know the worst, went out to ask what was doing there.

A young man was sitting upon the table, accounting too little of our house, yet showing no great readiness to boast, only to let us know who he was. He had a fine head of curly hair, and spoke with a firm conviction that there was much inside it. "Father, you have possessed small opportunity of seeing how we do things now. Mother is not to be blamed for thinking that we are in front of what used to be. What do we care how the country lies? We have heared all this stuff up at Oare. If there are bogs, we shall timber them. If there are rocks, we shall blow them up. If there are caves, we shall fire down them. The moment we get our guns into position —"

"Hush, Bob, hush! Here is your master's daughter. Not the interlopers you put up with; but your real master, on whose property you were born. Is that the position for your guns?"

Being thus rebuked by his father, who was a very faithful-minded man, Robert Pring shuffled his long boots down, and made me a low salutation. But, having paid little attention to the things other people were full of, I left the young man to convince his parents, and he soon was successful with his mother.

Two, or it may have been three days after this, a great noise arose in the morning. I was dusting my father's books, which lay open just as he had left them. There was "Barker's Delight" and "Isaac Walton," and the "Secrets of Angling by J. D." and some notes of his own about making flies; also fish hooks made of Spanish steel, and long hairs pulled from the tail of a gray horse, with spindles and bits of quill for plating them. So proud and so pleased had he been with these trifles, after the clamor and clash of life, that tears came into my eyes once more, as I thought of his tranquil and amiable ways.

"'T is a wrong thing altogether to my mind," cried Deborah Pring, running in to me. "They Doones was established afore we come, and why not let them bide upon their own land? They treated poor master amiss, beyond denial; and never will I forgive them for it. All the same, he was catching what belonged to them; meaning for the best no doubt, because he was so righteous. And having such courage he killed one, or perhaps two; though I never could have thought so much of that old knife. But ever since that, they have been good, Miss Sillie, never even coming anigh us; and I don't believe half of the tales about them."

All this was new to me; for if anybody had cried shame and death upon that wicked horde, it was Deborah Pring, who was talking to me thus! I looked at her with wonder, suspecting for the moment that the venerable Councillor — who was clever enough to make a cow forget her calf — might have paid her a visit while I was away. But very soon the reason of the change appeared.

"Who hath taken command of the attack?" she asked, as if no one would believe the answer; "not Captain Purvis, as ought to have been, nor even Captain Dallas of Devon, but Spy Stickles by royal warrant, the man that hath been up to Oare so long! And my son Robert, who hath come down to help to train them, and understandeth cannon guns —"

"Captain Purvis? I seem to know that name very well. I have often heard it from my father. And your son under him! Why, Deborah, what are you hiding from me?"

Now good Mrs. Pring was beginning to forget, or rather had never borne properly in mind, that I was the head of the household now, and entitled to know everything, and to be asked about it. But people who desire to have this done should insist upon it at the outset, which I had not been in proper state to do. So that she made quite a grievance of it, when I would not be treated as a helpless child. However, I soon put a stop to that, and discovered to my surprise much more than could be imagined.

And before I could say even half of what I thought, a great noise arose in the hollow of the hills, and came along the valleys, like the blowing of a wind that had picked up the roaring of mankind upon its way. Perhaps greater noise had never arisen upon the moor; and the cattle, and the quiet sheep, and even the wild deer came bounding from unsheltered places into any offering of branches, or of other heling from the turbulence of men. And then a gray fog rolled down the valley, and Deborah said it was cannon-smoke, following the river course; but to me it seemed only the usual thickness of the air, when the clouds hang low. Thomas Pring was gone, as behooved an ancient warrior, to see how his successors did things, and the boy Dick Hutchings had begged leave to sit in a tree and watch the smoke. Deborah and I were left alone, and a long and anxious day we had.

At last the wood-pigeons had stopped their cooing, — which they kept up for hours, when the weather matched the light, — and there was not a tree that could tell its own shadow, and we were contented with the gentle sounds that come through a forest when it falls asleep, and Deborah Pring, who had taken a motherly tendency toward me now, as if to make up for my father, was sitting in the porch with my hands in her lap, and telling me how to behave henceforth, as if the whole world depended upon that, when we heard a swishing sound, as of branches thrust aside, and then a low moan that went straight to my heart, as I thought of my father when he took the blow of death.

"My son, my Bob, my eldest boy!" cried Mistress Pring, jumping up and falling into my arms, like a pillow full of wire,

for she insisted upon her figure still. But before I could do anything to help her —

"Hit her on the back, ma'am; hit her hard upon the back. That is what always brings mother round," was shouted, as I might say, into my ear by the young man whom she was lamenting.

"Shut thy trap, Braggadose. To whom art thou speaking? Pretty much thou hast learned of war to come and give lessons to thy father! Mistress Sylvia, it is for thee to speak. Nothing would satisfy this young springal but to bring his beaten captain here, for the sake of mother's management. I told un that you would never take him in, for his father have taken in you pretty well! Captain Purvis of the Somerset I know not what — for the regiments now be all upside down. *Raggiments* is the proper name for them. Very like he be dead by this time, and better die out of doors than in. Take un away, Bob. No hospital here!"

"Thomas Pring, who are you," I said, for the sound of another low groan came through me, "to give orders to your master's daughter? If you bring not the poor wounded gentleman in, you shall never come through this door yourself."

"Ha, old hunks, I told thee so!"

The young man who spoke raised his hat to me, and I saw that it had a scarlet plume, such as Marwood de Wichehalse gloried in. "In with thee, and stretch him that he may die straight. I am off to Southmolton for Cutcliffe Lane, who can make a furze-fagot bloom again. My filly can give a landyard in a mile to Tom Faggus and his Winnie. But mind one thing, all of you; it was none of us that shot the captain, but his own good men. Farewell, Mistress Sylvia!" With these words he made me a very low bow, and set off for his horse at the corner of the wood — as reckless a gallant as ever broke hearts, and those of his own kin foremost; yet himself so kind and loving.

MISTAKEN AIMS.

Captain Purvis, now brought to the Warren in this very sad condition, had not been shot by his own men, as the dashing Marwood de Wichehalse said; neither was it quite true to say that he had been shot by anyone. What happened to him was simply this: While behaving with the utmost gallantry

and encouraging the militia of Somerset, whose uniforms were faced with yellow, he received in his chest a terrific blow from the bottom of a bottle. This had been discharged from a culverin on the opposite side of the valley by the brave but impetuous sons of Devon, who wore the red facings, and had taken umbrage at a pure mistake on the part of their excellent friends and neighbors, the loyal band of Somerset. Either brigade had three culverins; and never having seen such things before, as was natural with good farmers' sons, they felt it a compliment to themselves to be intrusted with such danger, and resolved to make the most of it. However, when they tried to make them go, with the help of a good many horses, upon places that had no roads for war, and even no sort of road at all, the difficulty was beyond them. But a very clever blacksmith near Malmesford, who had better, as it proved, have stuck to the plough, persuaded them that he knew all about it, and would bring their guns to bear, if they let him have his way. So they took the long tubes from their carriages, and lashed rollers of barked oak under them, and with very stout ropes, and great power of swearing, dragged them into the proper place to overwhelm the Doones.

Here they mounted their guns upon cider barrels, with allowance of roll for recoil, and charged them to the very best of their knowledge, and pointed them as nearly as they could guess at the dwellings of the outlaws in the glen; three cannon on the north were of Somerset, and the three on the south were of Devonshire; but these latter had no balls of metal, only anything round they could pick up. Colonel Stickles was in command, by virtue of his royal warrant, and his plan was to make his chief assault in company with some chosen men, including his host, young farmer Ridd, at the head of the valley where the chief entrance was, while the trainbands pounded away on either side. And perhaps this would have succeeded well, except for a little mistake in firing, for which the enemy alone could be blamed with justice. For while Captain Purvis was behind the line rallying a few men who showed fear, and not expecting any combat yet, because Devonshire was not ready, an elderly gentleman of great authority appeared among the bombardiers. On his breast he wore a badge of office, and in his hat a noble plume of the sea eagle, and he handed his horse to a man in red clothes.

"Just in time," he shouted; "and the Lord be thanked for

that! By order of His Majesty, I take supreme command. Ha, and high time, too, for it! You idiots, where are you pointing your guns? What allowance have you made for windage? Why, at that elevation, you 'll shoot yourselves. Up with your muzzles, you yellow jackanapes! Down on your bellies! Hand me the linstock! By the Lord, you don't even know how to touch them off!"

The soldiers were abashed at his rebukes, and glad to lie down on their breasts for fear of the powder on their yellow facings. And thus they were shaken by three great roars, and wrapped in a cloud of streaky smoke. When this had cleared off, and they stood up, lo! the houses of the Doones were the same as before, but a great shriek arose on the opposite bank, and two good horses lay on the ground; and the red men were stamping about, and some crossing their arms, and some running for their lives, and the bravest of them stooping over one another. Then as Captain Purvis rushed up in great wrath, shouting: "What the devil do you mean by this?" another great roar arose from across the valley, and he was lying flat, and two other fine fellows were rolling in a furze bush without knowledge of it. But of the general and his horse there was no longer any token.

This was the matter that lay so heavily on the breast of Captain Purvis, sadly crushed as it was already by the spiteful stroke bitterly intended for him. His own men had meant no harm whatever, unless to the proper enemy; although they appear to have been deluded by a subtle device of the Councillor, for which on the other hand none may blame him. But those redfaced men, without any inquiry, turned the muzzles of their guns upon Somerset, and the injustice rankled for a generation between two equally honest counties. Happily they did not fight it out, through scarcity of ammunition, as well as their mutual desire to go home and attend to their harvest business.

But Anthony Purvis, now our guest and patient, became very difficult to manage; not only because of his three broken ribs, but the lowness of the heart inside them. Dr. Cutcliffe Lane, a most cheerful man from that cheerful town Southmolton, was able (with the help of Providence) to make the bones grow again without much anger into their own embraces. It is useless, however, for the body to pretend that it is doing wonders on its own account, and rejoicing and holiday making,

when the thing that sits inside it, and holds the whip, keeps down upon the slouch and is out of sorts. And truly this was the case just now with the soul of Captain Purvis. Deborah Pring did her very best, and was in and out of his room every minute, and very often seemed to me to run him down when he deserved it not; on purpose that I might be started to run him up. But nothing of that sort told at all according to her intention. I kept myself very much to myself; feeling that my nature was too kind, and asking, at some little questions of behavior, what sort of returns my dear father had obtained for supposing other people as good as himself.

Moreover, it seemed an impossible thing that such a brave warrior, and a rich man too — for his father, Sir Geoffrey, was in full possession now of all the great property that belonged by right to us — that an officer who should have been in command of this fine expedition, if he had his dues, could be either the worse or the better of his wound, according to his glimpses of a simple maid like me. It was useless for Deborah Pring, or even Dr. Cutcliffe Lane himself, to go on as they did about love at first sight, and the rising of the heart when the ribs were broken, and a quantity of other stuff too foolish to repeat. "I am neither a plaster nor a poultice," I replied to myself, for I would not be too cross to them — and beyond a little peep at him, every afternoon, I kept out of the sight of Captain Purvis.

But these things made it very hard for me to be quite sure how to conduct myself, without father and mother to help me, and with Mistress Pring, who had always been such a landmark, becoming no more than a vane for the wind to blow upon as it listed; or, perhaps, as she listed to go with it. And remembering how she used to speak of the people who had ousted us, I told her that I could not make it out. Things were in this condition, and Captain Purvis, as it seemed to me, quite fit to go and make war again upon some of His Majesty's subjects, when a thing, altogether out of reason, or even of civilization, happened; and people who live in lawful parts will accuse me of caring too little for the truth. But even before that came about, something less unreasonable — but still unexpected — befell me. To wit, I received through Mistress Pring an offer of marriage, immediate and pressing, from Captain Anthony Purvis! He must have been sadly confused by that blow on his heart to think mine so tender, or that this was

the way to deal with it, though later explanations proved that Deborah, if she had been just, would have taken the whole reproach upon herself. The captain could scarcely have seen me, I believe, more than half a dozen times to speak of; and generally he had shut his eyes, gentle as they were and beautiful; not only to make me feel less afraid, but to fill me with pity for his weakness. Having no knowledge of mankind as yet, I was touched to the brink of tears at first; until when the tray came out of his room soon after one of these pitiful moments, it was plain to the youngest comprehension that the sick man had left very little upon a shoulder of Exmoor mutton, and nothing in a bowl of thick onion sauce.

For that I would be the last to blame him, and being his hostess, I was glad to find it so. But Deborah played a most double-minded part; leading him to believe that now she was father and mother in one to me; while to me she went on, as if I was most headstrong, and certain to go against anything she said, though for her part she never said anything. Nevertheless he made a great mistake, as men always do, about our ways; and having some sense of what is right, I said, "Let me hear no more of Captain Purvis."

This forced him to leave us; which he might have done, for aught I could see to the contrary, a full week before he departed. He behaved very well when he said good-bye, — for I could not deny him that occasion, — and, perhaps, if he had not assured me so much of his everlasting gratitude, I should have felt surer of deserving it. Perhaps I was a little disappointed also, that he expressed no anxiety at leaving our cottage so much at the mercy of turbulent and triumphant outlaws. But it was not for me to speak of that; and when I knew the reason of his silence, it redounded tenfold to his credit. Nothing, however, vexed me so much as what Deborah Pring said afterward: that he could not help feeling in the sadness of his heart that I had behaved in that manner to him just because his father was in possession of our rightful home and property. I was not so small as that; and if he truly did suppose it, there must have been some fault on my part, for his nature was good to everybody, and perhaps all the better for not descending through too many high generations.

There is nothing more strange than the way things work in the mind of a woman, when left alone, to doubt about her own behavior. With men it can scarcely be so cruel; because they

can always convince themselves that they did their best; and if it fail, they can throw the fault upon Providence, or bad luck, or something outside their own power. But we seem always to be denied this happy style of thinking, and cannot put aside what comes into our hearts more quickly, and has less stir of outward things, to lead it away and to brighten it. So that I fell into sad, low spirits; and the glory of the year began to wane, and the forest grew more and more lonesome.

OVER THE BRIDGE.

The sound of the woods was with me now, both night and day, to dwell upon. Exmoor in general is bare of trees, though it hath the name of forest; but in the shelter, where the wind flies over, are many thick places full of shade. For here the trees and bushes thrive, so copious with rich moisture that, from the hills on the opposite side, no eye may pick holes in the umbrage; neither may a foot that gets amid them be sure of getting out again. And now was the fullest and heaviest time, for the summer had been a wet one, after a winter that went to our bones; and the leaves were at their darkest tone without any sense of autumn. As one stood beneath and wondered at their countless multitude, a quick breathing passed among them, not enough to make them move, but seeming rather as if they wished, and yet were half ashamed to sigh. And this was very sad for one whose spring comes only once for all.

One night toward the end of August I was lying awake thinking of the happier times, and wondering what the end would be — for now we had very little money left, and I would rather starve than die in debt — when I heard our cottage door smashed in and the sound of horrible voices. The roar of a gun rang up the stairs, and the crash of someone falling, and the smoke came through my bedroom door, and then wailing mixed with curses. "Out of the way, old hag!" I heard, and then another shriek; and then I stood upon the stairs and looked down at them. The moon was shining through the shattered door, and the bodies and legs of men went to and fro, like branches in a tempest. Nobody seemed to notice me, although I had cast over my night-dress — having no more sense in the terror — a long silver coat of some animal shot by my father in his wanderings, and the light upon the stairs glistened round it. Having no time to think, I was turning to flee

and jump out of my bedroom window, for which I had made some arrangements, according to the wisdom of the Councillor, when the flash of some light or the strain of my eyes showed me the body of Thomas Pring, our faithful old retainer, lying at the foot of the broken door, and beside it his good wife, creeping up to give him the last embrace of death. And lately she had been cross to him. At the sight of this my terror fled, and I cared not what became of me. Buckling the white skin round my waist, I went down the stairs as steadily as if it were breakfast time, and said:

"Brutes, murderers, cowards! you have slain my father; now slay me!"

Every one of those wicked men stood up and fixed his eyes on me; and if it had been a time to laugh, their amazement might have been laughed at. Some of them took me for a spirit — as I was told long afterward — and rightly enough their evil hearts were struck with dread of judgment. But even so, to scare them long in their contemptuous, godless vein was beyond the power of Heaven itself; and when one of my long tresses fell, to my great vexation, down my breast, a shocking sneer arose, and words unfit for a maiden's ear ensued.

"None of that! This is no farmhouse wench, but a lady of birth and breeding. She shall be our queen, instead of the one that hath been filched away. Sylvia, thou shalt come with me."

The man who spoke with this mighty voice was a terror to the others, for they fell away before him, and he was the biggest monster there — Carver Doone, whose name for many a generation shall be used to frighten unruly babes to bed. And now, as he strode up to me and bowed, — to show some breeding, — I doubt if the moon, in all her rounds of earth and sky and the realms below, fell ever upon another face so cold, repulsive, ruthless.

To belong to him, to feel his lips, to touch him with anything but a dagger! Suddenly I saw my father's sword hanging under a beam in the scabbard. With a quick spring I seized it, and, leaping up the stairs, had the long blade gleaming in the moonlight. The staircase would not hold two people abreast, and the stairs were as steep as narrow. I brought the point down it, with the hilt against my breast, and there was no room for another blade to swing and strike it up.

"Let her alone!" said Carver Doone, with a smile upon his cold and corpselike face. "My sons, let the lady have her time. She is worthy to be the mother of many a fine Doone."

The young men began to lounge about in a manner most provoking, as if I had passed from their minds altogether; and some of them went to the kitchen for victuals, and grumbled at our fare by the light of a lantern which they had found upon a shelf. But I stood at my post, with my heart beating, so that the long sword quivered like a candle. Of my life they might rob me, but of my honor, never!

"Beautiful maiden! Who hath ever seen the like? Why, even Lorna hath not such eyes."

Carver Doone came to the foot of the stairs and flashed the lantern at me, and, thinking that he meant to make a rush for it, I thrust my weapon forward; but at the same moment a great pair of arms was thrown around me from behind by some villain who must have scaled my chamber window, and backward I fell, with no sense or power left.

When my scattered wits came back I felt that I was being shaken grievously, and the moon was dancing in my eyes through a mist of tears, half blinding them. I remember how hard I tried to get my fingers up to wipe my eyes, so as to obtain some knowledge; but jerk and bump and helpless wonder were all that I could get or take; for my hands were strapped, and my feet likewise, and I seemed like a wave going up and down, without any judgment, upon the open sea.

But presently I smelled the wholesome smell which a horse of all animals alone possesses, though sometimes a cow is almost as good, and then I felt a mane coming into my hair, and then there was the sound of steady feet moving just under me, with rise and fall and swing alternate, and a sense of going forward. I was on the back of a great, strong horse, and he was obeying the commands of man. Gradually I began to think, and understood my awful plight. The Doones were taking me to Doone Glen to be some cut-throat's light-of-love; perhaps to be passed from brute to brute — me, Sylvia Ford, my father's darling, a proud and dainty and stately maiden, of as good birth as any in this English realm. My heart broke down as I thought of that, and all discretion vanished. Though my hands were tied my throat was free, and I sent forth such a scream of woe that the many-winding vale of Lynn, with all its wild waters, could not drown, nor with all its dumb foliage

smother it; and the long wail rang from crag to crag, as the wrongs of men echo unto the ears of God.

"Valiant damsel, what a voice thou hast! Again, and again let it strike the skies. With them we are at peace, being persecuted here, according to the doom of all good men. And yet I am loth to have that fair throat strained."

It was Carver Doone who led my horse; and his horrible visage glared into my eyes through the strange, wan light that flows between the departure of the sinking moon and the flutter of the morning when it cannot see its way. I strove to look at him; but my scared eyes fell, and he bound his rank glove across my poor lips. "Let it be so," I thought; "I can do no more."

Then, when my heart was quite gone in despair, and all trouble shrank into a trifle, I heard a loud shout, and the trample of feet, and the rattle of arms, and the clash of horses. Contriving to twist myself a little, I saw that the band of the Doones were mounting a saddle-backed bridge in a deep wooded glen, with a roaring water under them. On the crown of the bridge a vast man stood, such as I had never descried before, bearing no armor that I could see, but wearing a farmer's hat, and raising a staff like the stem of a young oak tree. He was striking at no one, but playing with his staff, as if it were a willow in the morning breeze.

"Down with him! Ride him down! Send a bullet through him!" several of the Doones called out, but no one showed any hurry to do it. It seemed as if they knew him, and feared his mighty strength, and their guns were now slung behind their backs on account of the roughness of the way.

"Charlie, you are not afraid of him," I heard that crafty Carver say to the tallest of his villains, and a very handsome young man he was; "if the girl were not on my horse, I would do it. Ride over him, and you shall have my prize, when I am tired of her."

I felt the fire come into my eyes, to be spoken of so by a brute; and then I saw Charlie Doone spur up the bridge, leaning forward and swinging a long blade round his head.

"Down with thee, clod!" he shouted; and he showed such strength and fury that I scarce could look at the farmer, dreading to see his great head fly away. But just as the horse rushed at him, he leaped aside with most wonderful nimbleness, and the rider's sword was dashed out of his grasp, and

down he went, over the back of the saddle, and his long legs spun up in the air, as a juggler tosses a two-pronged fork.

"Now for another!" the farmer cried, and his deep voice rang above the roar of Lynn; "or two at once, if it suits you better. I will teach you to carry off women, you dogs!"

But the outlaws would not try another charge. On a word from their leader they all dismounted, and were bringing their long guns to bear, and I heard the clink of their flints as they fixed the trigger. Carver Doone, grinding his enormous teeth, stood at the head of my horse, who was lashing and plunging, so that I must have been flung if any of the straps had given way. In terror of the gun flash I shut my eyes, for if I had seen that brave man killed, it would have been the death of me as well. Then I felt my horse treading on something soft. Carver Doone was beneath his feet, and an awful curse came from the earth.

"Have no fear!" said the sweetest voice that ever came into the ears of despair. "Sylvia, none can harm you now. Lie still, and let this protect your face."

"How can I help lying still?" I said, as a soft cloak was thrown over me, and in less than a moment my horse was rushing through branches and brushwood that swept his ears. At his side was another horse, and my bridle rein was held by a man who stooped over his neck in silence. Though his face was out of sight, I knew that Anthony Purvis was leading me.

There was no possibility of speaking now, but after a tumult of speed we came to an open glade where the trees fell back, and a gentle brook was gurgling. Then Captain Purvis cut my bonds, and lifting me down very softly, set me upon a bank of moss, for my limbs would not support me; and I lay there unable to do anything but weep.

When I returned to myself, the sun was just looking over a wooded cliff, and Anthony, holding a horn of water, and with water on his cheeks, was regarding me. "Did you leave that brave man to be shot?" I asked, as if that were all my gratitude.

"I am not so bad as that," he answered, without any anger, for he saw that I was not in reason yet. "At sight of my men, although we were but five in all, the robbers fled, thinking the regiment was there; but it is God's truth that I thought little of anyone's peril compared with thine. But there need be no

fear for John Ridd; the Doones are mighty afraid of him since he cast their culverin through their door."

"Was that the John Ridd I have heard so much of? Surely I might have known it, but my wits were shaken out of me."

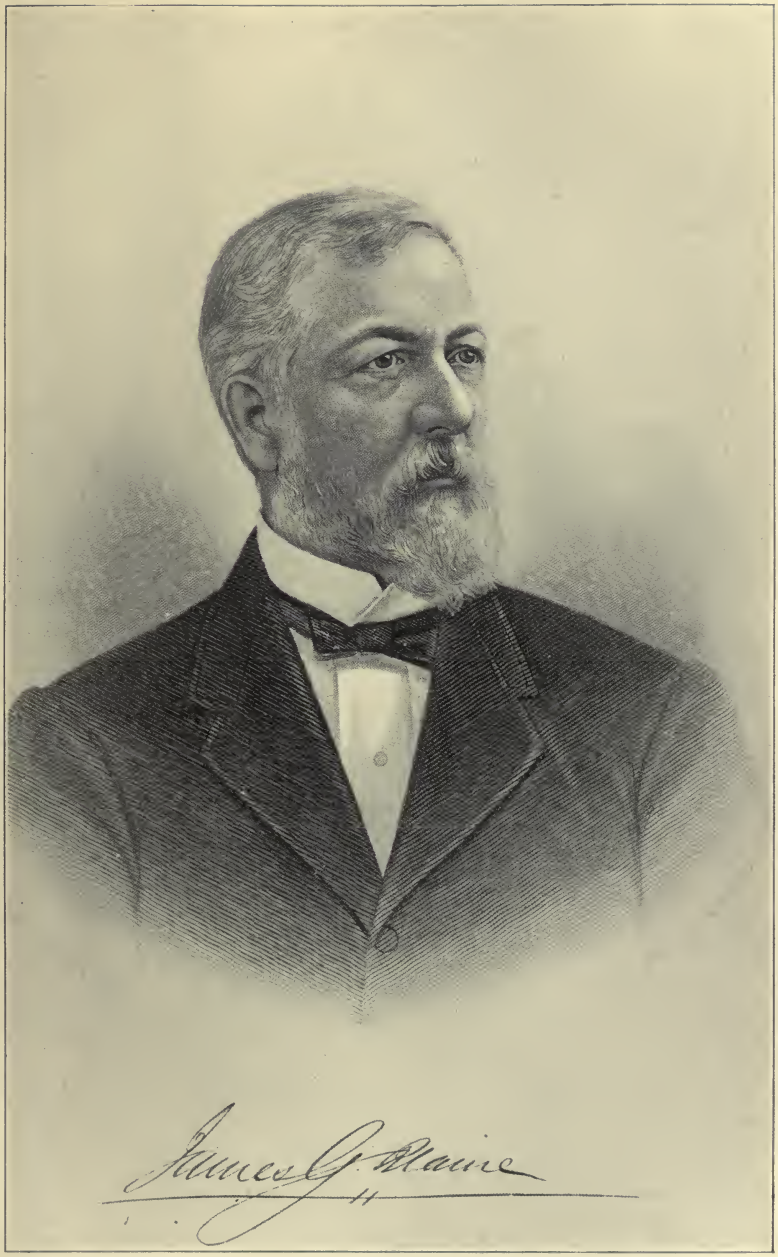
"Yes, that was the mighty man of Exmoor, to whom thou owest more than life."

In horror of what I had so narrowly escaped, I fell upon my knees and thanked the Lord, and then I went shyly to the captain's side and said: "I am ashamed to look at thee. Without Anthony Purvis, where should I be? Speak of no John Ridd to me."

For this man whom I had cast forth, with coldness, as he must have thought — although I knew better, when he was gone — this man (my honored husband now, who hath restored me to my father's place, when kings had no gratitude or justice), Sir Anthony Purvis, as now he is, had dwelled in a hovel and lived on scraps, to guard the forsaken orphan, who had won, and shall ever retain, his love.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

Blaine, James Gillespie, a distinguished American Republican statesman, orator, and author, was born at West Brownsville, Pa., January 31, 1830, and died in Washington, D. C., January 27, 1893. In 1842 he removed to Washington, Pa., the seat of Washington College, from which he graduated at the age of seventeen. After graduation he spent several years in teaching, and studied law, though he never applied for admission to the bar. In 1853 he removed to Augusta, Me., his wife's native State, and became editor and part proprietor of the "Kennebec Journal," a Whig weekly paper of considerable influence. In 1857 he sold his interest in this paper and took editorial charge of the "Portland Daily Advertiser." He was a delegate to the first Republican National Convention, and on his return to Augusta made his first appearance as a public speaker in a report of its proceedings. On his election to the Maine Legislature, in 1858, he quitted journalism, which had been an efficient instructor in political knowledge. In the same year he became Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, a position which he occupied for twenty years. He served four years in the Maine Legislature, two of them being Speaker of the House; from 1862 to 1876 he was a member of Congress in the House of Representatives, serving as Speaker for six years. He was then transferred to the Senate, and was subsequently elected for the term expiring in March, 1883. Twice he had been a candidate for nomination to the Presidency, falling short in the first instance by only twenty-seven votes. On the election of Mr. Garfield he was appointed Secretary of State, but he resigned the office soon after the President's death in 1882. In 1884 Mr. Blaine published the first volume of his work "Twenty Years of Congress." In 1884 he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency. After his defeat he set about the completion of his book, and published the second volume in 1885. He also arranged and published a collection of his speeches, entitled "Political Discussions, Legislative, Diplomatic, and Popular" (1887). He spent a part of the later years of his life in European travel. In President Harrison's administration he was again Secretary of State until his resignation in 1892.


James G. Blaine

Our Resources.

(From "Political Discussions," Speech of April 21, 1864.)

To those who may be disposed to doubt the future progress of our country according to the ratio assumed, a few familiar considerations in respect to our resources may be recalled with advantage. We occupy a territory at least three million square miles in extent, within a fraction as large as the whole of Europe. Our habitable and cultivable area is, indeed, larger than that of all Europe, to say nothing of the superior fertility and general productiveness of our soil. So vast is our extent, that, though we may glibly repeat its numerical measure, we find it most difficult to form any just conception of it. The State of Texas alone is equal in area to the Empire of France and the Kingdom of Portugal united; and yet these two monarchies support a population of 40,000,000, while Texas has but 600,000 inhabitants. Or, if we wish for a comparative measure nearer home, let me state that the area of Texas is greater than that of the six New England States, together with New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania and Ohio and Indiana combined. California, the second State in size, is equal in extent to the Kingdom of Spain and the Kingdom of Belgium together. The land that is still in the hands of Government, not sold or even pre-empted, amounts to a thousand millions of acres, — an extent of territory thirteen times as large as Great Britain, and equal in area to all the kingdoms of Europe, Russia and Turkey alone excepted. Mere territorial extent does not of course imply future greatness, though it is one requisite to it. In our case it is so vast an element that we may be pardoned for dwelling on it with emphasis and iteration.

Combined with this great expanse of territory we have facilities for the acquisition and consolidation of wealth — varied, magnificent, and immeasurable. Our agricultural resources, bounteous beyond estimate, are, by the application of mechanical skill and labor-saving machinery, receiving a development each decade, which a century in the past would have failed to secure, and which a century in the future will place beyond all present power of computation — giving us so far the lead in the production of those staple articles essential to life and civilization that we become the arbiter of the world's destiny without aiming at the world's empire. The single State of Illinois, cultivated to

its capacity, can produce as large a crop of cereals as has ever been grown within the limits of the United States; while Texas, if peopled but half as densely as Maryland even, could give an annual return of cotton larger than the largest that has ever been grown in all the Southern States combined. Our facilities for commerce and exchange, both domestic and foreign — who shall measure them? Our oceans, our vast inland seas, our marvellous flow of navigable streams, our canals, our network of railroads more than thirty thousand miles in extent, — *these* give us avenues of trade and channels of communication, both natural and artificial, such as no other nation has ever enjoyed, and which tend to the production of wealth with a rapidity not to be measured by any standard of the past. The enormous field for manufacturing industry in all its complex and endless variety — with our raw material, our wonderful motive-power both by water and steam, our healthful climate, our cheap carriage, our home consumption, our foreign demand — foreshadows a traffic whose magnitude and whose profit cannot now be estimated! Our mines of gold and silver and iron and copper and lead and coal, with their untold and unimaginable wealth, spread over millions of acres of territory in the valley, on the mountain side, along rivers, yielding already a rich harvest, are destined yet to increase a thousand-fold, until their every-day treasures,

> familiar grown,
> Shall realize Orient's fabled wealth.

These are the great elements of material progress; and they comprehend the entire circle of human enterprise, — Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Mining. They assure to us an increase in property and population that will surpass the most sanguine deductions of our census tables, framed as those tables are upon the ratios and relations of our progress in the past. They give into our hands, under the blessing of Almighty God, the power to command our fate as a nation. They hold out to us the grandest future reserved for any people; and with this promise they teach us the lesson of patience, and render confidence and fortitude a duty. With such amplitude and affluence of resources, and with such a vast stake at issue, we should be unworthy of our lineage and our inheritance if we for one moment distrusted our ability to maintain ourselves a united people, with "one Country, one Constitution, one Destiny."

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Blake, William, a distinguished English poet, engraver, and painter, born at London, November 28, 1757; died there, August 12, 1827. He was the son of a hosier, but, manifesting an invincible tendency toward art, he was apprenticed to an engraver, and devoted all his spare hours to drawing, receiving occasional instruction from Flaxman and Fuseli. He invented — by direct divine inspiration, as he believed — a new method of reproducing sketches, the essential feature of which was making the drawing upon a metallic plate with a kind of oily ink or vanish, then biting down the surface of the plate by an acid, leaving the lines of the drawing in relief. These plates were prepared by himself, printed off, and often tinted in colors by him and by his wife. In his middle and later years Blake lived an almost ideal life; made numerous weird drawings and wrote not a few weird poems, among which are "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," 1790, and "Jerusalem: The Emanation of the Giant Albion." The "Poetical Works" of Blake were collected and edited by Rossetti in 1874. His most famous artistic achievement is the Illustrations to the Book of Job, 1826.

Songs of Innocence.

INTRODUCTION.

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
  So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deep or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Scoffers.

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
  Mock on, mock on; 't is all in vain;
You throw the dust against the wind,
  And the wind blows it back again.

And every stone becomes a gem,
  Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back, they blind the mocking eye,
  But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The atoms of Democritus
  And Newton's particles of light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
  Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

Love's Secret.

Never seek to tell thy love,
  Love that never told shall be;
For the gentle wind does move
  Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
  I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
  Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
  A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
  He took her with a sigh.

A Memorable Fancy.

(From "The Prophetic Books.")

As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of genius, which to angels look like torment and insanity, I collected some of their proverbs, thinking that as the sayings used in a nation mark its character, so the proverbs of hell show the nature of infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home, on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat-sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty devil folded in black clouds hovering on the sides of the rock; with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, and read by them on earth: —

"How do you know but every bird that cuts the airy way
Is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?"

PROVERBS OF HELL.

In seed-time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.
Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.
He who desires, but acts not, breeds pestilence.
The cut worm forgives the plough.
Dip him in the river who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

He whose face gives no light shall never become a star.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measured by the clock, but of wisdom no clock can measure.

All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.

Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of dearth.

No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Folly is the cloak of knavery.

Shame is pride's cloak.

Prisons are built with stones of law, brothels with bricks of religion.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs, excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish smiling fool and the sullen frowning fool shall be both thought wise that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once only imagined.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit watch the roots; the lion, the tiger, the horse, the elephant watch the fruits.

The cistern contains, the fountain overflows.

One thought fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.

Think in the morning, act in the noon, eat in the evening, sleep in the night.

He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

As the plough follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.

Expect poison from the standing water.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

Listen to the fool's reproach; it is a kingly title.

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion the horse how he shall take his prey.

The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish we should be so.

The soul of sweet delight can never be defiled.

When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of genius. Lift up thy head!

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labor of ages.

Damn braces, bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Prayers plough not; praises reap not; joys laugh not; sorrows weep not.

The head sublime, the heart pathos, the genitals beauty, the hands and feet proportion.

As the air to a bird, or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.

The crow wished everything was black; the owl that everything was white.

Exuberance is beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning.

Improvement makes straight roads, but the crooked roads without improvement are roads of genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Where man is not, nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood and not be believed.

Enough! or too much.

A MEMORABLE FANCY.

I was in a printing-house in hell, and saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a dragon-man, clearing away the

rubbish from a cave's mouth; within, a number of dragons were hollowing the cave.

In the second chamber was a viper folding round the rock and the cave, and others adorning it with gold, silver, and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an eagle with wings and feathers of air; he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite; around were numbers of eagle-like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were lions of flaming fire raging around and melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were unnamed forms, which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were received by men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books, and were arranged in libraries.

. . . . . .

The giants who formed this world into its sensual existence, and now seem to live in it in chains, are in truth the causes of its life and the sources of all activity, but the chains are the cunning of weak and tame minds, which have power to resist energy, according to the proverb, 'The weak in courage is strong in cunning.'

Thus one portion of being is the Prolific, the other the Devouring; to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains; but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence, and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be prolific unless the Devourer as a sea received the excess of his delights.

Some will say, "Is not God alone the Prolific?" I answer, "God only acts and is in existing beings or men."

These two classes of men are always upon earth, and they should be enemies: whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavor to reconcile the two.

NOTE. — Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to separate them, as in the parable of sheep and goats; and He says: "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Messiah, or Satan, or Tempter, was formerly thought to be one of the antediluvians who are our energies.

Song.

My silks and fine array,
  My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
  And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
  When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to *him* was 't given,
  Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all Love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
  Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
  Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I 'll lie, as cold as clay:
True love doth never pass away.

Song.

Love and harmony combine
And around our souls entwine,
While thy branches mix with mine
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet,
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young;
Sweet I hear her mournful song;
And thy lovely leaves among,
There is Love: I hear his tongue.

There his charmed nest he doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away,
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

The Two Songs.

I heard an Angel singing
When the day was springing:
"Mercy, pity, and peace,
Are the world's release."

So he sang all day,
Over the new-mown hay,
Till the sun went down,
And the haycocks looked brown.

I heard a devil curse
Over the heath and the furse:
"Mercy could be no more
If there were nobody poor,

"And pity no more could be
If all were as happy as ye:
And mutual fear brings peace.
Misery's increase
Are mercy, pity, peace."

At his curse the sun went down,
And the heavens gave a frown.

Night.

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles in the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves
Where flocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;

Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm;
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels most heedful
Receive each wild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold;
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying, "Wrath by His meekness,
And by His health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For washed in life's river,
My bright mane forever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold."

A Cradle Song.

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek and o'er thy breast,
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart shall wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

To the Muses.

Whether on Ida's shady brow
  Or in the chamber of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
  From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
  Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
  Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
  Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
  Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have ye left the ancient love
  That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
  The sound is forced, the notes are few.

MATHILDE BLIND.

Blind, Mathilde, poet, literary critic, lecturer, and reformer, step-daughter of Karl Blind, the German agitator and writer, was born March 21, 1847; died at London, November 26, 1896. She was educated at private schools in London and Brussels, and afterward studied Latin, Mediæval German, and literature with Professor Schweitzer, in Zurich. While in Zurich she tried to persuade the professors of the university to admit women to their lectures. She did not succeed in obtaining this privilege for them, but later Zurich was one of the first universities which admitted women as students. After her return to London she made the acquaintance of Mazzini, and it is through this acquaintance that is largely due her later development and progressive views. In 1870 she published, in "The Westminster Review," a critical essay on Shelley's poetical works. This was followed in 1872 by a sketch of the "Life and Writings of Shelley," which was an introduction to the Tauchnitz edition of a selection of his poems. She completed her study of Shelley with a lecture on "Shelley's View of Nature Contrasted with Darwin's." These criticisms of Shelley's writings were the first articles from her pen to attract attention. In 1873 she published a translation of Strauss's "The Old Faith and the New," with a brief biography of Strauss, the first published in England after his death. This work passed through many editions.

"The Prophecy of St. Oran and other Poems" appeared in 1881. In 1883 she opened the Eminent Women Series with her "Life of George Eliot," and in 1886 "Madame Roland" was written for the same series. In 1885 she published "Tarantella," a novel in two volumes, and the following year a poem, "The Heather on Fire," which was a protest against the forcible expulsion of the crofters from their homes and native soil in the interests of sheep-farming and deer-stalking. "The Ascent of Man," a poem treating of the evolution of man, and by some considered her most important work, was published in 1889; "Dramas in Miniature," showing the injustice to women of a one-sided morality (1892); "Songs and Sonnets" (1893); "Birds of Passage" (1895). She edited a selection of Lord Byron's Letters with an introductory notice for the Camelot Classics, and a selection of his poems with a Memoir for the Canter-

MME. ROLAND AT THE GUILLOTINE

From a Painting by Lionel Royer

bury Series, wrote "Personal Recollections of Mazzini," and published the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" with an introduction. Miss Blind strongly advocated the higher education of women and the improvement of their economical and political condition, and was one of the originators of women's clubs.

Madame Roland in Prison.[1]

(From "Madame Roland.")

A sense of unwonted lull came to her behind the iron bars. The reins had been roughly snatched from her hands, and there was nothing for her to do but let the fatality of events carry her whither they would. With her habitual promptitude and love of order she began arranging her cell, placing a rickety little table near the window ready for writing, and, to avoid disarranging it, having her meals set out on the mantelpiece. These she tried to limit to what was strictly necessary, although she was free to spend what she liked on herself. The allowance of prisoners had been reduced by Roland from 4*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* a day, but the rise in the price of provisions, tripled within a few months, made this sum inadequate, after the deduction of expenses for bed, etc. Retrenching her wants as far as her health permitted, she took bread and water for breakfast, a plain dish of meat and vegetables for dinner, and a few greens for supper; the sum thus economized she spent on the wretches who were lying upon straw, "that while eating her dry bread in the morning she might feel the satisfaction that the poor reprobates would, owing to her, be able to add something to their dinner."

Books and flowers, whose soothing, uncomplaining companionship had been dear to her from childhood, became the solace of her captivity. Thomson's "Seasons," a favorite book, had been in her pocket on the night of her imprisonment. She sent for Plutarch, who had made her a republican at eight years of age, and whose "Lives" might help her to bear with fortitude the reverses of her own; for Hume's "History of England," and for Tacitus. To her regret she could not procure Mrs. Macaulay's "History of the English Revolution," a work at that time greatly admired by French Republicans, and which she would fain have matched by a rival production in her mother tongue.

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A Message.

(From "Love in Exile.")

I charge you, O winds of the West, O winds with the wings of the dove,
That ye blow o'er the brows of my Love, breathing low that I sicken for love.

I charge you, O dews of the Dawn, O tears of the star of the morn,
That ye fall at the feet of my Love with the sound of one weeping forlorn.

I charge you, O birds of the Air, O birds flying home to your nest,
That ye sing in his ears of the joy that for ever has fled from my breast.

I charge you, O flowers of the Earth, O frailest of things, and most fair,
That ye droop in his path as the life in me shrivels, consumed by despair.

O Moon, when he lifts up his face, when he seeth the waning of thee,
A memory of her who lies wan on the limits of life let it be.

Many tears cannot quench, nor my sighs extinguish, the flames of love's fire,
Which lifteth my heart like a wave, and smites it, and breaks its desire.

I rise like one in a dream when I see the red sun flaring low,
That drags me back shuddering from sleep each morning to life with its woe.

Seeking.

In many a shape and fleeting apparition,
Sublime in age or with clear morning eyes,
Ever I seek thee, tantalizing Vision,
Which beckoning flies.

Ever I seek Thee, O evasive Presence,
Which on the far horizon's utmost verge,
Like some wild star in luminous evanescence,
Shoots o'er the surge.

POETRY

From a Painting by Raphael

Ever I seek Thy features ever flying,
  Which ne'er beheld, I never can forget:
Lightning which flames through love, and mimics dying
    In souls that set.

Ever I seek Thee through all clouds of error;
  As when the moon behind earth's shadow slips,
She wears a momentary mask of terror
    In brief eclipse.

Ever I seek Thee, passionately yearning;
  Like altar fire on some forgotten fane,
My life flames up irrevocably burning,
    And burnt in vain.

The Songs of Summer.

The songs of summer are over and past!
  The swallow 's forsaken the dripping eaves;
  Ruined and black 'mid the sodden leaves
The nests are rudely swung in the blast:
  And ever the wind like a soul in pain
  Knocks and knocks at the window-pane.

The songs of summer are over and past!
  Woe 's me for a music sweeter than theirs —
  The quick, light bound of a step on the stairs,
The greeting of lovers, too sweet to last:
  And ever the wind like a soul in pain
  Knocks and knocks at the window-pane.

PAUL BLOUET.

Blouet, Paul ("Max O'Rell"), a French author and lecturer, was born in Brittany, France, March 2, 1848. He was educated at a military school in Paris, and received a commission as sub-lieutenant in the French army in 1869. He was in active service during the Franco-Prussian War, and was in the famous battle at Wörth. He was taken prisoner at Sedan, but was liberated after a few months' captivity. He fought against the Commune, and in an engagement outside Paris received a severe wound in his right arm, which unfitted him for service, and he was pensioned. In 1873 he went to England as a newspaper correspondent, but in a few months after he had been made a member of its staff, the paper for which he wrote was suppressed for political reasons, and he became a teacher in private schools. In 1876 he was appointed Head French Master of St. Paul's School, which position he resigned in 1884. His first book, "John Bull and His Island," written while he was in St. Paul's School, immediately became popular, and was translated into a number of different languages. He has since written "John Bull's Daughters," "The Dear Neighbors," "Drat The Boys," "Friend Macdonald," "Jonathan and His Continent," "A Frenchman in America," and "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles." He has also written a number of educational works, among them "French Oratory," published in 1883. M. Blouet visited America a number of times. In 1890 he lectured in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, as he had previously done throughout Great Britain. He married an Englishwoman, and made his home in London. Madame Blouet translated most of her husband's books into English.

The English Father.

(From "John Bull and His Island.")

An English father is absolute master in his own house: something of the father of antiquity.

The English mother is only just shaking off her shackles. In Mme. de Staël's time she only appeared for a few moments in the drawing-room to offer a cup of tea to her husband's

guests. Even in the present day her position in the family is only one of secondary importance. She has not the authority that a mother has in France, nor even as much as her own son. In the house of a widow the eldest son is master; especially is this the case among the aristocracy, whose titles, with the inalienable property attached to them, go to the eldest son, and to him alone.

The word *lord* means in Anglo-Saxon *the one who procures the bread*, the master; *lady*, *the one who serves it*, the servant.

A son never kisses his father, and only rarely his mother. He shakes hands, the effusion of the heart goes no further. An English son would be afraid of losing his dignity if he caressed his mother. In France, our mother is the recipient of our tenderest caresses, our nearest and dearest friend. We tell her our secrets; nay, even our little escapades.[1] She may pretend to be very cross, and say, "Get along with you, sir; you are a disgraceful character; I won't listen to any more." Don't you believe her.

Ah, darling old mother! how vexed she would be if we were to take her at her word. How she cajoles us, how she soon brings back the conversation to the same subject, so that she may hear a few more little risky confidences. How she makes believe not to be listening, while all the while she is not losing a word! And how she pretends to be dreadfully horrified! and how a good kiss wins her over in an instant. Sweet, gentle counsellor! what happy moments have we all passed at thy side when we were just becoming possessors of a downy moustache, that we twirled with pride.

The English language has no word for *fredaine*, perhaps the thing does not exist on this side of the Channel. The Englishman is either virtuous or an utter reprobate; very often virtuous, perfectly virtuous. In this country there is no middle course; contrasts strike you in every phase of life.

In English family life there is no intimacy, no openness of heart; stiffness and reserve; affection, but little love. Thanks to the devotion of the Frenchman for his mother, he is more lovable than the young Englishman, but he is also more effeminate; the latter is more self-reliant, more independent, more virile. In France, love and respect for the mother are to be found in the lowest peasant or workman, and even a vicious life

[1] An Englishman speaks of his frolics to no one, not even his most intimate friend. Over here *péché caché est tout-à-fait pardonné*.

will not completely extinguish these sentiments in him. He avoids his mother when he is intoxicated; he dreads her reproaches, shuns her scrutinizing gaze. In England he beats her, or turns her out of the house. Let those who may doubt the exact truth of these statements open any English newspaper and read for themselves. The French workman would say to any one who had insulted his mother, "Look here, say what you like to me, but just let my mother alone, will you!" For him the dear old woman is something sacred. Among us, a mother dies surrounded by the children who have tended her in her declining years. Here, she works as long as her strength lasts; when she has become a useless piece of furniture she goes to the Union and dies.

If among the well-to-do classes the mother is not to be found in the foreground, it is mainly to the fact of her entering upon married life portionless that we must look, I think, for the explanation. The *dot* gives to the French wife a certain feeling of independence and authority in the house. She is somebody, her husband's equal. In England, she is something more than a housekeeper in point of rank, but at the same time something less, if we consider that no wages are due to her, and that she cannot give notice to leave. Moreover, she is generally devoid of that little talent of diplomacy that every Frenchwoman is more or less possessed of; she has not the influence of the woman over the man. Here the husband requires but one thing of his wife: to keep his house well, to serve his meals punctually, and to manage his domestic affairs economically. He calls her his partner, — a sleeping partner, if I might risk a *jeu de mots* in English.

Adultery is frequent in the higher classes, among the rich and idle; very rare among the middle and working classes. I do not mention the lower populace of London: their life is that of dogs, as I say elsewhere.

"A married man," said an Englishman of some importance to me one day, "is very foolish to be unfaithful to his wife. Why on earth should one blight one's peace of mind? Is not one woman as good as another?" In nine divorce cases out of ten, the co-respondent is an officer in Her Majesty's service. An officer-and-a-gentleman, having nothing particular to do in time of peace, is fond of keeping his hand in by shooting over other people's preserves. The co-respondent is not unfrequently a young groom, as one may see by the newspapers. This sample

of co-respondent begins at the spur: it is not very far to the garter; the path is very attractive, *que voulez-vous?* Between the 1st of July, 1882, and the 1st of January, 1883, I counted seven cases of these favoured young flunkies in the newspapers. How many must there be still enjoying their good fortunes on the quiet!

Death is an event that astonishes no one, which the Christian neither fears nor dreads, and which in England consequently calls for few tears. "Was he insured?" is a question asked upon the death of a father. "Yes? Well, you see, we must all die sooner or later. God has called him home, and it should make you rejoice." The worthy fellow is buried, and soon forgotten. English cemeteries are deserts: here people have not the respect — I do not hesitate to call it love — that we feel for the dead. The Protestant Church does not pray for the dead; she denies the doctrine of purgatory. To pray for the repose of a dead person's soul would be to doubt God's justice, to dictate to Him what He should do in the other world. The Englishman is serious and sensible in business matters; he does not believe that a three and sixpenny mass is going to send his relative to Heaven. Our worthy mothers pay their money, and those that are not firm believers merely say to themselves, "Poor soul! if it does him no good, it can do him no harm. After all, it is but three and six."

A son writes to his parents: "I am about to be married," or "I am married."

"We are glad to hear it," answer the parents; "we shall be happy to make the acquaintance of your wife."

But it is in Scotland above all that one must look for sound business principles. Indeed, those who have never been to Scotland cannot form a notion of what it is to be serious. A young Scotch friend of mine, of high literary reputation, generally spends, once a year, a month with his family on the outskirts of Edinburgh. His father is a Presbyterian minister occupying a very enviable position. On the day of his departure, my friend invariably finds on the breakfast table, by the side of his plate, a little paper carefully folded. It is a detailed account of the meals he has had during his visit to his father's house: in other words, his bill. But the son is as sound a Caledonian as papa, and does not part with his coin before he has ascertained that all the items are accurate, and the addition correct.

"Why, father, I see you have marked bacon and eggs for

my yesterday's breakfast; I assure you I did not touch the eggs."

"You were wrong not to do so then, my boy: they were on the table; why did n't you help yourself?"

I know another interesting Scotch papa who presents his children, as they come of age, with the bill of all that he has spent upon them, including the fees of nurse and doctor. The children sign and undertake to repay the outlay.

The mother-in-law is not an object of terror in England. Not being mistress at home, it would never occur to her to impose her authority in her son-in-law's house. "If you have to choose," says M. Victorien Sardou, "between living with your mother-in-law and shooting yourself, never hesitate: shoot her." If your mother-in-law falls overboard, it is an accident; if she is fished out alive, we call it a misfortune. To get rid of a mother-in-law, people here do not have recourse to such extreme measures; diplomacy is called into requisition. I recommend the following plan to young married men: it proved a great success in the case of a friend of mine. Awhile after the marriage, his mother-in-law arrived and installed herself in his house. My friend lavished the most assiduous attentions upon her. He was not a church-goer, but he went now to have the pleasure of carrying the excellent lady's books of devotion. When a walk was taken, it was to her that his arm was offered. In the evening, after his wife had retired, he sat up with his mother-in-law, and took a hand at *bezigue*. At the end of a week, the mamma-in-law vanished as if by magic. The young wife had managed the matter.

When a Greek or Roman bride arrived at the threshold of her new home, the bridegroom, taking her in his arms, carried her to his hearth to offer a sacrifice, and to eat with her the *panem farreum*. This ceremony was intended to simulate carrying off by force. Something analogous is practised in England as the bride leaves her parents' house. When the wedding breakfast is nearly over, the friends take up their position at the door of the house, and lie in wait for the young couple. Their appearance is the signal for cheers; and then down falls on their heads, in their necks, on their backs, a shower of rice, and of all the old slippers that are to be found in the house. Parents, friends, guests, servants, neighbors, all join in the fun. On the part of the parents, this old custom means: "Ah! rascal, you are taking away my daughter! there, take that!" On

the part of the friends and the busybodies of the neighborhood, it means: "Ah! you wolf! you are stealing a lamb from the fold! there, take this!" Of course the origin of this custom must be looked for a little further. The rice is the symbol of plenty, and the old slippers the symbol of good luck. You must turn up your collar and shelter yourself as best you can against this hailstorm that beats upon you from all sides, and jump into the carriage that is waiting for you. Crack goes the whip! off for the honeymoon! and you have richly earned it.

After marriage the young Athenian or Roman wife was completely severed from her own family. She lost her family rights, even her gods, which she exchanged for those of her husband. In England, the young married woman is no longer at home in her father's house; she goes there on a visit, and all are glad to see her, but she is no more one of the inner family circle. Visits are counted.

It is a common mistake, generally made in France, to believe that primogenitureship exists in England. Quite on the contrary, there is nothing to prevent a man from making his will exactly as he pleases. Birthright exists only in the aristocracy. The real estates of the nobility are attached to the title and are inalienable. Yet noblemen can dispose of their personal property as may seem good to them. As a rule, their lives are insured for fabulous sums, which, at their death, are divided among their children or other devisees. Moreover, the younger sons are not to be pitied: they occupy the most lucrative positions in the army, the church, and the diplomatic and other civil services in the country and the Colonies. A nobleman, on his deathbed, recommends his younger sons to a grateful country, which does not forget them.

ENGLISHWOMEN.

Englishwomen are remarkable for their fresh complexions, their decided and fearless gait, and the length of their feet, which reminds one that twelve inches go to the foot in England. Impossible to make *faux pas* with such bases as these. They cannot lose their centre of gravity.

When they are pretty, Englishwomen have no equals upon earth — they are angels of beauty; but, too often, their faces have no expression, their eyes lack lustre and piquancy, their teeth are long and protruding, and when they laugh, they show their gums like a rhinoceros. They have only the beauty of

youth. An Englishwoman is seldom handsome after thirty. The lower-class women of London are thin-faced or bloated-looking. They are horribly pale; there is no color to be seen except on the tips of their noses.

Their sculptural lines (generally straight ones) are suggestive, pronounced, exaggerated, or suppressed, according to the fashion of the day.

In 1879, it became fashionable to display a protuberant corsage. There was not a woman, even the thinnest, that was not in a position to exhibit a bust that would have been a splendid capital to a Bungundian wet-nurse. In shop windows might have been seen twin gutta-percha balloons, or bags of millet-seed, which were sold under the name of *figure improvers*.

The esthetic movement has caused all these ridiculous deformities to disappear as if by enchantment.

In 1881, every one began to worship the beautiful. To be in good form, one had to become intense, appear to be dying of decline; therefore to be lean and pale, to have one's eyes encircled with black and lost in ethereal regions. The supreme object was to look consumptive. Walking was abandoned for a kind of crawl; ordinary meals were suspended, little sustenance was taken; voices became deep and hollow; the face was made to express disgust for the reality of the world's pursuits. As in the time of Marcarille, the only adverbs employed were *consummately*, *utterly*, *terribly*, *supremely*. These lunatics would remain hours in ecstatic contemplation of a lily or an old cracked china tea-pot; they had become *terrible* geese, *consummate* idiots.

The female esthete wore her hair cropped, and her dress was of sombre tint and fifteenth century design. The male esthete, on the contrary, let his locks grow long, and looked, at a glimpse, as if he wore a chignon. The manners of the sexes were similar: the same limpness, the same gait, the same play of features. The upper part of the face had to be raised, so as to round the eyes and make the eyebrows disappear under the hair, while the lower jaw was allowed to droop. The ideal to aim at was the expression of the gasping carp. A long sigh was drawn between each syllable; consonants were pronounced as indistinctly as possible, and vowels were lengthened into long diphthongs. Stare as hard as you can, stick an eyeglass in your eye, put an ounce of treacle in your mouth, now look at yourself in the looking-glass and try to speak: you will see an esthete.

A few years earlier you might have seen all the ladies who

prided themselves upon following fashion's lead walking lame. The reason was a slight lameness of the Princess of Wales, who had recently recovered from an attack of rheumatism.

These remarks are offered simply in answer to an assertion, often made, that the women of England are more serious than their French sisters. When ladies have no house to keep, no children to bring up, or no husband to follow, I will admire them as much as you please ; but I shall always hold them capable, when they like, of a little frivolity.

In many respects the Englishwoman is superior to the Frenchwoman: she is more natural; she is less subject to vapors, and does not regularly get her *migraine.* She is not so naïve as the young French girl; but, on the other hand, she is less childish. She goes out without her mamma or her maid, gives you a hearty grasp of the hand, and looks you unblushingly in the face. Unmarried, free as the air, she may go to a theatre, take a walk or even a journey with male companions ; she is the leader of society, indispensable at all social gatherings and pleasure parties. Married, she does not boast of leading her husband by the nose ; she attends to her house and children ; she does not make love to her husband, but neither does she make love to other men. If she is not more demonstrative towards the former, it is, in a great measure, his own fault: he permits no liberties to be taken with him. The Englishman has not the bump of amativeness; his neck, on an average, does not measure more than fourteen inches ; her enticing ways would be entirely lost upon him. In her dignity, the Englishwoman refrains from making advances towards her lord and master for fear of their not being met with approval.

In France, after church on Sundays, we are accustomed to see young girls going to the public promenade to show their little new shoes. Their eyes are bent on the ground, they walk with little jerky steps ; it is a little exhibition. Mamma whispers on either side: " My daughter will have a hundred thousand francs for her *dot.*" These public Sunday walks, in country towns, always remind me of a fair at which the mothers trot out their daughters for inspection. No long, free, health-giving country walks there. No! The roads are muddy, and the damp would penetrate the little delicate boots, and the pointed heels, intelligently fixed almost in the centre of the sole, are not calculated to encourage walking ; besides, who would there be to notice the silk dresses and fifty-franc hats ?

Now look at the young English girl, with her hair knotted simply on her neck; she wears a sixpenny straw hat, which she has turned up on one side, a cotton dress, and strong-soled, low-heeled boots. Racket in hand, see her setting out with some young fellows, and a troop of other girls as simply dressed as herself, to go to some distant field and play a game of lawn-tennis. Not one mamma in the party. On her return home she devours her dinner without shame. What she values above gracefulness is health. It is no compliment to say to an English girl: "You eat like a little bird;" it would be a reproach. You will see the prettiest eat cheese and heartily crunch a stick of raw celery.

Summer and winter the English woman takes a cold bath every morning; whence her fresh complexion, her vigor, and her resplendent look of health.

A young girl of fifteen travels alone. I know some who come thus to school in London from the north of Scotland. In France, a young lady would not go without her maid to buy herself a pair of gloves in a shop on the opposite side of the street. I remember I was one day sitting in the Champs Élysées with two English ladies. Beside us was a young French girl with her father and mother. The person on the right of papa rose and went away, and we heard the young innocent say to her mother: "Mamma, may I go and sit by papa?" It was a baby of about eighteen or twenty. Those English ladies laugh over the affair to this day.

With us a too strict watch over our children, and the fear of giving them too much liberty, engender a love of the secret and mysterious. Everything in an English education tends to make young people self-reliant. No mother or governess would think of opening a letter addressed to her daughter or pupil; the girl has her private correspondence as sacred as that of her elders. No letters received on the sly; no letters written to young sweethearts at midnight. The absence of suspicion destroys the charm of mystery. It is the Bartholos that make the Rosines; and, alas, the Rosines that become Countess Almavivas. Virtue springs, blooms, and ripens beneath the generous rays of liberty and confidence.

The English girl has not her modesty shocked at every turn. She can buy a book or paper and read them . . . without having her eyes opened. She has no need to hide her novel under her pillow; she can read it in the drawing-room before her

friends. The comic papers are written for her as well as for others. I take this to be the result of the liberty of the press; public opinion is the best of censors. When one looks at the comic papers of France, one is tempted to ask one's self whether the *cocotte* and the adulterous wife are the heroines of French society.

Gentlemen never use objectionable expressions among themselves, nor indulge in risky jokes in the company of ladies.

In fact, everything in this country seems to foster the freedom that women and girls possess. In a railway station you will see written up over the door of a comfortable and well-furnished room: "Ladies' Waiting-room." In France it is simply, *Côté des dames; Côté des hommes.* In Germany, it is still better: "Men;" "Women." In Brittany, it is sublime; there is no distinction.

Pride, which is eminently an English virtue, engenders sentiments of independence even in young girls. Daughters of good, well-to-do families, frequently take situations in offices, paint on china, or go out as governesses to earn their own pocket money. Others prefer to go to Canada, India, or Australia, as ladies' companions, rather than live an idle life at home. Besides, in English families, which frequently number from six to a dozen children, the daughters are portionless, and their matrimonial chances are far greater abroad than in their mother-country. So many of the younger men of the country have emigrated, that women are wanted in the Colonies, and England has too many.

The girls of the middle classes, I have said already, have no *dot;* or, if some have, it is the exception, and not the rule. A suitor, who said to a father, "What marriage portion shall you give to your daughter?" would be promptly and ignominiously dismissed from the house. When a man takes a wife, he is supposed to be able to provide for her. But a man is not at all bound to wait until he is in a good position in order to propose for a wife. No. I know young students who are engaged to young ladies, whom they will marry as soon as their incomes will permit. In some cases, the engagement lasts for years. The accepted lover is received in the family of the lady, who, in her turn, is personally introduced by him to his friends; and he is freely allowed to take her to parties and theatres.

English custom permits so much liberty to the young affianced couples that neither party is allowed by the law to with-

draw from the engagement without the consent of the other. A woman may sue the lover who has forsaken her for damages. When a young French girl has been engaged to be married and the engagement falls through, there is no harm done: the young people have only met in the company of their friends. But in England the case is different; for years, perhaps, the lovers have been in the habit of taking sentimental and more or less solitary walks together. The young Englishwoman who has been engaged is a flower whose bloom has been a little rubbed off, and in the eyes of other men she has lost some of her value. So if her lover leaves her without a cause, the law allows her compensation in the form of damages. The accounts of breach of promise cases are the delight of ladies. And, indeed, some of them are exceedingly amusing. The love letters are all read aloud in court. The young plaintiff lays at the feet of the jury all the vows and kisses she has received. Sometimes it is a sweet maid of forty, all broken-hearted, pleading her cause against a faithless lover who has forsaken her for a younger, prettier, or richer bride. Another time it is some young schemer, robbed of his dearest hopes, who sees a nice little fortune slipping from his grasp, and comes to ask the court to make him some compensation for the wrong done to his innocence and candor. I remember one who asked considerable damages because, said he, he had given up a good situation in order to live quietly with his future wife upon the income she possessed. I know one Englishman who was condemned to pay five hundred pounds to a young girl for having neglected to carry out his promise of marriage. A month later, he led her to the altar — to get back his money.

Nothing is easier than to get married in England; no papers to produce, no consent to obtain; a declaration, witnessed by two persons, to make before the registrar, and that is all.

A girl goes out one fine morning to post a letter, and, on her return, informs her parents that she is married. Thus does she act, if she is above one-and-twenty and her parents throw obstacles in the way of her getting married.

The husband of an unfaithful wife is not an object of ridicule in England; he has only to prove adultery on the part of his wife to obtain a divorce. If the lover be a rich man, the husband does not fight a duel with him, not so romantic, not so stupid! He sues him for damages in proportion to the injury and annoyance he has sustained. When the lady is a woman of

fortune, the damages granted sometimes amount to a fabulous sum of money, and the husband is on the laughing side.

Just as neat and clean as are the women of the middle and working classes, just so ignoble and filthy are the women of the lower class. It is the lowest step of the social ladder. These creatures wear no linen. They are covered with a few loathsome rags; their faces are haggard, dirty, and sullen-looking, or bloated by gin-drinking; they have at least one black eye, dirty hair that has never felt the comb, and to crown the whole, an old battered bonnet *trimmed* with feathers, flowers, and lace. Such feathers! such flowers! such lace!

The old women especially are a sight not to be forgotten! They do not go to the workhouse, because there they would have to work, and they prefer to be free and die of starvation in the gutter. You may count these poor degraded wretches by hundreds of thousands in London alone. The young ones will not go out into service: they prefer working in manufactories, or, more frequently, selling matches, flowers, or worse still they find their living in the open air, in the streets, or in the parks. The immorality of these girls is revolting. Some of them appear to be rather pretty; but how could you form an opinion of them without soaking them in warm water a few days? These brazen-faced creatures may look from time to time with envy at the neat, smart, fresh-looking little housemaids who answer the door in the houses of the well-to-do classes; but they dread the yoke. It is always the story of the Wolf and the Dog. They had rather want for everything, and keep what *they* call their independence. Respectable servants all come from the country.

That which strikes a foreigner in France is the simplicity and neatness of the women of the lower classes. Our peasant women, with their snowy caps, their open faces, that tell their own tale of a peaceful life and honest work, fill them with astonishment. These same women are the fortune of France! All our worthy country girls without exception have their dozen or two of linen to take with them to service. In England, in London especially, they are brought up to consider themselves quite as good as ladies: whence the *trimmed* hats and finery . . . but no chemise.

Some go to the altar "when they have pressing reasons for it," said a clergyman of the Church of England to me one day. As a rule, they content themselves with the altar of Nature: it is the life of the lower animals.

The London flower-girl forms a curious subject of study for those whose ideas of flower-girls are founded upon Alexandre Dumas' description of them in his novels: innocent doves to whom the *roi Vert-Galant*[1] did not disdain to throw and give kisses. The voice of the London flower-girl has the hoarseness of the drunkard's; she exhales a stench of gin and dirt, and swears like any Norman carter. When you take a rose from her basket, you throw her a penny, taking great care to keep at a respectful distance. I remember to have seen, in 1869, on the course at Longchamps, the Princess of Metternich shake hands with Isabelle. O Isabelle! the London flower-girl has nothing in common with thee but her color!

CARDBOARD VILLAS.

England is the home of shoddy. Thanks to free-trade you can have a cardboard villa for two hundred pounds, and a silk umbrella for one and six. I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of free-trade: there is a reverse side to every medal, and the quality must often suffer from this mad rage for buying in the cheapest market. Thanks to free-trade, however, you can buy a pound of sugar here for threepence, while in France it is still sold at eight pence, in order that a few refiners may make rapid fortunes. Here no one would think of telling the sun to hide his face so that the candle makers might make their fortunes in half the time.

The houses are built with half-baked bricks, without a single stone. These houses are only intended to stand for ninety-nine years, after which they become, by right, the property of the free-holder. It is like placing money in the sinking fund. In sixty years' time, half London will be rebuilt. I say *London*, because in the provinces the ground generally belongs to the owner of the house, who therefore employs better materials.

"Punch," whom it is always useful to consult upon these matters, represents an alarmed tenant, who has just sent for his landlord, and is showing him the dining-room wall, which has given way. The poor landlord cannot make it out; but all at once, striking his forehead, he exclaims: "I 'll bet somebody has been a leanin' agin it!"

Windows and doors close badly. It is in vain that you make a fire and sit in front of it: your back freezes. I have heard serious Englishmen declare that houses would be unhealthy with-

[1] Henry IV. of France.

out these draughts. After all, this is very possibly true; for the bricks of which they are built must contain foul gases, which can thus partly escape through the chinks of the windows and doors.

There are few houses which do not show signs of damp inside. "It rains indoors, here," I said one day to my landlord. "Well, umbrellas are cheap enough," he replied.

Once I went to a ready-made boot shop, and bought a pair of patent leather boots, for, I am bound to admit, the modest sum of eleven and sixpence. I was going to a ball in the evening.

After dancing for about an hour, I felt the sole of my foot getting delightfully cool. Gliding carefully, I left the drawing-room to go and seek out the cause of this unexpected treat. I soon discovered that while the upper part of my boot faithfully stuck to its position, the lower part, sole and heel, had become transformed into a sandal.

Indignant, I went next day to the shopkeeper and produced the offending boot. At first he appeared quite astonished.

"What can you have been doing with these boots?" he asked me.

"Why, dancing in them, of course," I replied.

"Oh, well," cried he, "that's *where* it is."

Moral: Pay thirty shillings a pair for your boots; they will be cheap at the price.

When you have bought all you require in a shop, you place your piece of gold on the counter. The shopkeeper takes it up, sounds it on a metal plate to be sure that it is good, and hands you your change.

You, on your part, try all the silver he gives you. "You took me for a rogue; I take you for another: we are quits; I forgive you."

Under the present system of education, the shopkeeping class is not likely to improve. In former times a shopkeeper loved the shop where his forefathers had honorably carried on business, and he was as proud of the signboard over his door as the Montmorencys of their escutcheon. Even in the present day, in France, he brings up his family in the shop, and his wife is not ashamed to sit behind the counter and keep his books. In England, the wife and daughters of the shopkeepers are *ladies;* they play the piano, and go about in furs and gold chains to display the large profits of papa. The son seldom succeeds his father: the business is sold to one of the shopmen.

Read the announcements of the tradespeople, and you will

see that they are all celebrated. Their articles are known all over England, famous throughout Europe, or the best in the world. If you go to a chemist or perfumer, and ask him whether he keeps Farina's Eau de Cologne, or any other well-known article of pharmacy or perfumery, he will invariably reply: "Yes, we have the article you name; but if you will try our own, you will find it far superior."

The most insignificant apothecary has his own tooth-pastes, and washes for promoting the growth of the hair, or for imparting to the complexion the lustre of youth, all of them of his own make. He prefers selling these articles, because he knows what they cost him, whilst upon well-known preparations he can only make a modest profit.

The London public, tired of paying outrageous prices to the tradespeople, has organized co-operative societies all over the metropolis. People joined together, took premises, and stocked them with merchandise procured wholesale. Companies soon followed, all founded upon the same principle, and at the end of a few months only, most tradesmen put up the following announcement in their shops: "Things sold here at co-operative prices." What is certain is, that articles of every-day use have diminished in price since the establishment of this formidable competition. I used to pay eight shillings a bottle for a tonic that I have been taking regularly for years. I now get this medicine made up at the stores of which I am a member, and it costs me three shillings: it is still two shillings' profit for the druggist; but I grumble no more.

I know a sharper who has put up over his door: "For a shopkeeper, honesty is the best policy." His shop is besieged on Saturday nights.

In one of the City streets may be seen two umbrella makers' shops side by side. The master of one has written up on a red board: "If you do not wish to be disappointed, you must buy your umbrella here." His neighbor displays a blue board, on which is written in golden letters: "If it is a really good umbrella that you want, look sharp; my shop is the place where you will find it."

Every grocer — I might say without exception — displays the following announcement in his shop: "When you have once tasted our tea, you will drink no other." One of the largest tea-houses is not ashamed to publish the following advertisement in all the public thoroughfares and railway stations of

England. "We sell at three shillings a pound the same tea as we supply to dukes, marquises, earls, barons, and the gentry of the country." The poor viscounts are left out: it is a regrettable oversight.

The English are better traders than manufacturers. The article they produce has no finish, no elegance. The French workman is an artist in his way; the work of the English artisan is purely manual, and he only turns out substantial things.

As agents, the English are not to be surpassed. This kind of business was first started by the Jews. They prefer being agents and brokers to being manufacturers; it gives them an opportunity of plundering two Philistines — the producer and the consumer.

Fabulous sums are spent in advertising. The "Times" has more than sixty closely printed columns of advertisements every day. Some firms advertise in every newspaper and railway station throughout the kingdom, and on the cover of every book and periodical that appears. These advertisements are often *cautions*, indeed, the public should take them as *avertissements*. Judge for yourself: I will give you two or three.

"It will soon be considered a crime in the eyes of the law to have allowed a patient to die without having given him a dose of Eno's (so he does) Fruit Salt. Sold at 2s. 9d."

"To let, a Journalist, by the week or month. Will supply articles on travels, biographies, and essays." This advertisement appeared in the "Athenæum," the best English literary paper. Again: "Upon receipt of a stamped envelope will be sent the photograph of a baby before and after taking Dr. Ridge's Food."

The best advertisements are those that promenade the streets in a file. These poor devils, forsaken of God and man, that carry two boards, one on the chest and one on the back, have been aptly named "sandwiches."

I was walking one day in Fleet Street, when, to my great astonishment, I saw pass a dozen fellows with shaved heads and dressed in convicts' uniform. They were accompanied by a warder. "It is shameful," said I to a friend at my side, "that those poor creatures should not be taken away in a van." They were chained in couples, and on their backs a large "14" was visible. It was the advertisement of a vaudeville named "Fourteen Days," and which was being played with success at the Criterion Theatre at the time.

At the windows of all fashionable shops you see: *Ici on parle français.* The indefinite pronoun *on* generally refers here to the person who happens to be out when you enter the shop. I speak from experience.

The spirit of business in England has reached its highest pitch. I know a north country shipowner who sold his sailing vessels to his sons, and then competed with them with steamers.

When you pay a railway fare you can, at the same time, by paying threepence extra, have an insurance ticket. If an accident should happen and you were killed, the company would pay to your heirs the sum of a thousand pounds. I know an Englishman who never fails to provide himself with a ticket of this sort. "Every time I reach my destination safe and sound," said he to me one day, "would you believe it? . . . I feel a little bit disappointed."

There is not a man who lifts his hat as a funeral passes through the streets. In this country you must be useful in order to inspire esteem or respect, and a dead person is not useful. I know nothing more saddening than the sight of an English funeral. They manage these things better in Ireland. At any rate, they manage them more gayly; they all get drunk at the funeral of a relative or friend.

John Bull, good patriot as he is, prefers a British article to any other. When he is obliged to keep one of dubious quality, he baptizes it with a foreign name. We are all the same, for that matter. What we French call "the Neapolitan disease" is the same as that which the Italians call "the French disease." The Germans seem, in England, to have obtained the preference. The adjective *German* seems to be in English synonymous with *bad.* German silver and German sausages are articles that I would not recommend to my bitterest foe.

To go away without saying good bye is called in English "to take French leave."

The Spanish word *hablar*, which means "to speak," gave us the French word *habler*, which means "to speak boastfully." The Spanish have taken their revenge: "to speak boastfully" is, in their language, *parlar.* Take that!

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

Giovanni Boccaccio, a distinguished Italian novelist and poet, born probably at Certaldo, Italy, in 1313; died there Dec. 21, 1375. He was the illegitimate son of a merchant who did business at Paris. At the age of twenty he led a gay life at Naples. Boccaccio should be chiefly remembered as the "father of Italian prose," although some of his poems are not without merit.

The work by which Boccaccio is most distinctively known is the "Decameron." The general plot is this: There was at Florence a great plague; and to avoid this, several clever people, of both sexes, fled to a country villa, where they amused themselves by narrating stories of all sorts. This collection of stories seems to have been first printed in 1470.

Frederick of the Alberighi and his Falcon.

(From the "Decameron.")

You must know that Coppo di Borghese Domenichi — who was in our city, and perhaps still is, a man of reverence and of great authority amongst us, both for his opinions and for his virtues, and much more for the nobility of his family, being distinguished and wealthy and of enduring reputation, being full of years and experience — was often delighted to talk with his neighbors and others of the things of the past, which he, better than anybody else, could do with excellent order and with unclouded memory. Amongst the pleasant stories which he used to tell was this: —

In Florence there was a young man called Frederick, son of Master Philip Alberighi, who for military ability and for courteous manners was reputed above all other gentlemen of Tuscany. He, as often happens with gentlemen, became enamoured of a gentle lady called Madonna Giovanni, in her time considered the most beautiful and most graceful woman in Florence. In order that he might win her love he tilted and exercised in arms, made feasts and donations, and spent all his substance without restraint. But Madonna Giovanni, no less honest than beautiful, cared for none of these things which he did for her, nor for

him. Frederick then spent more than his means admitted, and gaining nothing, as easily happens, his money disappeared, and he remained poor and without any other property than a poor little farm, by the income of which he was barely able to live; besides this, he had his falcon, one of the best in the world. On this account, and because unable to remain in the city as he desired, though more than ever devoted, he remained at Campi, where his little farm was; and there, as he might hunt, he endured his poverty patiently.

Now it happened one day when Frederick had come to extreme poverty, that the husband of Madonna Giovanni became ill, and seeing death at hand, made his will; and being very rich, in this will left as his heir his son, a well-grown boy; and next to him, as he had greatly loved Madonna Giovanni, he made her his heir if his son should die without legitimate heirs, and then died. Remaining then a widow, as the custom is amongst our women, Madonna Giovanni went that summer with her son into the country on an estate of hers near to that of Frederick, so that it happened that this boy, beginning to become friendly with Frederick and to cultivate a liking for books and birds, and having seen many times the falcon of Frederick fly, took an extreme pleasure in it and desired very greatly to have it, but did not dare to ask it, seeing that it was so dear to Frederick.

In this state of things it happened that the boy became ill, and on this account the mother sorrowing greatly, he being that which she loved most of everything which she had, tended him constantly and never ceased comforting him; and begged him that if there was anything that he wanted, to tell her, so that she certainly, if it were possible to get it, would obtain it for him. The young man, hearing many times this proposal, said: "Mother, if you can manage that I should have the falcon of Frederick, I believe that I should get well at once." The mother, hearing this, reflected with herself and began to study what she might do. She knew that Frederick had long loved her, and that he had never received from her even a look; on this account she said, How can I send to him or go to him, to ask for this falcon, which is, by what I hear, the thing that he most loves, and which besides keeps him in the world; and how can I be so ungrateful as to take from a gentleman what I desire, when it is the only thing that he has to give him pleasure? Embarrassed by such thoughts, and feeling that she was cer-

tain to have it if she asked it of him, and not knowing what to say, she did not reply to her son, but was silent. Finally, the love of her son overcoming her, she decided to satisfy him, whatever might happen, not sending but going herself for the falcon; and she replied, "My son, be comforted and try to get well, for I promise you that the first thing that I do to-morrow will be to go and bring to you the falcon"; on which account the son in his joy showed the same day an improvement. The lady the next day took as companion another lady, and as if for pleasure went to the house of Frederick and asked for him. It being early he had not been hawking, and was in his garden attending to certain little operations; and hearing that Madonna Giovanni asked for him at the door, wondering greatly, joyfully went. She, seeing him coming, with a ladylike pleasure went to meet him, and Frederick having saluted her with reverence, she said, "I hope you are well, Frederick," and then went on, "I have come to recompense you for the losses which you have already had on my account, loving me more than you need; and the reparation is, then, that I intend with this my companion to dine with you familiarly to-day." To this Frederick humbly replied, "Madonna, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss on your account, but so much good that if I ever was worth anything, it is due to your worth, and to the love which I have borne you; and certainly your frank visit is dearer to me than would have been the being able to spend as much more as I have already spent, for you have come to a very poor house." So saying, he received them into his house in humility and conducted them into his garden; and then, not having any person to keep her company he said, "Madonna, since there is no one else, this good woman, the wife of my gardener, will keep you company, while I go to arrange the table."

He, although his poverty was so great, had not yet realized how he had, without method or pleasure, spent his fortune; but this morning, finding nothing with which he could do honor to the lady for whose love he had already entertained so many men, made him think and suffer extremely; he cursed his fortune, and as a man beside himself ran hither and thither, finding neither money nor anything to pawn. It being late, and his desire to honor the gentle lady in some manner, and not wishing to call on anybody else, but rather to do all himself, his eyes fell upon his beloved falcon, which was in his cage above the table. He therefore took it, and finding it fat, and not having any other

resource, he considered it to be a proper food for such a woman; and without thinking any further, he wrung its neck and ordered his servant that, it being plucked and prepared, it should be put on the spit and roasted immediately. And setting the table with the whitest of linen, of which he had still a little left, with a delighted countenance he returned to the lady and told her that such dinner as he was able to prepare for her was ready. Thereupon, the lady with her companion, rising, went to dinner, and without knowing what she ate or what Frederick served, ate the good falcon.

Then leaving the table, and after pleasant conversation with him, it appeared to the lady that it was time to say what she had come for, and so she began amiably to say to Frederick: — "Frederick, recalling your past life and my honesty, which perhaps you considered cruelty and severity, I do not doubt in the least that you will be astonished at my presumption, hearing what I have come for; but if you had ever had children, through whom you might know how great is the love which one bears them, it seems to me certain that in part you would excuse me. But as you have not, I, who have one, cannot escape the law common to all mothers; obeying which, I am obliged, apart from my own pleasure and all other convention and duty, to ask of you a gift which I know is extremely dear, and reasonably so, because no other delight and no other amusement and no other consolation has your exhausted fortune left you; this gift is your falcon, which my boy has become so strongly enamoured of, that if I do not take it to him I fear that his illness will become so much aggravated that I may lose him in consequence; therefore I pray you, not on account of the love which you bear me, but because of your nobility, which has shown greater courtesy than that of any other man, that you would be so kind, so good, as to give it to me, in order that by this gift the life of my son may be preserved, and I be forever under obligation to you."

Frederick, hearing what the lady demanded, and knowing that he could not serve her, because he had already given it to her to eat, commenced in her presence to weep so that he could not speak a word in reply; which weeping the lady first believed to be for sorrow at having to give up his good falcon more than anything else, and was about to tell him that she did not want it, but, hesitating, waited the reply of Frederick until the weeping ceased, when he spoke thus: — "Madonna, since it pleased

God that I bestowed my love upon you, money, influence, and fortune have been contrary to me, and have given me great trouble; but all these things are trivial in respect to what fortune makes me at present suffer, from which I shall never have peace, thinking that you have come here to my poor house — to which while I was rich you never deigned to come — and asked of me a little gift, and that fortune has so decreed that I shall not be able to give it to you; and why I cannot do so I will tell you in a few words. When I heard that you in your kindness wished to dine with me, having regard for your excellence and your worth, I considered it worthy and proper to give you the dearest food in my power, and therefore the falcon for which you now ask me was this morning prepared for you, and you have had it roasted on your plate and I had prepared it with delight; but now, seeing that you desire it in another manner, the sorrow that I cannot so please you is so great that never again shall I have peace;" and saying this, the feathers and the feet and the beak were brought before them in evidence; which thing the lady seeing and hearing, first blamed him for having entertained a woman with such a falcon, and then praised the greatness of his mind, which his poverty had not been able to diminish. Then, there being no hope of having the falcon on account of which the health of her son was in question, in melancholy she departed and returned to her son; who either for grief at not being able to have the falcon, or for the illness which might have brought him to this state, did not survive for many days, and to the great sorrow of his mother passed from this life.

She, full of tears and of sorrow, and remaining rich and still young, was urged many times by her brothers to remarry, which thing she had never wished; but being continually urged, and remembering the worth of Frederick and his last munificence, and that he had killed his beloved falcon to honor her, said to her brothers: — "I would willingly, if it please you, remain as I am; but if it please you more that I should take a husband, certainly I will never take any other if I do not take Frederick degli Alberighi." At this her brothers, making fun of her, said, "Silly creature, what do you say? Why do you choose him? He has nothing in the world." To this she replied, "My brothers, I know well that it is as you say; but I prefer rather a man who has need of riches, than riches that have need of a man." The brothers, hearing her mind, and knowing Frederick for a worthy man, — although poor, — as she wished, gave her with

all her wealth to him; who, seeing this excellent woman whom he had so much loved become his wife, and besides that, being most rich, becoming economical, lived in happiness with her to the end of his days.

The Jew Converted to Christianity by Going to Rome.

As I, gracious ladies, have heard said, there was in Paris a great merchant, a very good man, who was called Gianotto di Chevigné, a man most loyal and just, who had a great business in stuffs, and who had a singular friendship with a rich Jew named Abraham, who also was a merchant and also an honest and loyal man. Gianotto, seeing his justice and loyalty, began to feel great sorrow that the soul of so worthy and good a man should go to perdition through want of religion, and on that account he began to beg in a friendly way that he would abandon the errors of the Jewish faith and become converted to Christian truth, in which he could see, being holy and good, that he would always prosper and enrich himself; while in his own faith, on the contrary, he might see that he would diminish and come to nothing. The Jew replied that he did not believe anything either holy or good outside of Judaism; that he in that was born and intended therein to live, and that nothing would ever move him out of it.

Gianotto did not cease on this account to repeat after a few days similar exhortations, showing him in a coarse manner, which merchants know how to employ, for what reasons our faith was better than the Jewish; and though the Jew was a great master in the Jewish law, nevertheless either the great friendship which he had with Gianotto moved him, or perhaps the words which the Holy Spirit put on the tongue of the foolish man accomplished it, and the Jew began finally to consider earnestly the arguments of Gianotto; but still, tenacious in his own faith, he was unwilling to change. As he remained obstinate, so Gianotto never ceased urging him, so that finally the Jew by this continual persistence was conquered, and said: — "Since, Gianotto, it would please you that I should become a Christian and I am disposed to do so, I will first go to Rome and there see him whom you call the vicar of God on earth, and consider his manners and his customs, and similarly those of his brother cardinals; and if they seem to me such that I can, between your words and them, understand that your re-

ligion is better than mine, as you have undertaken to prove to me, I will do what I have said; but if this should not be so, I will remain a Jew as I am." When Gianotto heard this he was very sorrowful, saying to himself: I have lost all my trouble which it seemed to me I had very well employed, believing that I had converted this man; because if he goes to the court at Rome and sees the wicked and dirty life of the priests, he not only, being a Jew, will not become a Christian, but if he had become a Christian he would infallibly return to Judaism.

Therefore Gianotto said to Abraham: — "Alas, my friend, why do you desire to take this great trouble and expense of going from here to Rome? By land and by sea, even to a rich man as you are, it is full of trouble. Do you not believe that here we can find one who will baptize you? and if perchance you have still some doubts as to the religion which I show you, where are there better teachers and wiser men in this faith than there are here, to immediately tell you what you want to know or may ask? On which account my opinion is that this voyage is superfluous: the prelates whom you would see there are such as you can see here, and besides they are much better, as they are near to the chief Shepherd; and therefore this fatigue you will, by my counsel, save for another time, — for some indulgence in which I may perhaps be your companion." To this the Jew replied: — "I believe, Gianotto, that it is as you say to me; but summing up the many words in one, I am altogether, if you wish that I should do what you have been constantly begging me to do, disposed to go there; otherwise I will do nothing." Gianotto seeing his determination said, "Go, and good luck go with you"; but he thought to himself that Abraham never would become a Christian if he had once seen the court of Rome, but as he would lose nothing he said no more.

The Jew mounted his horse, and as quickly as possible went to the court of Rome, where arriving, he was by his fellow Jews honorably received; and living there without saying to anybody why he came, began cautiously to study the manners of the Pope and the cardinals and the prelates and all the other courtesans; and he learned, being the honest man that he was, and being informed by other people, that from the greatest to the lowest they sinned most dishonestly, not only in natural but in unnatural ways, without any restraint or remorse to shame them; so much so that for the poor and the dissolute of both sexes to take part in any affair was no small thing. Besides

this he saw that they were universally gluttons, wine-drinkers, and drunkards, and much devoted to their stomachs after the manner of brute animals; given up to luxury more than to anything else. And looking further, he saw that they were in the same manner all avaricious and desirous of money, so that human blood, even that of Christians, and sacred interests, whatever they might be, even pertaining to the ceremonies or to the benefices, were sold and bought with money; making a greater merchandise out of these things and having more shops for them than at Paris of stuffs or any other things, and to the most open simony giving the name and support of procuration, and to gluttony that of sustentation: as if God, apart from the signification of epithets, could not know the intentions of these wretched souls, but after the manner of men must permit himself to be deceived by the names of things. Which, together with many other things of which we will say nothing, so greatly displeased the Jew, that as he was a sober and modest man it appeared to him that he had seen enough, and proposed to return to Paris.

Accordingly he did so; upon which Gianotto, seeing that he had returned, and hoping nothing less than that he should have become a Christian, came and rejoiced greatly at his return, and after some days of rest asked him what he thought of the Holy Father, the cardinals, and the other courtesans; to which the Jew promptly replied: — "It seems to me evil that God should have given anything to all those people, and I say to you that if I know how to draw conclusions, there was no holiness, no devotion, no good work, or good example of life in any other way, in anybody who was a priest; but luxury, avarice, and gluttony, — such things and worse, if there could be worse things in anybody; and I saw rather liberty in devilish operations than in divine: on which account I conclude that with all possible study, with all their talent and with all their art, your Shepherd, and consequently all the rest, are working to reduce to nothing and to drive out of the world the Christian religion, there where they ought to be its foundation and support. But from what I see, what they are driving at does not happen, but your religion continually increases; and therefore it becomes clearer and more evident that the Holy Spirit must be its foundation and support, as a religion more true and holy than any other. On which account, where I was obstinate and immovable to your reasoning and did not care

RECITING FROM THE DECAMERON

to become a Christian, now I say to you distinctly that on no account would I fail to become a Christian. Therefore let us go to church, and there according to the custom of your holy religion let me be baptized."

Gianotto, who had expected exactly the opposite conclusion to this, when he heard these things was more satisfied than ever a man was before, and with him he went to Notre Dame of Paris and requested the priest there to give Abraham baptism: who, hearing what he asked, immediately did so; and Gianotto was his sponsor and named him Giovanni, and immediately caused him by competent men to be completely instructed in our religion, which he at once learned and became a good and worthy man and of a holy life.

The Story of Saladin and the Jew Usurer.

Saladin, whose valor was so great that he not only became from an insignificant man Sultan of Babylon, but also gained many victories over the Saracen and Christian kings, having in many wars and in his great magnificence spent all his treasure, and on account of some trouble having need of a great quantity of money, nor seeing where he should get it quickly as he had need to, was reminded of a rich Jew whose name was Melchisedech, who loaned at interest at Alexandria; and thinking to make use of him if he could, though he was so avaricious that of his own good-will he would do nothing, the Sultan, not wishing to compel him, but driven by necessity, set himself to devise means by which the Jew should satisfy him, and to find some manner of compelling him to do so with a good pretext. Thus thinking, he called him, and receiving him familiarly, said to him: "My good man, I hear from many here that you are the wisest and in divine affairs the most profound of men, and on that account I would like to know from you which of the three good religions you consider the true one: the Jewish, the Saracenic, or the Christian?" The Jew, who really was a wise man, saw too clearly that the Sultan desired to catch him in his words in order to raise against him some question, and decided not to praise any one of the religions more than the other, so that the Sultan should not accomplish his purpose; on account of which, as one who seemed to have need of a reply as to which there could not be any reasoning, and his wits being sharpened, there quickly came to him what he ought to say, and he said: —

"My lord, the question which you have put to me is important, and in order to explain to you what I think, it is necessary to tell you a fable which you will hear. If I do not mistake, I have heard tell many times of a great and rich man who lived once, and who amongst other jewels had a beautiful and valuable ring, the most precious in his treasury, which on account of its value and its beauty he desired to honor and to leave in perpetuity to his descendants; and he ordered that that one of his sons to whom this ring should be left, as it had been to him, should be considered his heir and be by all the others honored and reverenced. The one to whom this ring should be left should give a similar order to his descendants, and do as had done his predecessor. In short, this ring went from hand to hand to many successors, and finally came to the hands of one who had three sons, honest men, virtuous and all obedient to their father, on which account he loved all three equally; and the young men, who knew the custom of the ring, as each one desired to be the most honored amongst them, each one to the utmost of his power urged the father to leave the ring to him when death should take him. The worthy man, who loved them all alike, not knowing himself how to choose to whom he should leave it, decided, having promised each one, to satisfy all three: and secretly ordered from a good workman two others, which were so similar to the first that he himself who had made them could scarcely tell which was the true one; and death approaching, he secretly gave to each one of his sons his ring. After the death of the father, each one wishing to enjoy the heritage and denying it to the others, each produced a ring in evidence of his rights, and finding them so similar that no one could tell which was the true one, the question which was the real heir of the father remained undecided, and it is still undecided. And so I say to you, my lord, of the three religions given to the three people by God the Father, concerning which you put me this question, that each one believes that he has as his heritage the true law; but as it is with the three rings, the question is still quite undecided."

Saladin, recognizing how this man had most cleverly escaped from the trap which had been set before his feet, decided on that account to expose to him his necessities and see if he was willing to help him; and so he did, saying that which he had intended to say if the Jew had not replied so wisely as he had done. The Jew freely accorded to Saladin whatever he asked,

and Saladin gave him entire security, and besides that he gave him great gifts and retained him always as his friend, and kept him in excellent and honorable condition always near to himself.

The Story of Griselda.

A long time ago, in the family of the Marquis Saluzzo, the head of the house was a young man called Walter, who, having neither wife nor children, spent his time entirely in hunting and hawking, and never troubled himself to marry or to have a family, — on account of which he was considered very wise. This thing not being pleasing to his retainers, they many times begged of him that he should take a wife, in order that he should not be without an heir and they without a master, offering to find him one descended from such a father and mother that he might hope to have successors and they be satisfied. To which Walter replied: — "My friends, you urge me to what I have never been disposed to do, considering how grave a matter it is to find a woman who adapts herself to one's ways, and on the contrary how great are the burdens and how hard the lives of those who happen on wives who do not suit them. And to say that you know daughters from the fathers and mothers, and from that argue that you can give me what will satisfy me, is a foolishness; since I do not know how you can learn the fathers or know the secrets of the mothers of these girls, since even knowing them oft-times we find the daughters very different from the fathers and mothers: but since you desire to entangle me in these chains, I wish to be satisfied; and in order that I should not have to suffer through others than myself if any mistake should be made, I wish myself to be the finder, assuring you that if I do not take this responsibility and the woman should not be honorable, you would find out to your very great loss how much opposed to my desire it was to have taken a wife at your supplication."

The good men were satisfied, so long as he would take a wife. For a long time the ways of a poor young woman who belonged to a little house near his own had attracted Walter, and as she was sufficiently beautiful, he considered that with her he might have a life peaceful enough; and on that account, without going any further, he proposed to marry this one, and calling upon her father, who was very poor, arranged with him to marry her.

This being arranged, he convoked his friends and said to them: "My friends! it has pleased and pleases you that I should dispose myself to marry, and I am so disposed more to please you than for the desire that I should have a wife. You know what you promised me, — that is, to be satisfied with and to honor as your lady whoever I should select; and, for that the time has come that I should keep my promise to you, and I wish you to keep yours to me, I have found very near here a young woman according to my heart, whom I intend to take for my wife and to bring her in a few days to my house; and for this you must think how the entertainment of the day shall be attractive and how you will honorably receive her, in order that I may show myself satisfied with the fulfillment of your promise as you may consider yourselves with mine."

The good men, joyful, all replied that that gave them pleasure, and whoever it might be, they would accept her for lady and would honor her in every thing as their lady. This being arranged, all set themselves to making a magnificent, joyful, and splendid festa, which also did Walter. He prepared for the wedding festivities very abundantly and magnificently, and invited many of his friends, great gentlemen, his relatives and others from all around. And beyond this he had dresses cut and made up by the figure of a young woman who, he thought, had the same figure as the woman he proposed to marry. And besides this, he arranged girdles and rings and a rich and beautiful coronet, and everything that a newly married bride should demand.

On the day settled for the wedding, Walter, about the third hour, mounted his horse, as did all those who came to honor him, and having arranged everything conveniently, said, "Gentlemen, it is time to go to take the bride;" and starting with his company he arrived at the little villa, and going to the house of the father of the girl, and finding her returning in great haste with water from the spring, in order to go with the other women to see the bride of Walter, he called her by name, — that is, Griselda, — and asked where her father was, to which she modestly replied, "My lord, he is in the house." Then Walter, dismounting and commanding his men that they should wait for them, went along into the little house, where he found her father, whose name was Giannucoli, and said to him, "I have come to marry Griselda, but I wish to learn certain things in your presence." He then asked her if, should he take her for his wife, she would do her best to please him, and at nothing that he

should do or say would she trouble herself, and if she would be obedient, and many such-like questions, to all of which she replied "yes." Then Walter took her by the hand, and in the presence of all his company and all the other persons had her stripped naked, and calling for the dresses which he had had made, immediately had her dressed and shod, and on her hair, disheveled as it was, had the crown put; and all this being done while everybody marveled, Walter said: — "Gentlemen, this is she whom I intend shall be my wife if she wishes me for husband;" and then, turning to her, who stood by herself abashed and confused, said to her, "Griselda, will you take me for your husband?" To which Griselda replied, "Yes, my lord;" and he said, "I desire her for my wife, and in the presence of the assembly to marry her;" and mounting her on a palfrey he led her, honorably accompanied, to his house. There the marriage ceremonies were fine and great, and the festivities were not less than if he had married the daughter of the king of France.

It seemed as if the young bride, in changing her vestments, changed her mind and her manners. She was, as we have said, in figure and face beautiful; and as she was beautiful she became so attractive, so delightful, and so accomplished, that she did not seem to be the daughter of Giannucoli the keeper of sheep, but of some noble lord, which made every man who had known her astonished; and besides this, she was so obedient to her husband and so ready in service that he was most contented and delighted; and similarly, toward the subjects of her husband she was so gracious and so kind that there was no one who did not love her more than himself; and gentlemen honored her with the best good-will, and all prayed for her welfare and her health and advancement. Whereupon they who had been accustomed to say that Walter had done a foolish thing in marrying her, now said that he was the wisest and the most far-seeing man in the world, because no other than he would have been able to see her great virtue hidden under the poor rags of a peasant's costume. In a short time, not only in his own dominions but everywhere, she knew so well how to comport herself that she made the people talk of his worth and of his good conduct, and to turn to the contrary anything that was said against her husband on account of his having married her.

She had not long dwelt with Walter when she bore a daughter, for which Walter made great festivities; but a little afterwards, a new idea coming into his mind, he wished with long

experience and with intolerable proofs to try her patience. First he began to annoy her with words, pretending to be disturbed, and saying that his men were very discontented with her low condition, and especially when they saw that she had children; and of the daughter, that she was born most unfortunately; and he did nothing but grumble. But the lady, hearing these words, without changing countenance of her demeanor in any way, said, "My lord, do with me what you think your honor and your comfort demand, and I shall be satisfied with everything, as I know that I am less than they, and that I was not worthy of this honor to which you in your courtesy called me." This reply pleased Walter much, knowing that she was not in any arrogance raised on account of the honor which he or others had done her.

A little while afterwards, having often repeated to his wife that his subjects could not endure this daughter born of her, he instructed one of his servants and sent him to her, to whom with sorrowful face he said, "My lady, if I do not wish to die, I am obliged to do what my lord commands me; he has commanded that I should take your daughter and that I" — and here he stopped. The lady, seeing the face of the servant and hearing the words that he said, and the words said by her husband, bethinking herself, understood that this man had been ordered to kill the child; upon which, immediately taking her from the cradle, kissing her, and placing her as if in great sorrow to her heart, without changing countenance she placed her in the arms of the servant and said, "Take her and do exactly what your and my lord has imposed on you to do, but do not leave her so that the beasts and the birds shall devour her, unless he should have commanded you that." The servant having taken the child and having repeated to Walter what his wife had said, he, marveling at her constancy, sent him with her to Bologna to one of his relatives, beseeching him that without ever saying whose daughter she might be, he should carefully rear her and teach her good manners. It happened that the lady again in due time bore a son, who was very dear to Walter. But not being satisfied with what he had done, with greater wounds he pierced his wife, and with a countenance of feigned vexation one day he said to her, "My lady, since you have borne this male child I have in no way been able to live with my people, so bitterly do they regret that a grandchild of Giannucoli should after me remain their lord;' and I make no

question that if I do not wish to be deposed, it will be necessary to do what I did before, and in the end leave you and take another wife." The lady with patience heard him, and only replied, "My lord! think of your own content, and do your own pleasure, and have no thought of me; because nothing is so agreeable to me as to see you satisfied." A little after, Walter, in the same manner as he had sent for the daughter, sent for the son, and in the same way feigned to have ordered it to be killed, and sent him to nurse in Bologna as he had sent the daughter. On account of which thing the lady behaved no otherwise and said no other word than she had done for the daughter. At this Walter marveled greatly, and declared to himself that no other woman could have done what she did; and had it not been that he found her most affectionate to her children, as he saw her to be, he would have believed that she could only do so because she did not care for them, although he knew her to be very prudent. His subjects, believing that he had had the child killed, blamed him greatly and considered him a most cruel man, and had great compassion for the lady, who, with the women who came to condole with her on the death of her children, never said other thing than that that pleased her which pleased her lord who had begotten them.

But many years having passed since the birth of the daughter, it seemed time to Walter to make the last proof of her patience; and so he said to many of his people that in no way could he endure any longer to have Griselda for his wife, and that he recognized that he had done badly and like a boy when he took her for wife, and that on that account he intended to apply to the Pope for a dispensation that he might take another wife and leave Griselda. On which account he was much reproved by very good men, to which he replied in no other wise than that it was convenient that he should do so. The lady, hearing these things, and seeing that it was necessary for her to look forward to returning to her father's house, and perhaps to watch the sheep as she had in other times done, and to see that another should have him to whom she wished nothing but good, suffered greatly in her own mind; but also, as with the other injuries which she had endured from fortune, so with a firm countenance she disposed herself to support even this. Not long afterwards, Walter had caused to be sent to him counterfeit letters from Rome, which he showed to all his subjects to inform them that the Pope had given him the dispensation to

take another wife and leave Griselda. After which, having called her to him, in the presence of many people he said: — "Lady, by the dispensation made to me by the Pope I may take another wife and leave you; and because my ancestors were great gentlemen and lords in this country, whereas yours have always been workmen, I mean that you shall not longer be my wife, but that you shall return to the house of your father with the dowry which you brought me, and that I shall take another wife whom I have found more fitting for me." The lady, hearing these words, not without great difficulty and contrary to the nature of women kept back her tears, and replied: — "I knew always my low condition not to suit in any way your nobility, and what I have done, by you and by God will be recognized: nor have I ever acted or held it as given to me, but simply always had it as a loan; it pleases you to take it back, and to me it ought to give pleasure to return it to you. Here is your ring with which you married me; take it. You command me to take back the dowry which I brought you; to do which neither of you to pay it nor of me to receive it will demand either a purse or a beast of burden, because it has escaped your mind that you took me naked: and if you consider it honest that this body by which I have borne the children begotten by you shall be seen by everybody, I will go away naked; but I pray you in consideration of my virginity, which I brought to you and which I cannot take away, that at least a single shirt more than my dowry it will please you that I shall take." Walter, who had more desire to weep than anything else, remained with a hard face and said, "You may take with you a shirt." He was prayed by all who were about him that one garment more he should give, that it should not be seen that she who had been his wife for thirteen years or more should leave his house so poorly and shamefully as to go away in her shirt; but in vain were the prayers made. On which account the lady in her shirt, and barefoot, and without anything on her head, went out of the house and returned to the house of her father with the tears and lamentations of all who saw her.

Giannucoli, who had never been able to consider it a reality that Walter should have taken his daughter for a wife, and expected every day this end, had kept the clothes which had been taken from her that morning that Walter married her; so that bringing them to her, she dressed herself in them and returned

to the little service of her father's house as she had been accustomed, supporting with a strong mind these savage attacks of fortune. When Walter had done this, he gave his people to understand that he had taken the daughter of one of the Counts of Panago for a wife, and having great preparations made for the marriage, sent for Griselda that she should come; to whom, having come, he said: — "I bring this lady whom I have now taken, and intend on her arrival to honor her, and you know that I have not in the house women who know how to arrange the chambers and to do many things that pertain to such festivities; on which account you, who better than anybody else know the things in this house, shall put in order whatever there is to be done, and cause to be invited the ladies whom you see fit, as if you were mistress here; then, after the marriage ceremony, you can go back to your house." Although these words were like so many knives in the heart of Griselda, — as she had not been able to divest herself of the love which she bore him as she had of her good fortune, — she replied, "My lord, I am ready and prepared;" and so entered with her coarse peasant's clothing in the house from which she had shortly before gone in her shirt, and began to sweep and put in order the rooms, the hangings and carpets for the halls, and to put the kitchen in order, and in every respect as if she had been a little servant in the house, did she put her hand. Nor did she pause until she had put everything in order and arranged it as it was most convenient. And having done this, and Walter at her indications having invited all the ladies of the country, she began to arrange the festivities; and when the day of the marriage came, with the apparel which she had on her back, but with the mind and manner of a lady, received with a cheerful countenance all the ladies who came. Walter, who had had his children educated carefully by a relative in Bologna who had married into the house of the Counts of Panago, — the girl being already of the age of twelve years and the most beautiful creature that ever was seen, and the boy being of six, — had written to his relative at Bologna, praying him that he would be kind enough to come with this his daughter to Saluzzo, and to arrange to bring with him a fine and honorable company, and to say to all that these things were brought for his wife, without telling anything to anybody that it was otherwise. Having done what the Marquis asked of him, the Count started on his way after several days with the girl and her brother and with a noble company, and

arrived at Saluzzo at the hour of dinner, when all the peasants and many neighbors were present waiting for the new bride of Walter; who being received by the ladies and going into the hall where the tables were set, Griselda came forward joyfully to meet her, saying, "Welcome, my lady." The ladies (who had much, but in vain, prayed Walter that he would arrange that Griselda should remain in the chamber, or that he would give her some one of the dresses which had been hers, in order that she should not appear in this way before his strangers) were set at the table and had begun to be served. The girl was looked at by every man, and everybody said that Walter had made a good exchange: but amongst the others Griselda praised her most; both her and her little brother.

Walter, who seemed to have finally learned as much as he desired of the patience of his lady, and seeing that the enduring of these things produced no change in her, and being certain that this did not happen from hypocrisy, because he knew that she was very wise, considered it time to lighten her of the bitterness which he felt that she held hidden in her heart under her strong self-control. Therefore, calling her in presence of all the company, and smiling, he said, "What do you think of our bride?" "My lord," replied Griselda, "she seems to me very good, and if she is as wise as she is beautiful, as I believe, I do not doubt in the least that you will live with her the most comfortable gentleman in the world. But I pray you as much as I can that these cruelties which you bestowed on the other which was yours you will not give to this one, because I believe that she could not support them; partly because she is young, and again because she has been brought up delicately, while the other has been always accustomed to hardships from a child." Walter, seeing that she firmly believed that this one was his wife, nor on that account spoke otherwise than well, made her sit down at his side and said: — "Griselda, it is time now that you should feel the rewards of your long patience, and that those who have considered me a cruel, wicked, and brutal man should know that that which I have done was done for a purpose, wishing to teach you to be a wife, and them to know how to take and to keep one, and for myself for the establishment of unbroken quiet while I live with you. Because when I came to take a wife I had great fear that this could not be the case, and on that account, and to assure myself in all the ways which you know, I have tried to pain you. And yet I have

never perceived that either in thought or deed have you ever contradicted my pleasure: convinced that I shall have from you that comfort which I desire, I now intend to return to you all at once what I took from you on several occasions; and with the greatest tenderness to heal the wounds which I have given you; and so with a happy soul know this one whom you believed to be my bride, and this one her brother, as your and my children; they are those whom you and many others have long believed that I had cruelly caused to be killed; and I am your husband who above all things loves you, believing that I may boast that there is no other man who may be as well satisfied with his wife as I am." And so saying he embraced her and kissed her, and with her, who wept for joy, rising, went where the daughter sat stupefied, hearing these things; and, embracing her tenderly and her brother as well, undeceived her and as many as were there. The ladies, joyfully rising, went with Griselda to her chamber, and with the most joyful wishes dressed her as a lady, — which even in her rags she had seemed, — and then brought her back to the hall; and there, making with the children a wonderful festivity, every person being most joyful over these things, the rejoicings and the festivities were kept up for many days, and they all considered Walter the wisest of men, as they had considered bitter and intolerable the proofs which he had imposed on his wife; and especially they considered Griselda most discreet.

The Count of Panago returned after a few days to Bologna, and Walter, having taken Giannucoli from his work, settled him in the condition of his father-in-law, so that he lived with great honor and with great comfort and so finished his old age. And Walter afterwards, having married his daughter excellently, long and happily lived with Griselda, honoring her always as much as he could. And here we may say that as in royal houses come those who are much more worthy to keep the hogs than to have government over men, so even into poor houses there sometimes come from Heaven divine spirits besides Griselda, who could have been able to suffer with a countenance not merely tearless but cheerful, the severe, unheard-of proofs imposed on her by Walter; to whom it would perhaps not have been unjust that he should have happened on one who, when he turned her out of his house in her shirt, should have become unfaithful with another, as his actions would have made fitting.

FRIEDRICH MARTIN BODENSTEDT.

Friedrich Martin Bodenstedt, a German poet and journalist, was born in Hanover in 1819; died April 19, 1892. He studied the Russian language at Moscow, where, while residing with Prince Galitzin as a tutor, he translated into his native language the works of Pushkin, Lermontoff, and other Russian poets. It is to these labors that we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the literature of Russia. Professor Conant, in the preface to his version of "The Circassian Boy," says that he made it not from the original, but from Bodenstedt's "spirited and faithful reproduction of Lermontoff's most beautiful poem." "The Nations of the Caucasus," issued in 1848, was the outcome of Bodenstedt's extensive travels, which had extended into Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor. Returning to Germany, he assumed the editorship of the "Weser Zeitung;" and in 1850 he issued the work upon which his fame as a poet is chiefly founded, "The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy." After it became known that these poems were entirely original, and not, as was feigned, a "translation from the Persian," the fact was soon recognized that Bodenstedt's real translations, like Pope's "Homer," were no servile word-for-word renderings, but poetical interpretations, by a poet, of the spirit of his fellow-poets.

The Wise Man of Gjändsha's First Love.

(From "A Thousand and One Days in the East": translated by Richard Waddington.)

"It is now eleven years," said Mirza-Schaffy, beginning his narration, "since I saw for the first time Zuléikha, the daughter of Ibrahim, the Chan of Gjändsha.

"What shall I tell thee of her beauty? Shall I speak of her eyes, which, darker than the night, yet shone brighter than all the stars of heaven? Shall I tell thee of the gracefulness of her shape, of the loveliness of her hands and feet, of her soft hair that flowed down long as Eternity, and of her mouth whose breath was sweeter than the fragrance of the roses of Shiraz!

"What avails all speech? thou wouldst never understand me, for man cannot comprehend the superhuman.

"For more than six months I had daily watched her, when she sat at mid-day with her companions on the roof of the house, or at eventide when her slaves danced before her in the moonlight. But I had not yet spoken a word to her, nor did I know whether she had ever thought me worthy of a glance. How could I venture to approach her? Can man also approach the sun? What can he do but rejoice in the splendor of his countenance?

"By day I was always obliged to proceed with great caution, for had Ibrahim Chan observed me casting loving looks at his daughter, my life would have been in danger. But in the evening I was securer in my concealment, for after eight o'clock Ibrahim Chan never set his foot over the threshold, or on the roof of his house. Then burst the flames of my heart into song; now I repeated a Ghazel of Hafiz, and now of Firduzi: —

"'O gentle wind! blow sweetly whither,
Whither thou know'st —
And that sweet word of love take thither,
The word thou know'st.

"'The answer, if my hope 'twould wither,
Let it be lost —
But if 'twould gladden, bring it hither,
Whate'er thou know'st!'

"But most frequently I sang my own songs. What need has Mirza-Schaffy to adorn himself with borrowed adornment? Whose voice is clearer than my voice, and whose songs are more beautiful than my songs?

"And after long hope, at last it happened that the eye of that lady turned on me.

"Ibrahim Chan went out on an expedition to Tiflis to fight with the host of the Sardaar against the enemies of Moscow. I ventured therefore to make myself heard and seen more freely; my voice and shape could not longer remain unnoticed by Zuléikha.

"One dark evening, when I had stood two long hours through in vain, waiting and singing in my concealment, without descrying a single female creature on Ibrahim's roof, I was just on the point of slinking back discouraged to my house,

when a figure veiled in white walked past me with a light step, and said: 'Follow me, Mirza-Schaffy, and mark whither I go.'

"My heart beat high in trembling expectation. *Baschem üsta!* On my head let it come! thought I, and followed, with careful step, the white figure floating at a short distance before me.

"To the right from the solitary street through which we passed, there was a path leading to the mountains, which was covered by medlar-shrubs and oleander-bushes, and on account of its narrowness impassable for beasts of burden and caravans. Thither we directed our way. A secret little spot, that we soon found out, secured us from the curiosity of men. My heart rightly guessed by whom the fair messenger, who led me, was sent."

"I quite thought," said I, interrupting the Mirza, whilst he was again engaged in refreshing his tongue with a glass of wine, "I quite thought it had been Zuléikha herself."

He appeared to hear this remark with displeasure. "Can the sun," he rejoined, "descend to the earth? Could Zuléikha be alone with me, before she had drawn me up to herself? Can the end come before the beginning, or the day before the rising of the sun?"

He sipped down another glass to compose his feelings, and then continued his narration:

"My mysterious companion first broke the silence: 'I am Fatima,' she said, 'the confidential attendant of Zuléikha. My lady looks on thee with the eye of satisfaction. The sound of thy voice has delighted her ear, and the spirit of thy songs has touched her heart. I am come to thee of my own accord, without the bidding of my lady, to comfort thee, to let thee drink in hope from the fountain of my words, because I wish thee well, and it grieves me to see thee suffer from love to her.'

"'Has then Zuléikha not closed her ear to the entreaty of the poorest of her slaves?' cried I, intoxicated with joy, reeling with happiness, 'and will my heart not be torn by the thorn of dislike? Allah min! Allah bir! The God of thousands is one God! Great is His goodness, and wonderful are His ways! What have I done that He has thus poured out on me the stream of His favor through the hand of Zuléikha; that he has led the fountain of my songs to the sea of Beauty!'

"'Thou dost well,' said Fatima, 'to praise the favor of Allah, and the charm of my mistress. She is the jewel in the

ring of Beauty, she is the pearl in the shell of Fortune. Long since she would have given thee a token of her favor, if her bashfulness and innocence had not been still greater than her beauty. And she is afraid of her father; who loves his daughter tenderly, but who never would consent that a poor Mirza should aspire to her love. Achmed Chan of Avaria, who now with Ibrahim Chan has joined the host of Moscow, is suing for Zuléikha's hand; and her father will give her to him, if he returns home in triumph from the campaign; therefore we must endeavor that your love attain its wished-for aim before the return of Achmed Chan. To-morrow evening when the Muezzin of the Minarette shall call to prayer, show thyself at the garden-side of the house; I will seek to turn Zuléikha's look on thee; and if thou singest a song that pleases her, then thou mayest be sure of the bud.'

"So spake Fatima, and much more besides; I have told thee the most important part. I gave her all I had about me that was valuable, my watch and purse, and promised her to write a talisman that would drive away a black speck on her left cheek. We parted with the promise of seeing each other again for further communication."

Mirza-Schaffy interrupted his narrative by a long sigh, and took up again the fresh-filled glass. I availed myself of the short pause, to obtain an explanation of one or two obscure passages of his story.

"What was the meaning of thy words," I asked him, "when thou spakest of the thorn of dislike; and what signification is connected with the bud, of which Fatima told thee thou mightest be sure?"

"Art thou so inexperienced," he replied compassionately, "that thou dost not know what expression love has? How shall a maiden declare her feelings in the presence of a lover, to whom she never speaks a word before he is united with her?"

And according to his wonted way of giving me all his teachings in rhymes, in the composition of which my Mirza possesses a dexterity worthy of fable, he began to sing the following:

"The thorn's the token of rejection,
Of disapproval and of scorn,
So if she strive against connection,
She sends the token of the thorn.

"But if a bud the virgin throws me,
A rosebud to me as a token,
Then that the fates are kind it shows me,
But wait awhile with faith unbroken!

"But if a chaliced rose she tenders,
An open rose-flower as a token,
The fullest joy she thus engenders,
The maiden's love is thus outspoken!"

"I understand," said I; "now proceed with thy story."

"On the following evening," resumed Mirza-Schaffy, "I appeared at the appointed hour. During the day I had written a minne-song, which none of womankind could resist. I had sung it over about twenty times to myself, in order to be sure of success. Then I had been into the bath, and had had my head shaved so perfectly, that it might have vied in whiteness with the lilies of the vale of Senghi. The evening was calm and clear; from the garden-side, where I stood, I could distinctly see my Zuléikha; she was alone with Fatima on the roof, and had her veil put a little back, as a sign of her favor. I took courage, and pushed my cap down behind, to show my white head, just fresh-shaved, to the maiden's eyes. Thou canst comprehend what an impression that would make on a woman's heart! Alas! my head was much whiter then than it is now. But that is more than ten years since!" he said sorrowfully, and would have continued in this digression, if I had not interposed the words:

"Thy head is quite white enough now to fascinate the most maidenly heart; but thou hast not yet told me how thou sangest thy minne-song, and what impression it made upon Zuléikha."

"I had folded the song," said the Mirza, "round a double almond kernel, and thrown it on the roof, as a keepsake for the Beauty, before I began to sing it; and then I began with clear voice:

"What is the eye of the wild gazelle, the slender pine's unfolding,
Compared with thy delightful eyes, and thine ethereal moulding?
What is the scent from Shiraz's fields, windborne that's hither straying,
Compared with richer scented breath, from thy sweet mouth outplaying?
What is Ghazel and Rubajat, as Hafiz ere was singing,

Compared with one word's mellow tone, from thy sweet mouth out-
winging?
What is the rosy chaliced flower, where nightingales are quaffing,
Compared with thy sweet rosy mouth, and thy lips' rosy laughing?
What is the sun, and what the moon, and all heaven's constella-
tions?
Love-glancing far for thee they glow with trembling scintillations!
And what am I myself, my heart, my songful celebration,
But slaves of royal loveliness, bright beauty's inspiration!"

"Allah, how beautiful!" I cried. "Mirza-Schaffy, thy words sound as sweet as the songs of the Peris, in the world of spirits! What is Hafiz to thee? What is a drop to the ocean?"

"That was only the beginning — the preparation," said the Wise Man of Gjändsha, "the proper minne-verses come after:

"With holy truth and modesty
Approach I to Love's sacred bower,
And throw this fragrant song to thee,
A fragrant question's opening flower!

"Take it in joy, or take it in scorn,
Give my heart death or delectation —
Throw down to me bud, rose, or thorn,
I wait here for thy declaration!"

"And what did Zuléikha do?"

"She threw me down a rosebud, smiling, and for the first time I beheld her countenance in all its blissful beauty!"

"What says Fizuli?

"'To come to thee, my Life, life away I did give;
Be propitious, for through thee first came I to live!'

"So also it was with me. As soon as I knew that Zuléikha loved me, my old life of appearance ceased, and a new real life began. Who shall count the hours, through which I lived in the full enjoyment of the consciousness of her love? who the songs which I sang to her praise? who the steps which I made in order to see her? The sun of fortune seemed to have risen upon me; all earlier obstacles were dispersed by the favor of destiny. Truly my love remained no secret in Gjändsha; but all my acquaintances seemed to have united to serve me, some out of friendship for me, others out of hatred towards Ibrahim Chan.

"About six weeks might have fled since the blissful day on

which Zuléikha threw me the bud, when suddenly a threatening cloud obscured my heaven of fortune.

"Ibrahim Chan returned home from the war, and with him came Achmed Chan, the suitor of his daughter.

"The tidings frightened and animated me, both.

"From the abyss of amazement I was borne as on eagles' wings up the mountain of hope. I felt that the crisis of my destiny was at hand, and the thought inspired me with courage. I had but one thing which captivated me to life; if this were lost, the world would have nothing more to offer for the poor Mirza; therefore I resolved to venture all, to gain the one thing, which was my all.

"Already Achmed Chan had sent a troop of horsemen to Chunsag, the capital of Avaria, to fetch the Käbin — the bridal present — and then immediately to conduct him and his chosen lady home.

"At Gjändsha prize combats and festivities were begun to celebrate the return of the victorious Chans. A singing festival was likewise to take place, by Zuléikha's wish. All singers of the country were invited, and each was to be prepared with a beautiful song in praise of the lady. Thou knowest that the successful competitor in such a festival is highly extolled, and has the right of breaking to pieces the stringed instruments of all the other singers.

"I knew beforehand that I should surpass them all, for which of them had the source of inspiration that I had! How can the nightingale sing where no rose blooms? How can a song be successful where there is no love? With a sure presentiment of my superiority, I looked for the day of the singing festival as the summit and culmination of my destiny.

"I had taken an Armenian into my secret. Thou knowest the craftiness of the sons of Haïghk! He had to conduct a caravan to Shemacha, in the land of Shirvan, and promised to have a camel ready for me and my Zuléikha, to take us with him, secretly and disguised, in case my plans should fortunately be realized.

"With Fatima all was concerted; she had packed together the most costly things, and taken care that the Armenian should be amply satisfied; for the day of the singing festival was to be the day of our flight.

"At midnight I was to be at the solitary little spot, where I first lay hid with Fatima; from thence we intended to approach,

by retired foot-paths, the great street, so as to await in safe concealment the passing of the caravan.

"The eventful day dawned. Already for a long while I had seemed to myself like a stranger in my own dwelling. Now I stared at the white walls, with the niches in them, for keeping articles of dress — now I could look hours long with wondering eye, on the loam-hardened, mat-covered floor, or on the curling wire-trellis which they use there instead of windows, as if I had never seen all that before.

"The minutes seemed to me like days, and the hours like years. I rolled about on the couch of impatience, and could not stay for the time that should decide my fate.

"About mid-day a joyous message arrived. Akim, the Armenian, came to announce to me that Ibrahim Chan was gone out with his guest into the open air, and that all the arm-bearing men of the place were preparing to follow him, in order to share in the pleasure of the prize combat; while the women were left to divert their time at home with the songs of the minstrels.

"Thou shouldst have seen how the roofs were filled with women and maidens! how, round about the place, where the singing festival was celebrated, before Zuléikha's house, all was flashing with dark eyes and gay-colored dresses!

"A large carpet was spread out, on which sat two players of the Sass and Tshengjir, between whom each singer took his place in turn, to sing his song to the sound of the strings.

"The most beautiful boy of Gjändsha was appointed to hold the silver plate, and to present it to the singers, as they seated themselves in turn and stood up."

"What was the plate for, O Mirza?"

"What a question thou askest! What should a plate be for, but to conceal the expression of the singer's feelings? Can he show his countenance to the eye of beauty, when he sings how the pains of love torment his heart and blanch his cheek?

"Twenty singers stood round in a circle, and one after another stepped up before me, for I was obliged to be last, because I was the youngest.

"And if thou askest of me what they sang, I cannot tell thee. I only know that all they scattered from eye and mouth, was like faint sparkles in comparison with the fire of *my* song and of *my* eyes. My own heart swelled with ecstasy at the sound of my words.

"Hear what I sang: —

"Not with angels through Heaven's blue that sail,
Not with roses that bloom in odorous vale,
Yea, not with the sun's eternal light,
Compare I Zuléikha, my maiden bright!

"For the angel's bosom is void of love,
There are thorns where opens the rose above,
And the sun from the night veils up his light,
They are all unlike my Zuléikha bright!

"To the eye that through the Universe goes,
There is nothing that like my Zuléikha shows —
With no thorn in her beautiful love, ever fair,
With her beautiful self she can only compare!

"The song was finished, and — at my feet lay a swelling rose!

"I was the victor of the festival! In the joy of my heart, I thought of nothing but Zuléikha and myself. I ran home to make preparations for our departure, and quite forgot to break the instruments of the vanquished singers — I was so happy!"

Here Mirza-Schaffy made a long pause, ordered a fresh pipe, and looked fixedly before him, evidently overcome by the remembrances irrepressibly rising within him. He sat in this manner for perhaps half an hour, sorrowful and silent, inhaling the fumes of his tshibuq in full, deep draughts, and then giving them out again from his mouth in whiffs as long as minutes, so that his whole head was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, above which the high Phrygian cap rose conspicuous, like the top of a steeple.

At last he got up, hummed some unintelligible verses, and made as if he were going. I had the greatest trouble to detain him, in order to hear more of his narration; but it was only by entreaties and questions of all kinds, that I enticed from him in fragments the rest of his story. I shall give his own words, as far as I can remember them, in a connected order.

"Our departure was to take place at midnight. The things necessary for our flight were already placed under the care of the Armenian. Zuléikha shared with Fatima her bed-chamber, which was separated from the rest of the women's apartments by an intermediate room, appropriated for the bath.

"Fatima had undertaken to conduct me at the appointed hour to the chamber of my beloved.

"What amazing fear overcame me! how my heart beat, how all my limbs trembled, as I prepared to take the eventful step!

"'Mirza-Schaffy,' said I to myself, 'how canst thou venture on so bold a beginning? How shalt thou be able to cross with sinful foot the sharp bridge El-Sirat, which must lead thee into Paradise? What is all the wisdom of the world to the beauty of Zuléikha?'

"Thus and much more was I revolving within myself, until I came to the place which Fatima had appointed me.

"'Up, hasten, Mirza,' she said, 'and follow me; already my lady is waiting in bridal readiness in her chamber.'

"I followed the agile Fatima with uncertain footsteps. Unobserved we reached the shell of beauty's pearl, the chamber of Zuléikha.

"There she sat, modestly veiled, with her young limbs enveloped in a dazzling white tshadra, delightful as a Peri from Dshinnistan. My words cleaved to my tongue, as I stood before the charming maiden and adored her.

"'There is no time to stand astonished," said the wise Fatima, 'we must haste to escape, lest we be surprised by the servants of the house. Take the hand of the lady, and beg her to follow thee whither Allah directs thy steps.'

"I did as she enjoined me, but with a loud cry, Zuléikha shrank back, as I clasped her hand. And again the prudent Fatima interposed:

"'Who doubts of the splendor of the sun? who doubts of the fragrance of the rose? who doubts of thy maidenliness? Leave then now the struggle of love, sweet lady, and follow without lamentation him whom Allah has sent thee!'"

Here, before I let Mirza-Schaffy proceed with his narration, I must insert an explanatory word or two, for the proper understanding of the above passage. With the Moslem of the Caucasus, it is customary that the bride, even when the union is sanctioned by the parents, should be led away by the bridegroom with violence. The more she resists, strives, cries, and laments, the more maidenly and modest is she considered to be. Sham contests even, not always free from danger, are wont to take place between the relatives of the bride and the friends of the bridegroom. After this necessary digression, Mirza-Schaffy shall complete the story of his flight.

"Only after long imploring did the prudent Fatima succeed

in quieting my Zuléikha. Timid and trembling she followed me, as I led her out, by the same secret way I had entered, into the open air. There I committed her to the guidance of Fatima, and followed at some distance. Fortunately we reached the place close by the narrow footpath of the mountains, where I had had my first meeting with Fatima. The pain excited by departure from the threshold of her father's house, soon gave way to other feelings in the breast of my beloved. . . . We were safe, we were happy! And never in my life had the sun seemed to me so glorious, as the late-rising moon that night!

. . . . . .

"With the break of day we joined the passing caravan, being surprised on our way to it by a confession from Fatima of quite a peculiar nature. She threw herself down at the feet of her mistress, and confessed that she was in love with Akim, the Armenian, our protector. Although Zuléikha at first was greatly indignant that a daughter of Ali should fix her inclinations on an infidel, she soon became appeased, for love easily excuses love, and then the connection of Akim with Fatima was also a pledge of our own safety. Our danger was now his danger, therefore he would be sure to take care to protect us. Both the ladies covered themselves so closely up in their tshadras, that no one could recognize them. I too had disguised myself in face and dress, and passed for a carpet-dealer of Baku.

"Thus we were moving slowly along the street, in the direction of Kuraktshaïskaja.

"For the first day Akim had taken the cautious measure, of proceeding with the two ladies apart from the caravan, on a side path concealed by a wood. Zuléikha rode on an ass before, and the Armenian with Fatima followed behind on foot.

"Without this cautious arrangement, we had been lost at the very beginning; for in a few hours, a troop of horsemen came galloping up behind us, and in their leader I recognized the audacious Achmed Chan. Fortunately he had never noticed me at Gjändsha, and therefore in my present disguise, I was so much the less afraid of exciting his suspicion. He searched the caravan with a keen, penetrating glance, but as no female

was to be seen, he sprang forwards after a short delay, with horrible curses, and galloped on with his train.

"Galling is poverty — but how insupportable does it become, when we learn to measure its whole depth by a treasure that we had found and have lost again.

"What avails it to walk through the gardens of Paradise, when it is but a passage to hell!"

"Thou speakest wisely, O Mirza," said I, interrupting him, "but what have the sayings of wisdom to do in the story of love? Does not Hafiz say: 'The Understanding must be silent when Love speaks'?"

Yet my words made no impression on his ear, and I could not in any way urge the otherwise so loquacious Mirza to the conclusion of his narrative.

"Leave me," he said, "of what use to me are all words! Whom misfortune will strike, on his head it comes.

"Oh me! my heart love's anguish has riven,
Ask not, for whom?
To me the pain of parting was given,
Ask not, by whom?"

So he sang in melancholy tone, and without wishing me good night, left the room. But as I cannot think, after I have once excited your curiosity, of stealing off like my reverend teacher, before I have brought you to the conclusion of the story, I will supply the rest, as I have made it out from later communications. A few words will finish it all.

On the third day, the travellers were suddenly overtaken by a frightful thunder-storm, followed by violent and continued torrents of rain. Fortunately, or unfortunately, a village was descried close at hand, and whilst the beasts of burden were left under the care of the camel-drivers, Mirza-Schaffy and Akim sought for protection for their beloved ones in a Tartar hut.

Just as the ladies, riding on asses, and accompanied by their lovers, entered the village, the following dialogue took place, in a house lying close by the way-side.

"Look, Selim, is not that Akim, the merchant, of Baku? W'Allah! — by God — it is he! How long has he been dealing in women instead of carpets? See, what a pair of slender-shaped Houris are trotting by his side!"

"One might swear it was Akim," rejoined the interrogated person, "but he was not with the caravan when we passed it, and there was nothing to be seen of the two women."

"Thou talkest like a Kasviner. Can he not have proceeded, or followed, the caravan by a side-way? What says the proverb: 'Two Russians to one Persian, two Persians to one Armenian, and the bargain is equal.' Allah has flashed light into my head; my eyes are open; I see through the whole affair. Let us go directly to Achmed Chan, and his anger will turn into joy."

The speakers were two Nukers of Achmed Chan, who, on the return of the hitherto fruitless expedition, had likewise sought shelter with his train from the storm.

Half an hour afterwards Zuléikha and Fatima were already in the possession of their pursuers. I pass over the mournful scenes connected with this event. One thing only I must notice, however much I grieve that I cannot be silent upon it. Both the ladies were treated with all possible tenderness; they bore their grief only in their heart; whilst Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, the singer of love, of wine, and of roses, had, besides the never-healing grief of his heart, also to endure, at the command of the rough Achmed Chan, another and more disagreeable infliction.

On the soles of the same feet, which had borne him upwards to the chamber of Zuléikha, and the summit of Fortune, he received — the Bastinado! —

Wine.

In the goblet's magic measure,
In the wine's all-powerful spirit,
Lieth poison and delight:
Lieth purest, basest pleasure,
E'en according to the merit
Of the drinker ye invite.

Lo, the fool in baseness sunken,
Having drunk till he is tired,
When he drinks, behold him drunken;
When *we* drink, we are inspired.

Song.

Down on the vast deep ocean
The sun his beams doth throw,
Till every wavelet trembles
Beneath their ruddy glow.

How like thou to those sunbeams
Upon my song's wild sea;
They tremble all and glitter,
Reflecting only thee.

Unchanging.

In early days methought that all must last;
Then I beheld all changing, dying, fleeting;
But though my soul now grieves for much that's past,
And changeful fortunes set my heart oft beating,
I yet believe in mind that all will last,
Because the old in new I still am meeting.

Mirza-Jussuf.

See Mirza-Jussuf now,
How critical a wight 'tis!
The day displeases him,
Because for him too bright 'tis.

He doesn't like the rose, —
Her thorn a sad affront is;
And doesn't like mankind,
Because its nose in front is.

On ev'rything he spies
His bitter bane he passes;
For naught escapes his eyes,
Except that he an ass is.

Thus, evermore at strife
With Art and Nature too,
By day and night he wanders
Through wastes of misty blue.

Mirza-Schaffy bemocks him
With sly and roguish eye,
And makes of all his bitterness
The sweetest melody.

Wisdom and Knowledge.

Friend, wouldst know why as a rule
Bookish learning marks the fool?
'Tis because, though once befriended,
Learning's pact with wisdom's ended.
No philosophy e'er throve
In a nightcap by the stove.
Who the world would understand
In the world must bear a hand.
If you're not to wisdom wed,
Like the camel you're bested,
Which has treasures rich, to bear
Through the desert everywhere,
But the use must ever lack
Of the goods upon his back.

Mirza-Schaffy Praises the Charms of Zuléikha.

Looking at thy tender little feet
Makes me always wonder, sweetest maiden,
How they so much beauty can be bearing!

Looking at thy lovely little hands
Makes me always wonder, sweetest maiden,
How they so to wound me can be daring!

Looking at thy rosy luring lips
Makes me always wonder, sweetest maiden,
How they of a kiss e'er can be sparing!

Looking at thy meaningful bright eyes
Makes me always wonder, sweetest maiden,
How for greater love they can be caring

Than I feel. Oh, look at me, and love!
Warmer than my heart, thou sweetest maiden,
Heart in thy love never will be sharing.

Listen to this rapture-reaching song!
Fairer than my mouth, thou sweetest maiden,
Mouth thy praise will never be declaring!

BOETHIUS.

Anicius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boetius or Boethius, an eminent Roman philosopher, was born about A.D. 475, and was put to death by Theodoric the Goth about 524. He studied at Rome and at Athens, and was so profoundly learned that his commentaries on the writings of Aristotle exerted an immense influence upon the scholars of the Middle Ages. He filled the highest offices under the government of Theodoric, but his strict integrity and inflexible justice raised up powerful enemies in those who loved extortion and oppression. He was falsely accused of a treasonable correspondence with the Court of Constantinople; was adjudged guilty of treason and magic without a trial; and, after a long and rigorous confinement at Pavia, was executed. It was while in prison that he wrote his celebrated Latin work, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ." This work abounds in the loftiest sentiments clothed in the most fascinating language. Bradley, in his "Story of the Goths," says that Boethius "has been translated into every language in Europe."

Of the Greatest Good.

(From the "Consolations of Philosophy.")

Every mortal is troubled with many and various anxieties, and yet all desire, through various paths, to arrive at one goal; that is, they strive by different means to attain one happiness: in a word, God. He is the beginning and the end of every good, and he is the highest happiness. Then said the Mind: — This, methinks, must be the highest good, so that men should neither need, nor moreover be solicitous, about any other good besides it; since he possesses that which is the roof of all other good, inasmuch as it includes all other good, and has all other kinds within it. It would not be the highest good if any good were external to it, because it would then have to desire some good which itself had not. Then answered Reason, and said: — It is very evident that this is the highest happiness, for it is both the roof and the floor of all good. What is that then but

the best happiness, which gathers the other felicities all within it, and includes and holds them within it; and to it there is a deficiency of none, neither has it need of any, but they come all from it and again all to it, as all waters come from the sea and again all come to the sea? There is none in the little fountain, which does not seek the sea, and again from the sea it returns into the earth, and so it flows gradually through the earth, till it again comes to the same fountain that it before flowed from, and so again to the sea.

Now, this is an example of the true good, which all mortal men desire to obtain, though they by various ways think to arrive at it. For every man has a natural good in himself, because every mind desires to obtain the true good; but it is hindered by the transitory good, because it is more prone thereto. For some men think that it is the best happiness that a man be so rich that he have need of nothing more, and they choose their life accordingly. Some men think that this is the highest good, that he be among his fellows the most honorable of his fellows; and they with all diligence seek this. Some think that the supreme good is in the highest power. These strive either themselves to rule, or else to associate themselves to the friendship of rulers. Some persuade themselves that it is best that a man be illustrious and celebrated and have good fame; they therefore seek this both in peace and in war. Many reckon it for the greatest good and for the greatest happiness that a man be always blithe in this present life, and follow all his lusts. Some indeed who desire these riches are desirous thereof because they would have the greater power, that they may the more securely enjoy these worldly lusts, and also the riches. Many there are who desire power because they would gather money; or again, they are desirous to spread their name.

On account of such and other like frail and perishing advantages, the thought of every human mind is troubled with anxiety and with care. It then imagines that it has obtained some exalted good when it has won the flattery of the people; and to me it seems that it has bought a very false greatness. Some with much anxiety seek wives, that thereby they may above all things have children, and also live happily. True friends, then, I say, are the most precious things of all these worldly felicities. They are not indeed to be reckoned as worldly goods, but as divine; for deceitful fortune does not produce them, but God, who naturally formed them as rela-

tions. For of every other thing in this world, man is desirous, either that he may through it obtain power, or else some worldly lust; except of the true friend, whom he loves sometimes for affection and for fidelity, though he expect to himself no other rewards. Nature joins and cements friends together with inseparable love. But with these worldly goods, and with this present wealth, men make oftener enemies than friends. From these, and from many such proofs, it may be evident to all men that all the bodily goods are inferior to the faculties of the soul. We indeed think that a man is the stronger, because he is great in his body. The fairness, moreover, and the strength of the body, rejoices and invigorates the man, and health makes him cheerful. In all these bodily felicities men seek one single happiness, as it seems to them. For whatsoever every man chiefly loves above all other things, that, he persuades himself, is best for him, and that is his highest good. When therefore he has acquired that he may be very happy. I do not deny that these goods and this happiness are the highest good of this present life. For every man considers that thing best which he chiefly loves above other things, and therefore he deems himself very happy if he can obtain what he then most desires. Is not now clearly enough shown to thee the form of the false goods; namely, riches, and dignity, and power, and glory, and pleasure? Concerning pleasure, Epicurus the philosopher said, when he inquired concerning all those other goods which we before mentioned: then said he, that pleasure was the highest good, because all the other goods which we before mentioned gratify the mind and delight it, but pleasure chiefly gratifies the body.

But we will still speak concerning the nature of men, and concerning their pursuits. Though, then, their mind and their nature be now obscured, and they are by that descent fallen to evil and inclined thither, yet they are desirous, so far as they can and may, of the highest good. As the drunken man knows that he should go to his house and to his rest, and yet is not able to find the way thither, so is it also with the mind, when it is weighed down by the anxieties of this world. It is sometimes intoxicated and misled by them, so far that it cannot rightly find out good. Nor yet does it appear to those men that they aught mistake who are desirous to obtain this, namely, that they need labor after nothing more. But they think that they are able to collect together all these goods, so that none may be excluded from the number. . . .

Two things may dignity and power do, if they come to the unwise. It may make him honorable and respectable to other unwise persons. But when he quits the power, or the power him, then is he to the unwise neither honorable nor respectable. Has power, then, the custom of exterminating and rooting out vices from the minds of great men and planting therein virtues? I know, however, that earthly power never sows the virtues, but collects and gathers vices; and when it has gathered them, then it nevertheless shows and does not conceal them. For the vices of great men many men see; because many know them and many are with them. Therefore we always lament concerning power, and also despise it, when we see that it comes to the worst, and to those who are to us most unworthy. . . .

Every virtue has its proper excellence; and the excellence and the dignity which it has, it imparts immediately to every one who loves it. Thus, wisdom is the highest virtue, and it has in it four other virtues; of which one is prudence, another temperance, the third is fortitude, the fourth justice.

Boethius in Prison.

(From King Alfred's Version.)

The lays which I, an exile, formerly with delight sung, I shall now mourning sing, and with very unfit words arrange. Though I formerly readily invented, yet I now, weeping and sobbing, wander from suitable words. To blind me these unfaithful worldly riches! and to leave me so blinded in this dim hole! At that time they bereaved me of all happiness, when I ever best trusted in them: at that time they turned their back upon me, and altogether departed from me! Wherefore should my friends say that I was a prosperous man? How can he be prosperous who in prosperity cannot always remain? When I had mournfully sung this lay, then came there into me heavenly wisdom, and greeted my sorrowful mind with his words, and thus said: How! art not thou the man who was nourished and instructed in my school? But whence art thou become so greatly afflicted by these worldly cares? unless, I wot, thou hast too soon forgotten the weapons which I formerly gave thee. Then wisdom called out and said, Depart now, ye execrable worldly

cares, from my disciple's mind, for ye are the greatest enemies. Let him turn again to my precepts. Then came Wisdom near to my sorrowing thought, and it so prostrate somewhat raised; then dried the eyes of my mind, and asked it with pleasant words whether it knew its foster-mother. Thereupon when the mind turned, it knew very plainly its own mother that was the Wisdom that long before had instructed and taught it. —

The Everlasting House.

Whoever prudently desires to build an everlasting house, and firmly wills that it be not thrown down by the blasts of roaring Eurus, and ventures not to despise the sea threatening with waves, let him avoid the top of a high mountain, and thirsty sands: the former froward Auster drives against with all his might: the latter, dissolving, refuse to sustain the pendulous mass. Avoiding the dangerous portion of a luxurious residence, remember for stability to fix thy house on the humble rock. Though the wind mingling the sea with ruins should roar like thunder, thou, happily hidden in the strength of a quiet rampart, shalt live thy life serenely, and laugh at the wrath of the sky. — Tupper's *literal translation.*

NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX.

Nicholas Boileau-Despréaux, a renowned French poet and critic, born at Paris, Nov. 1, 1636; died March 13, 1711. He was educated at the College of Beauvais, and was destined for the legal profession. He soon quitted this in disgust, studied for the Church, and received a small priory. But the death of his father having left him possessor of a moderate patrimony, he abandoned the Church and devoted himself to letters. His first noticeable work, a satirical poem, "Adieus of a Poet to the City of Paris," appeared in 1660. This was soon followed by others, until they reached the number of about a dozen satires and parodies. These established his reputation as the first man to fairly fashion French versification according to rule and method. Descartes, Pascal, and others had shown that the French language was an ample means of expression in prose; Boileau was among the first to show its capabilities for regular verse. A pension was awarded to him, and he was made historiographer, along with his friend Racine. In 1664 he published the "Dialogue des Héros de Roman," a prose satire aimed at the stilted romances of the time, which, as far as France was concerned, put an end to that species of composition. His "Satires" (1666) greatly increased his reputation. In 1669 appeared the first of his twelve poetical "Epistles."

Boileau's Art of Poetry.

Translated by Soame.

CANTO I.

Rash author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
To undertake the sacred art of rime;
If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence,
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
You, then, that burn with a desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry,
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,

Or take for genius the desire of rime;
Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram;
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral.
But authors, that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme:
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Alloying sacred truth with trifling wit;
Impertinently, and without delight,
Described the Israelites' triumphant flight;
And, following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
Perished with Pharaoh in the Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rime;
Falsely they seem each other to oppose, —
Rime must be made with reason's laws to close;
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine;
But if neglected, will as easily stray,
And master reason, which she should obey.
Love reason then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers mounted on a resty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural.
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense: but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain;
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's overwrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,

Balconies here are balustered with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls.
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals."
Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages, to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er,
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
And grow obscure for fear you should be long;
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.

Would you of every one deserve the praise?
In writing vary your discourse and phrase;
A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe!
His works will be admired wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compassed round.

In all you write be neither low nor vile;
The meanest theme may have a proper style.
The dull burlesque appeared with impudence,
And pleased by novelty in spite of sense;
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate;
Boundless and mad, disordered rime was seen;
Disguised Apollo changed to Harlequin.
This plague, which first in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly overran;
The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was awhile renowned.
But this low stuff the town at last despised,
And scorned the folly that they once had prized,
Distinguished dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Flecknoe's reign.
Let not so mean a style your muse debase,
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace,
And let burlesque in ballads be employed.

Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the slain."
Nor, with Dubartas, "bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the baldpate woods."
Choose a just style. Be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint.

Write what your reader may be pleased to hear,
And for the measure have a careful ear;
On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise;
The fullest verse, and the most labored sense,
Displease us if the ear once take offence.

Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasured, only tagged with rimes;
Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
To those unpolished writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his just rules restrained poetic rage;
Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
And taught the noble art of writing well,
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came, who, with a new-found art,
Changed all, spoiled all, and had his way apart;
His haughty muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
In their Mock Gondibert exposed his rimes,
The laurels he pretended did refuse,
And dashed the hopes of his aspiring muse.
This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.

Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart,
That of a well-placed word could teach the force,
And showed for poetry a nobler course.
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join;
His verses to good method did apply,
And changed hard discord to soft harmony.
All owned his laws; which, long approved and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide;
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,

And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray,
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round —
No reason can disperse them with its light;
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure;
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve,
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters, on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit;
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love;

THE NATIVITY

From a Painting by W. A. Bouguereau

But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
A sycophant will everything admire;
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire;
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness;
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways.
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine,
Reprove of words the too-affected sound, —
"Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper; make it just and plain."
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use.
But authors partial to their darling Muse
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.
"Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,"
He answers you. — "This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out." — "That, sir, 's the properest
place." —
"This turn I like not." — "'Tis approved by all."
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a symbol of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is absolute.
But of his feigned humility take heed,
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read;
And, when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a sot to praise his rimes;
The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support;

And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighboring fields her ornaments;
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral.
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse;
Their native beauty pleases and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.
But in this style a poet often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disordered thoughts abound,
Amidst the eclogue makes the trumpet sound;
Pan flies alarmed into the neighboring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Opposed to this, another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language low and vile;
His writings flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth and creeping on the ground;
You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing, without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil and read Theocrite;
Be their just writings, by the gods inspired,
Your constant pattern, practised and admired.
By them alone you'll easily comprehend
How poets without shame may condescend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers and fruit,
To stir up shepherds and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus make a flower,
And by what means the eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror;
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.
The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,

With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.

I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forced fire
In a cold style describes a hot desire;
That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,
Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood.
Their feigned transports appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prisons and their sufferings bless;
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan.
Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
By nature's rule he taught the art of love.
The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

The Ode is bolder and has greater force;
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course;
To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
"When gently she resists with feigned remorse,
That what she grants may seem to be by force."
Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.

Unlike those fearful poets whose cold rime
In all their raptures keeps exactest time;
That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise—
Lean writers!—by the terms of weeks and days,
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art.
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said that once the humorous god,
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet ordered this strict bound,
Set rules for the just measure and the time,

The easy running and alternate rime;
But, above all, those licenses denied
Which in these writings the lame sense supplied,
Forbade a useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless sonnet, finished thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phenix found,
When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free;
The rest, but little read, regarded less,
Are shoveled to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measured time,
'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rime.

The Epigram, with little art composed,
Is one good sentence in a distich closed.
These points that by Italians first were prized,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despised;
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
But public favor so increased their pride,
They overwhelmed Parnassus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorned her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites;
A hero never failed them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word, like Janus, had a double face,
And prose, as well as verse, allowed it place;
The lawyer with conceits adorned his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.

At last affronted reason looked about,
And from all serious matters shut them out,
Declared that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering in the epigram —
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turned upon the thought, and not the rime.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate;
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate,
Insipid jesters and unpleasant fools,

A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous muse
May with advantage a turned sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all avoid the fond excess,
And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
With a dull point to tag your epigram.

On Satire.

Satire, they tell us, is a dangerous thing,
Some smile, but most are outraged at its sting;
It gives its author everything to fear,
And more than once made sorrow for Regnier.
Quit then, a path whose wily power decoys
The thoughtless soul to too ill-natured joys.
To themes more gentle be your Muse confined,
And leave poor Feuillet to reform mankind.
What! give up satire? thwart my darling drift?
How shall I then employ my rhyming gift?
Pray, would you have me daintily explode
My inspiration in a pretty ode;
And, vexing Danube in his course superb,
Invoke his reeds with pilferings from Malherbe?
Save groaning Zion from the oppressor's rod,
Make Memphis tremble and the Crescent nod;
And, passing Jordan, clad in dread alarms,
Snatch (undeserved) the Idumean palms?
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks
Pipe, in the midst of Paris, to my flocks,
And sitting (at my desk) beneath a beech,
Make Echo with my rustic nonsense screech?
Or, in cold blood, without one spark of love,
Burn to embrace some Iris from above;
Lavish upon her every brilliant name —
Sun, Moon, Aurora — to relieve my flame;
And while on good sound fare I daily dine,
Die in a hope, or languish in a line?
Let whining fools such affectations keep,
Whose driveling minds in luscious dulness sleep.
No, no! Dame Satire, chide her as you will,
Charms with her novelties and lessons still.
She only knows, in fair proportions meet,
Nicely to blend the useful with the sweet;

And, as good sense illuminates her rhymes,
Unmasks and routs the errors of the times;
Dares e'en within the altar's bound to tread,
And strike Injustice, Vice, and Pride with dread.
Her fearless tongue deals caustic vengeance back,
When Reason suffers from a fool's attack.
Yes, Satire, boon companion of my way,
Has shown me where the path of duty lay;
For fifteen years has taught me how to look
With dire abhorrence on a foolish book.
And eager o'er Parnassus as I run,
She smiles and lingers, willing to be won,
Strengthens my steps, and cheers my path with light:
In short, for her, for her, I've vowed to write.

To Molière.

(From "The Satires.")

Unequaled genius, whose warm fancy knows
No rhyming labor, no poetic throes;
To whom Apollo has unlocked his store;
Whose coin is struck from pure Parnassian ore;
Thou, dexterous master, teach thy skill to me,
And tell me, Molière, how to rhyme like thee!
You never falter when the close comes round,
Or leave the substance to preserve the sound;
You never wander after words that fly,
For all the words you need before you lie.
But I, who — smarting for my sins of late —
With itch of rhyme am visited by fate,
Expend on air my unavailing force,
And, hunting sounds, am sweated like a horse.
In vain I often muse from dawn till night:
When I mean black, my stubborn verse says white;
If I should paint a coxcomb's flippant mien,
I scarcely can forbear to name the Dean;
If asked to tell the strains that purest flow,
My heart says Virgil, but my pen Quinault;
In short, whatever I attempt to say,
Mischance conducts me quite the other way.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

George Henry Boker, an American poet and dramatist; born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1823; died there, Jan. 2, 1890. He graduated from Princeton in 1842; studied law; and was United States minister to Turkey in 1871–75, and to Russia in 1875–79. His plays include: "Calaynos" (1848); "Anne Boleyn" (1850); "Francesca di Rimini"; "The Betrothed"; and "All the World's a Mask." Collected plays and poems (Boston, 1856). Also "Poems of the War" (1864); "Königsmark and other Poems" (1869); "The Book of the Dead" (1882); and "Sonnets" (1886).

Sonnets.

Oh for some spirit, some magnetic spark,
That used nor word, nor rhyme, nor balanced pause
Of doubtful phrase, which so supinely draws
My barren verse, and blurs love's shining mark
With misty fancies! — Oh! to burst the dark
Of smothered feeling with some new-found laws,
Hidden in nature, that might bridge the flaws
Between two beings, end this endless cark,
And make hearts know what lips have never said!
Oh! for some spell, by which one soul might move
With echoes from another, and dispread
Contagious music through its chords, above
The touch of mimic art: that thou might'st tread
Beneath thy feet this wordy show of love!

Here let the motions of the world be still! —
Here let Time's fleet and tireless pinions stay
Their endless flight! — or to the present day
Bind my Love's life and mine. I have my fill
Of earthly bliss: to move is to meet ill.
Though lavish fortune in my path might lay
Fame, power, and wealth, — the toys that make the play
Of earth's grown children, — I would rather till

The stubborn furrows of an arid land,
  Toil with the brute, bear famine and disease,
  Drink bitter bondage to the very lees,
Than break our union by love's tender band,
Or drop its glittering shackles from my hand,
  To grasp at empty glories such as these.

Dirge For A Soldier.

(From "Poems of the War.")

Close his eyes; his work is done!
  What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
  Hand of man or kiss of woman?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
  Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
  Sleep forever and forever.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
  Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
  What but death-bemocking folly?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
  Trust him to the hand that made him,
Mortal love weeps idly by:
  God alone has power to aid him,
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low.

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, a celebrated English statesman, orator, and author; born at Battersea, Oct. 1, 1678; died there, Dec. 12, 1751. He entered Parliament in 1701; became Secretary of War 1704–08, and Secretary of State in 1710. In 1712 he entered the House of Lords, and in 1713 negotiated the Peace of Utrecht. On the accession of George I. he fled to the Continent, and in 1715 was attainted of treason; but in 1723 he was permitted to return. His chief works are: "A Dissertation on Parties;" "Letters on the Study of History;" "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism;" and "The Idea of a Patriot King." He was a Deist, but taught that a statesman should profess the doctrines of the Church of England. He was an effective orator; but the style of his philosophical and political works, though polished, is heavy and declamatory.

Love of Country.

(From "Reflections upon Exile.")

Among numberless extravagances which have passed through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country, as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it. . . . There is nothing, surely, more groundless than the notion here advanced, nothing more absurd. We love the country in which we are born, because we receive particular benefits from it, and because we have particular obligations to it: which ties we may have to another country, as well as to that we are born in; to our country by *election*, as well as to our country by *birth*. In all other respects, a wise man looks upon himself as a citizen of the world; and when you ask him where his country lies, points, like Anaxagoras, with his finger to the heavens. . . . The world is a great wilderness, wherein mankind have wandered and jostled one another about from the creation. Some have removed by necessity, and others by choice. One nation has

been fond of seizing what another was tired of possessing; and it will be difficult to point out the country which is to this day in the hands of its first inhabitants.

Thus fate has ordained that nothing shall remain long in the same state: and what are all these transportations of people but so many public exiles? Varro, the most learned of the Romans, thought, since Nature is the same wherever we go, that this single circumstance was sufficient to remove all objections to change of place, taken by itself, and stripped of the other inconveniences which attend exile. Marcus Brutus thought it enough that those who go into banishment cannot be hindered from carrying their virtue along with them. Now, if any one judge that each of these comforts is in itself insufficient, he must, however, confess that both of them joined together are able to remove the terrors of exile. For what trifles must all we leave behind us be esteemed, in comparison of the two most precious things which men can enjoy, and which, we are sure, will follow us wherever we turn our steps — the same nature, and our proper virtue.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world that of all which belongs to us the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on whatever coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of the seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire

those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from which we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them. And while I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

On Complaining of the Shortness of Life.

I think very differently from most men of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal commonplace complaints which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorizes this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master, Aristotle, found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even when we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature.

SAINT BONAVENTURA.

Saint Bonaventura, an Italian theologian and scholar; born at Bagnarea, 1221; died, 1274. His real name was Giovanni di Fidenza. His writings include: "Life of Saint Francis"; "Progress of the Mind towards God"; "Breviloquium"; and many sermons and treatises on theological subjects.

Adestes Fideles.

Exulting, triumphing, come from every nation;
Come hither to Bethlehem; your offspring bring;
Come and behold one born for your salvation, —
O, come, let us adore Him, Christ our King!

Foretold by the prophets in the sacred pages,
A virgin — O wonder! — brings forth a child;
Hail! Son of God! expected through long ages —
O, come, let us adore Him, Saviour mild!

Then welcome the day which gave us such a treasure,
Redemption to mortals this day affords;
Jesus is born; our joy shall know no measure, —
O, come, let us adore Him, Lord of Lords!

Let praises by angels, by mankind be given;
Let praises unfeigned for such love ne'er end;
Glory to God resound from earth to heaven, —
O, come, let us adore Him, sinners' Friend!

—*Attributed to St. Bonaventura; anonymous translation (about* 1820).

The Tree of Life.

(From a "Treatise on the Tree of Life," old translation.)

Imagine, now, in spirit, a tree, whose root is continually watered by a flowing spring, which becomes a great and swelling river with four ostiaries watering the Paradise of the whole church. Further, from the trunk of this tree there come twelve branches supplied with leaves, from whence proceed blossoms

and fruit; and the leaf is for every kind of disease the most healing medicine, as well preventative as curative, since the wood of the cross is the power of God, which saves all who believe. Its blossoms are adorned with the brightest and most varied colors, while they breathe the sweetest perfume, so that they revive and attract the fainting hearts that long for them. The fruit is of twelve kinds, and possesses in itself every charm and the most exquisite taste; and it is ever set before the members of God's household, that they may at all seasons eat of it, never satisfied and yet never surfeited. And this is the fruit which proceeded from the womb of the Virgin, and on the tree of the Cross attained its savory ripeness through the noontide heat of the eternal sun, — namely, the love of Christ, — and which is set in the garden of the heavenly Paradise, the church of God, before those who desire to eat thereof. This is shown in that stanza which runs thus: —

O crux, frutex salvificus,
Vivo fonte rigatus,
Cujus flos aromaticus,
Fructus desideratus.

Although this fruit is one and undivided, yet because, according to its manifold nature, dignity, strength, and power, it nourishes pious souls with many consolations, which may be referred to the number twelve, so the fruit of the tree is on twelve branches, that each one who has given himself to Christ may partake of its sweet flavor as he considers: on the first branch, the glorious origin of the Redeemer and his sweet birth; on the second branch, his humble walk and condescension; on the third, the height of his perfect virtue; on the fourth, the fullness of the richest and most perfect piety; on the fifth, confidence in the approach of suffering; the sixth, patience under offences and maledictions; seventh, fortitude in bearing the pains of the bitter cross; eight, victory in the agonies of death; nine, the new life of the resurrection; then, the sublimity of the ascension with its spiritual graces; next, the justice of the future judgment; and on the twelfth branch, the eternity of God's kingdom. These I call fruits because they minister by their great loveliness to the delight, and by their nourishing virtue, to the strength of the soul, which reflects thereon, and sets before itself the one thing alone; keeping far from the example

of Adam's transgression, who preferred the tree of the knowledge of good and evil to the tree of life. From him this tree will not be withheld who prefers to reason, faith; to investigation, piety; to curiosity, simplicity; and to the lusts and wisdom of the flesh, the Cross of Christ, by which the grace of the Holy Spirit is nourished in the hearts of believers and increased sevenfold.

On the Beholding of God in His Footsteps in this Sensible World.

Man, who is called the lesser world, has five senses, like five gates, through which the knowledge of all the things that are in the sensible world enters into his soul. For through sight there enter the sublime and luminous bodies and all other colored things; through touch, solid and terrestrial bodies; through the three intermediate senses, the intermediate bodies; through taste, the aqueous; through hearing, the aërial; through smell, the vaporable, which have something of the humid, something of the aërial, and something of the fiery or hot, as is clear from the fumes that are liberated from spices. There enter, therefore, through these doors not only the simple bodies, but also the mixed bodies compounded of these. Seeing then that with sense we perceive not only these particular sensibles — light, sound, odor, savor, and the four primary qualities which touch apprehends — but also the common sensibles — number, magnitude, figure, rest, and motion; and seeing that everything which moves is moved by something else, and certain things move and rest of themselves, as do the animals; in apprehending through these five senses the motions of bodies, we are guided to the knowledge of spiritual motions, as by an effect to the knowledge of causes.

GEORGE BORROW.

George Borrow, an English philologist, traveler, and novelist, born at East Dereham, Norfolk, in February, 1803; died at Oulton, Suffolk, July 30, 1881. He was irregularly educated, but a deep student, and devoted himself early to the study of languages, not so much to the ancient, as is the custom of students, but to the more out-of-the-way modern, and early became proficient in the Welsh, Scandinavian, Russian, and Spanish tongues. His works relate mainly to the Gypsies, among whom he lived for some time in his youth, and whose language and customs he afterward studied in different parts of Europe. His first work, "The Zincali, or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain," was published in 1841. "The Bible in Spain," a narrative of his travels and adventures in that country, as agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, appeared in 1843; and "Lavengro, the Scholar, the Gypsy, and the Priest," in 1851. Returning to his native country, he married a woman possessed of some wealth, and spent the remainder of his life in writing and studying. His style was somewhat after the manner of Cobbett's. There is little difference between his novels and his books of travel. The former chronicle his adventures abroad in romantic form, and the latter, while purporting to be a record of actual occurrences, have a singularly romantic flavor. Borrow's later works are: "The Romany Rye," a sequel to "Lavengro" (1857); "Wild Wales" (1862), and "Romano Lavo-Lil" (1874).

A Meeting.

(From "The Bible in Spain.")

It was at this town of Badajoz, the capital of Estremadura, that I first fell in with those singular people, the Zincali, Gitanos, or Spanish gypsies. It was here I met with the wild Paco, the man with the withered arm, who wielded the *cachas* with his left hand; his shrewd wife, Antonia, skilled in *hokkano baro*, or the great trick; the fierce gypsy, Antonio Lopez, their father-in-law; and many other almost equally singular individuals of the

Errate, or gypsy blood. It was here that I first preached the gospel to the gypsy people, and commenced that translation of the New Testament in the Spanish gypsy tongue, a portion of which I subsequently printed at Madrid.

After a stay of three weeks at Badajoz, I prepared to depart for Madrid. Late one afternoon, as I was arranging my scanty baggage, the gypsy Antonio entered my apartment, dressed in his *zamarra* and high-peaked Andalusian hat.

Antonio — Good evening, brother; they tell me that on the *callicaste* you intend to set out for Madrilati.

Myself — Such is my intention; I can stay here no longer.

Antonio — The way is far to Madrilati; there are, moreover, wars in the land, and many *chories* walk about; are you not afraid to journey?

Myself — I have no fears; every man must accomplish his destiny: what befalls my body or soul was written in a *gabicote* a thousand years before the foundation of the world.

Antonio — I have no fears myself, brother: the dark night is the same to me as the fair day, and the wild *carrascal* as the market-place or the *chardi;* I have got the *bar lachí* in my bosom, the precious stone to which sticks the needle.

Myself — You mean the loadstone, I suppose. Do you believe that a lifeless stone can preserve you from the dangers which occasionally threaten your life?

Antonio — Brother, I am fifty years old, and you see me standing before you in life and strength; how could that be unless the *bar lachí* had power? I have been soldier and *contrabandista*, and I have likewise slain and robbed the Busné. The bullets of the Gabiné and of the *jara canallis* have hissed about my ears without injuring me, for I carried the *bar lachí.* I have twenty times done that which by Busné law should have brought me to the *filimicha*, yet my neck has never yet been squeezed by the cold *garrote.* Brother, I trust in the *bar lachí* like the Caloré of old: were I in the midst of the gulf of Bombardó without a plank to float upon, I should feel no fear; for if I carried the precious stone, it would bring me safe to shore. The *bar lachí* has power, brother.

Myself — I shall not dispute the matter with you, more especially as I am about to depart from Badajoz: I must speedily bid you farewell, and we shall see each other no more.

Antonio — Brother, do you know what brings me hither?

Myself — I cannot tell, unless it be to wish me a happy jour-

ney: I am not gypsy enough to interpret the thoughts of other people.

Antonio — All last night I lay awake, thinking of the affairs of Egypt; and when I arose in the morning I took the *bar lachí* from my bosom, and scraping it with a knife, swallowed some of the dust in *aguardiente*, as I am in the habit of doing when I have made up my mind; and I said to myself, I am wanted on the frontiers of Castumba on a certain matter. The strange Caloró is about to proceed to Madrilati; the journey is long, and he may fall into evil hands, peradventure into those of his own blood; for let me tell you, brother, the Calés are leaving their towns and villages, and forming themselves into troops to plunder the Busné, for there is now but little law in the land, and now or never is the time for the Caloré to become once more what they were in former times. So I said, the strange Caloró may fall into the hands of his own blood and be ill-treated by them, which were shame: I will therefore go with him through the Chim del Manró as far as the frontiers of Castumba, and upon the frontiers of Castumba I will leave the London Caloró to find his own way to Madrilati, for there is less danger in Castumba than in the Chim del Manró, and I will then betake me to the affairs of Egypt which call me from hence.

Myself — This is a very hopeful plan of yours, my friend: and in what manner do you propose that we shall travel?

Antonio — I will tell you, brother. I have a *gras* in the stall, even the one which I purchased at Olivenças, as I told you on a former occasion; it is good and fleet, and cost me, who am a gypsy, fifty *chulé;* upon that *gras* you shall ride. As for myself, I will journey upon the *macho.*

Myself — Before I answer you, I shall wish you to inform me what business it is which renders your presence necessary in Castumba: your son-in-law Paco told me that it was no longer the custom of the gypsies to wander.

Antonio — It is an affair of Egypt, brother, and I shall not acquaint you with it; peradventure it relates to a horse or an ass, or peradventure it relates to a mule or a *macho;* it does not relate to yourself, therefore I advise you not to inquire about it — *Dosta.* With respect to my offer, you are free to decline it; there is a *drungruje* between here and Madrilati, and you can travel it in the *birdoche*, or with the *dromalis;* but I tell you, as a brother, that there are *chories* upon the *drun*, and some of them are of the Errate.

—Certainly few people in my situation would have accepted the offer of this singular gypsy. It was not, however, without its allurements for me; I was fond of adventure, and what more ready means of gratifying my love of it than by putting myself under the hands of such a guide? There are many who would have been afraid of treachery, but I had no fears on this point, as I did not believe that the fellow harbored the slightest ill-intention towards me; I saw that he was fully convinced that I was one of the Errate, and his affection for his own race, and his hatred for the Busné, were his strongest characteristics. I wished moreover to lay hold of every opportunity of making myself acquainted with the ways of the Spanish gypsies, and an excellent one here presented itself on my first entrance into Spain. In a word, I determined to accompany the gypsy. "I will go with you," I exclaimed; "as for my baggage, I will despatch it to Madrid by the *birdoche*." "Do so, brother," he replied, "and the *gras* will go lighter. Baggage, indeed!—what need of baggage have you? How the Busné on the road would laugh if they saw two Calés with baggage behind them!"

During my stay at Badajoz I had but little intercourse with the Spaniards, my time being chiefly devoted to the gypsies: with whom, from long intercourse with various sections of their race in different parts of the world, I felt myself much more at home than with the silent, reserved men of Spain, with whom a foreigner might mingle for half a century without having half a dozen words addressed to him, unless he himself made the first advances to intimacy, which after all might be rejected with a shrug and a *no entiendo;* for among the many deeply rooted prejudices of these people is the strange idea that no foreigner can speak their language, an idea to which they will still cling though they hear him conversing with perfect ease; for in that case the utmost that they will concede to his attainments is, "Habla quatro palabras y nada mas." (He can speak four words, and no more.)

Early one morning, before sunrise, I found myself at the house of Antonio; it was a small mean building, situated in a dirty street. The morning was quite dark; the street, however, was partially illumined by a heap of lighted straw, round which two or three men were busily engaged, apparently holding an object over the flames. Presently the gypsy's door opened, and Antonio made his appearance; and casting his eye in the

direction of the light, exclaimed, "The swine have killed their brother; would that every Busnó was served as yonder hog is. Come in, brother, and we will eat the heart of that hog." I scarcely understood his words, but following him, he led me into a low room, in which was a *brasero*, or small pan full of lighted charcoal; beside it was a rude table, spread with a coarse linen cloth, upon which was bread and a large pipkin full of a mess which emitted no disagreeable savor. "The heart of the *balichó* is in that *puchera*," said Antonio; "eat, brother." We both sat down and ate — Antonio voraciously. When we had concluded he arose. "Have you got your *li?*" he demanded. "Here it is," said I, showing him my passport. "Good," said he; "you may want it. I want none; my passport is the *bar lachí*. Now for a glass of *repañí*, and then for the road."

We left the room, the door of which he locked, hiding the key beneath a loose brick in a corner of the passage. "Go into the street, brother, whilst I fetch the *caballerias* from the stable." I obeyed him. The sun had not yet risen, and the air was piercingly cold; the gray light, however, of dawn enabled me to distinguish objects with tolerable accuracy; I soon heard the clattering of the animal's feet, and Antonio presently stepped forth, leading the horse by the bridle; the *macho* followed behind. I looked at the horse, and shrugged my shoulders. As far as I could scan it, it appeared the most uncouth animal I had ever beheld. It was of a spectral white, short in the body, but with remarkably long legs. I observed that it was particularly high in the *cruz*, or withers. "You are looking at the *grasti*," said Antonio: "it is eighteen years old, but it is the very best in the Chim del Manró; I have long had my eye upon it; I bought it for my own use for the affairs of Egypt. Mount, brother, mount, and let us leave the *foros* — the gate is about being opened."

He locked the door, and deposited the key in his *faja*. In less than a quarter of an hour we had left the town behind us. "This does not appear to be a very good horse," said I to Antonio, as we proceeded over the plain: "it is with difficulty that I can make him move."

"He is the swiftest horse in the Chim del Manró, brother," said Antonio; "at the gallop and at the speedy trot, there is no one to match him. But he is eighteen years old, and his joints are stiff, especially of a morning; but let him once become heated, and the *genio del viejo* comes upon him, and there is no

holding him in with bit or bridle. I bought that horse for the affairs of Egypt, brother."

About noon we arrived at a small village in the neighborhood of a high lumpy hill. "There is no Caló house in this place," said Antonio: "we will therefore go to the *posada* of the Busné and refresh ourselves, man and beast." We entered the kitchen and sat down at the board, calling for wine and bread. There were two ill-looking fellows in the kitchen smoking cigars. I said something to Antonio in the Caló language.

"What is that I hear?" said one of the fellows, who was distinguished by an immense pair of mustaches. "What is that I hear? Is it in Caló that you are speaking before me, and I a *chalan* and national? Accursed gypsy, how dare you enter this *posada* and speak before me in that speech? Is it not forbidden by the law of the land in which we are, even as it is forbidden for a gypsy to enter the *mercado?* I tell you what, friend, if I hear another word of Caló come from your mouth, I will cudgel your bones and send you flying over the house-tops with a kick of my foot."

"You would do right," said his companion; "the insolence of these gypsies is no longer to be borne. When I am at Merida or Badajoz I go to the *mercado*, and there in a corner stand the accursed gypsies, jabbering to each other in a speech which I understand not. 'Gypsy gentleman,' say I to one of them, 'what will you have for that donkey?' 'I will have ten dollars for it, *Caballero nacional*,' says the gypsy: 'it is the best donkey in all Spain.' 'I should like to see its paces,' say I. 'That you shall, most valorous!' says the gypsy, and jumping upon its back, he puts it to its paces, first of all whispering something into its ear in Caló; and truly the paces of the donkey are most wonderful, such as I have never seen before. I think it will just suit me; and after looking at it awhile, I take out the money and pay for it. 'I shall go to my house,' says the gypsy; and off he runs. 'I shall go to my village,' say I, and I mount the donkey. 'Vamonos,' say I, but the donkey won't move. I give him a switch, but I don't get on the better for that. What happens then, brother? The wizard no sooner feels the prick than he bucks down, and flings me over his head into the mire. I get up and look about me; there stands the donkey staring at me, and there stand the whole gypsy *canaille* squinting at me with their filmy eyes. 'Where is the scamp who has sold me this piece of furniture?' I shout. 'He is gone to Granada,

valorous,' says one. 'He is gone to see his kindred among the Moors,' says another. 'I just saw him running over the field, in the direction of ——, with the devil close behind him,' says a third. In a word, I am tricked. I wish to dispose of the donkey: no one, however, will buy him; he is a Caló donkey, and every person avoids him. At last the gypsies offer thirty *reals* for him; and after much chaffering I am glad to get rid of him at two dollars. It is all a trick, however; he returns to his master, and the brotherhood share the spoil amongst them: all which villany would be prevented, in my opinion, were the Caló language not spoken; for what but the word of Caló could have induced the donkey to behave in such an unaccountable manner?"

Both seemed perfectly satisfied with the justness of this conclusion, and continued smoking till their cigars were burnt to stumps, when they arose, twitched their whiskers, looked at us with fierce disdain, and dashing the tobacco-ends to the ground, strode out of the apartment.

"Those people seem no friends to the gypsies," said I to Antonio, when the two bullies had departed; "nor to the Caló language either."

"May evil glanders seize their nostrils," said Antonio: "they have been *jonjabadoed* by our people. However, brother, you did wrong to speak to me in Caló, in a *posada* like this: it is a forbidden language; for, as I have often told you, the king has destroyed the law of the Calés. Let us away, brother, or those *juntunes* may set the *justicia* upon us."

Towards evening we drew near to a large town or village. "That is Merida," said Antonio, "formerly, as the Busné say, a mighty city of the Corahai. We shall stay here to-night, and perhaps for a day or two, for I have some business of Egypt to transact in this place. Now, brother, step aside with the horse, and wait for me beneath yonder wall. I must go before and see in what condition matters stand."

I dismounted from the horse, and sat down on a stone beneath the ruined wall to which Antonio had motioned me. The sun went down, and the air was exceedingly keen; I drew close around me an old tattered gypsy cloak with which my companion had provided me, and being somewhat fatigued, fell into a doze which lasted for nearly an hour.

"Is your worship the London Caloró?" said a strange voice close beside me.

I started, and beheld the face of a woman peering under my hat. Notwithstanding the dusk, I could see that the features were hideously ugly and almost black; they belonged, in fact, to a gypsy crone at least seventy years of age, leaning upon a staff.

"Is your worship the London Caloró?" repeated she.

"I am he whom you seek," said I; "where is Antonio?"

"Curelando, curelando; baribustres curelós terela," said the crone. "Come with me, Caloró of my *garlochin*, come with me to my little *ker;* he will be there anon."

I followed the crone, who led the way into the town, which was ruinous and seemingly half deserted; we went up the street, from which she turned into a narrow and dark lane, and presently opened the gate of a large dilapidated house. "Come in," said she.

"And the *gras?*" I demanded.

"Bring the *gras* in too, my *chabó*, bring the *gras* in too; there is room for the *gras* in my little stable." We entered a large court, across which we proceeded till we came to a wide doorway. "Go in, my child of Egypt," said the hag; "go in, that is my little stable."

"The place is as dark as pitch," said I, "and may be a well for what I know; bring a light, or I will not enter."

"Give me the *solabarri*," said the hag, "and I will lead your horse in, my *chabó* of Egypt — yes, and tether him to my little manger."

She led the horse through the doorway, and I heard her busy in the darkness; presently the horse shook himself. "*Grasti terelamos*," said the hag, who now made her appearance with the bridle in her hand; "the horse has shaken himself, he is not harmed by his day's journey; now let us go in, my Caloró, into my little room."

We entered the house, and found ourselves in a vast room, which would have been quite dark but for a faint glow which appeared at the farther end: it proceeded from a *brasero*, beside which were squatted two dusky figures.

"These are Callées," said the hag; "one is my daughter and the other is her *chabí*. Sit down, my London Caloró, and let us hear you speak."

I looked about for a chair, but could see none: at a short distance, however, I perceived the end of a broken pillar lying on the floor; this I rolled to the *brasero*, and sat down upon it.

"This is a fine house, mother of the gypsies," said I to the hag, willing to gratify the desire she had expressed of hearing me speak; "a fine house is this of yours, rather cold and damp, though; it appears large enough to be a barrack for *hundunares*."

"Plenty of houses in this *foros*, plenty of houses in Merida, my London Caloró, some of them just as they were left by the Corahanós. Ah! a fine people are the Corahanós; I often wish myself in their *chim* once more."

"How is this, mother?" said I; "have you been in the land of the Moors?"

"Twice have I been in their country, my Caloró — twice have I been in the land of the Corahai. The first time is more than fifty years ago; I was then with the Sesé, for my husband was a soldier of the Crallis of Spain, and Oran at that time belonged to Spain."

"You were not then with the real Moors," said I, "but only with the Spaniards who occupied part of their country."

"I have been with the real Moors, my London Caloró. Who knows more of the real Moors than myself? About forty years ago I was with my *ro* in Ceuta, for he was still a soldier of the king; and he said to me one day, 'I am tired of this place, where there is no bread and less water; I will escape and turn Corahanó; this night I will kill my sergeant, and flee to the camp of the Moor.' 'Do so,' said I, 'my *chabó*, and as soon as may be I will follow you and become a Corahani.' That same night he killed his sergeant, who five years before had called him Caló and cursed him; then running to the wall he dropped from it, and amidst many shots he escaped to the land of the Corahai. As for myself, I remained in the presidio of Ceuta as a sutler, selling wine and *repañí* to the soldiers. Two years passed by, and I neither saw nor heard from my *ro*. One day there came a strange man to my *cachimani;* he was dressed like a Corahanó, and yet he did not look like one; he looked more like a *callardó*, and yet he was not a *callardó* either, though he was almost black; and as I looked upon him, I thought he looked something like the Errate; and he said to me, 'Zincali, chachipé!' and then he whispered to me in queer language, which I could scarcely understand, 'Your *ro* is waiting; come with me, my little sister, and I will take you unto him.' 'Where is he?' said I, and he pointed to the west, to the land of the Corahai, and said, 'He is yonder away; come with me, little sister, the *ro* is waiting.' For a moment I was afraid, but I bethought me of my husband,

and I wished to be amongst the Corahai; so I took the little *parné* I had, and locking up the *cachimani*, went with the strange man. The sentinel challenged us at the gate, but I gave him *repañí*, and he let us pass; in a moment we were in the land of the Corahai. About a league from the town, beneath a hill, we found four people, men and women, all very black like the strange man, and we joined ourselves with them, and they all saluted me, 'little sister.' That was all I understood of their discourse, which was very crabbed; and they took away my dress and gave me other clothes, and I looked like a Corahani; and away we marched for many days amidst deserts and small villages, and more than once it seemed to me that I was amongst the Errate, for their ways were the same. The men would *hokkawar* with mules and asses, and the women told *baji*, and after many days we came before a large town, and the black man said, 'Go in there, little sister, and there you will find your *ro;*' and I went to the gate, and an armed Corahanó stood within the gate, and I looked in his face, and lo! it was my *ro*.

"Oh, what a strange town it was that I found myself in, full of people who had once been Candoré, but had renegaded and become Corahai! There were Sesé and Laloré, and men of other nations, and amongst them were some of the Errate from my own country; all were now soldiers of the Crallis of the Corahai, and followed him to his wars; and in that town I remained with my *ro* a long time, occasionally going out to him to the wars; and I often asked him about the black men who had brought me thither, and he told me that he had had dealings with them, and that he believed them to be of the Errate. Well, brother, to be short, my *ro* was killed in the wars, before a town to which the king of the Corahai laid siege, and I became a *piuli*, and I returned to the village of the renegades, as it was called, and supported myself as well as I could; and one day, as I was sitting weeping, the black man, whom I had never seen since the day he brought me to my *ro*, again stood before me, and he said, 'Come with me, little sister, come with me; the *ro* is at hand;' and I went with him, and beyond the gate in the desert was the same party of black men and women which I had seen before. 'Where is my *ro?*' said I. 'Here he is, little sister,' said the black man, 'here he is; from this day I am the *ro* and you are the *romi*. Come, let us go, for there is business to be done.'

"And I went with him, and he was my *ro*, and we lived amongst the deserts, and *hokkawar'd* and *choried* and told *baji;* and I said to myself, 'This is good; sure, I am amongst the Errate in a better *chim* than my own.' And I often said that they were of the Errate, and then they would laugh and say that it might be so, and that they were not Corahai, but they could give no account of themselves.

"Well, things went on in this way for years, and I had three *chai* by the black man; two of them died, but the youngest, who is the Calli who sits by the *brasero*, was spared. So we roamed about and *choried* and told *baji;* and it came to pass that once in the winter time our company attempted to pass a wide and deep river, of which there are many in the Chim del Corahai, and the boat overset with the rapidity of the current, and all our people were drowned, all but myself and my *chabí*, whom I bore in my bosom. I had no friends amongst the Corahai, and I wandered about the *despoblados* howling and lamenting till I became half *lili*, and in this manner I found my way to the coast, where I made friends with the captain of a ship, and returned to this land of Spain. And now I am here, I often wish myself back again amongst the Corahai."

Here she commenced laughing loud and long; and when she had ceased, her daughter and grandchild took up the laugh, which they continued so long that I concluded they were all lunatics.

Hour succeeded hour, and still we sat crouching over the *brasero*, from which, by this time, all warmth had departed; the glow had long since disappeared, and only a few dying sparks were to be distinguished. The room or hall was now involved in utter darkness; the women were motionless and still; I shivered and began to feel uneasy. "Will Antonio be here to-night?" at length I demanded.

"*No tenga usted cuidado*, my London Caloró," said the gypsy mother in an unearthly tone; "Pepindorio has been here some time."

I was about to rise from my seat and attempt to escape from the house, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and in a moment I heard the voice of Antonio: —

"Be not afraid; 'tis I, brother. We will have a light anon, and then supper."

The supper was rude enough, consisting of bread, cheese, and olives; Antonio, however, produced a leathern bottle of excellent

wine. We despatched these viands by the light of an earthen lamp, which was placed upon the floor.

"Now," said Antonio to the youngest female, "bring me the *pajandi*, and I will sing a *gachapla*."

The girl brought the guitar, which with some difficulty the gypsy tuned, and then, strumming it vigorously, he sang: —

"I stole a plump and bonny fowl,
But ere I well had dined,
The master came with scowl and growl,
And me would captive bind.

"My hat and mantle off I threw,
And scoured across the lea;
Then cried the *beng* with loud halloo,
'Where does the gypsy flee?'"

He continued playing and singing for a considerable time, the two younger females dancing in the meanwhile with unwearied diligence, whilst the aged mother occasionally snapped her fingers or beat time on the ground with her stick. At last Antonio suddenly laid down the instrument, exclaiming: —

"I see the London Caloró is weary; enough, enough, tomorrow more thereof. We will now to the *charipé*."

"With all my heart," said I: "where are we to sleep?"

"In the stable," said he, "in the manger; however cold the stable may be, we shall be warm enough in the *bufa*."

We remained three days at the gypsies' house, Antonio departing early every morning on his mule, and returning late at night. The house was large and ruinous, the only habitable part of it with the exception of the stable being the hall, where we had supped; and there the gypsy females slept at night, on some mats and mattresses in a corner.

"A strange house is this," said I to Antonio, one morning as he was on the point of saddling his mule, and departing, as I supposed, on the affairs of Egypt; "a strange house and strange people. That gypsy grandmother has all the appearance of a *sowanee*."

"All the appearance of one!" said Antonio; "and is she not really one? She knows more crabbed things and crabbed words than all the Errate betwixt here and Catalonia. She has been amongst the wild Moors, and can make more *draos*, poisons, and

philtres than any one alive. She once made a kind of paste, and persuaded me to taste, and shortly after I had done so my soul departed from my body, and wandered through horrid forests and mountains, amidst monsters and *duendes*, during one entire night. She learned many things amidst the Corahai which I should be glad to know."

"Have you been long acquainted with her?" said I. "You appear to be quite at home in this house."

"Acquainted with her!" said Antonio. "Did not my own brother marry the black Callí, her daughter, who bore him the *chabí*, sixteen years ago, just before he was hanged by the Busné?"

In the afternoon I was seated with the gypsy mother in the hall; the two Callées were absent telling fortunes about the town and neighborhood, which was their principal occupation.

"Are you married, my London Caloró?" said the old woman to me. "Are you a *ro?*"

Myself — Wherefore do you ask, O Dai de los Calés?

Gypsy Mother — It is high time that the *lacha* of the *chabí* were taken from her, and that she had a *ro*. You can do no better than take her for *romi*, my London Caloró.

Myself — I am a stranger in this land, O mother of the gypsies, and scarcely know how to provide for myself, much less for a *romi*.

Gypsy Mother — She wants no one to provide for her, my London Caloró: she can at any time provide for herself and her *ro*. She can *hokkawar*, tell *baji*, and there are few to equal her at stealing *à pastesas*. Were she once at Madrilati, where they tell me you are going, she would make much treasure; therefore take her thither, for in this *foros* she is *nahi*, as it were, for there is nothing to be gained: but in the *foros baro* it would be another matter; she would go dressed in *lachipé* and *sonacai*, whilst you would ride about on your black-tailed *gra;* and when you had got much treasure, you might return hither and live like a Crallis, and all the Errate of the Chim del Manró should bow down their heads to you. What say you, my London Caloró; what say you to my plan?

Myself — Your plan is a plausible one, mother, or at least some people would think so; but I am, as you are aware, of another *chim*, and have no inclination to pass my life in this country.

Gypsy Mother — Then return to your own country, my

Caloró; the *chabí* can cross the *paní*. Would she not do business in London with the rest of the Caloré? Or why not go to the land of the Corahai? In which case I would accompany you; I and my daughter, the mother of the *chabí*.

Myself — And what should we do in the land of the Corahai? It is a poor and wild country, I believe.

Gypsy Mother — The London Caloró asks me what we could do in the land of the Corahai! *Aromali!* I almost think that I am speaking to a *lilipendi*. Are there not horses to *chore?* Yes, I trow there are, and better ones than in this land, and asses, and mules. In the land of the Corahai you must *hokkawar* and *chore* even as you must here, or in your own country, or else you are no Caloró. Can you not join yourselves with the black people who live in the *despoblados?* Yes, surely; and glad they would be to have among them the Errate from Spain and London. I am seventy years of age, but I wish not to die in this *chim*, but yonder, far away, where both my *roms* are sleeping. Take the *chabí*, therefore, and go to Madrilati to win the *parné;* and when you have got it, return, and we will give a banquet to all the Busné in Merida, and in their food I will mix *drao*, and they shall eat and burst like poisoned sheep. . . . And when they have eaten we will leave them, and away to the land of the Moor, my London Caloró.

During the whole time that I remained at Merida I stirred not once from the house; following the advice of Antonio, who informed me that it would not be convenient. My time lay rather heavily on my hands, my only source of amusement consisting in the conversation of the women, and in that of Antonio when he made his appearance at night. In these *tertulias* the grandmother was the principal spokeswoman, and astonished my ears with wonderful tales of the land of the Moors, prison escapes, thievish feats, and one or two poisoning adventures, in which she had been engaged, as she informed me, in her early youth.

There was occasionally something very wild in her gestures and demeanor; more than once I observed her, in the midst of much declamation, to stop short, stare in vacancy, and thrust out her palms as if endeavoring to push away some invisible substance; she goggled frightfully with her eyes, and once sank back in convulsions, of which her children took no further notice than observing that she was only *lili*, and would soon come to herself.

JUAN BOSCAN ALMOGAVER.

Juan Boscan Almogaver, a distinguished Spanish poet (1493–1540), born in Barcelona. While attached to the court of Charles V. at Granada he was led to a study of Italian poetry, and was the first to employ the Italian measures in Castilian song. Again, in a poem imitative of Musæus's "Hero and Leander," he was the first to introduce in Spain rhymeless verse. His poems, collected and published in 1543, had 21 editions in the 16th century.

On the Death of Garcilaso.

Tell me dear Garcilaso — thou
  Who ever aim'dst at Good,
And, in the spirit of the vow,
  So swift her course pursued,
That thy few steps sufficed to place
The angel in thy loved embrace,
  Won instant, soon as wooed —
Why tookst thou not, when winged to flee
From this dark world, Boscan with thee?

Why, when ascending to the star,
  Where now thou sittest enshrined,
Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
  Alas! so far behind?
O, I do think, had it remained
With thee to alter aught ordained
  By the Eternal Mind,
Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
Have left thy other self forgot.

For if through life thy love was such
  As still to take a pride
In having me so oft and much
  Close to thy envied side,
I cannot doubt — I must believe —
Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
  Of me: or, if denied,
Have come afterward unblest
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

— *Translation of* Wiffen.

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET.

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, a celebrated French prelate, theologian, historian, and noted pulpit-orator, born at Dijon, France, Sept. 27, 1627; died at Paris, April 4, 1704. He was of an eminent legal family, and after studying at his native place, under the Jesuits, he went to Paris, where, having received the order of priest, he acquired great repute as a preacher. In 1679 he was nominated to the bishopric of Condon; but in the next year he was made preceptor of the Dauphin, and resigned that bishopric. The duties of his preceptorate having ceased, Bossuet was made Bishop of Meaux in 1681, a position which he retained until his death. Bossuet was acknowledged to be the foremost French preacher of his day. His six "Funeral Discourses," which probably won for him the position of preceptor to the Dauphin, have been pronounced to be models of their kind. His published works are very numerous. What purports to be a complete edition of them was published at Paris in 1825, in fifty-nine small volumes, and reissued in 1836 in twelve large volumes. The most notable of these works is the "Histoire des Variations de l'Église Protestante," first published in 1688. The aim of this work is to demonstrate the heresy of all the Protestant churches of his day, by a review of the numerous alleged contradictions in their creeds and confessions of faith. From a translation issued anonymously at Dublin, in 1829, we quote a portion of the Introduction to this work.

Funeral Oration on Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans.

PART THE FIRST.

Am I then called upon once more to pay the last honors to the dead? is she whom (a few months past) I beheld so attentive while I was discharging this mournful duty to the Queen, her mother, is she become the melancholy theme of this day's solemnity? Oh, vanity! oh, airy nothing! Little did she imagine, while the filial tear was stealing down her cheek, that in so short a space of time the same company should be assembled, to per-

HENRY THE EIGHTH

form the same mournful honors to her own memory. Lamented princess! must England not only deplore thy absence, but also lament thy death? And has France no other pomp, no other triumph, no other trophies than these to celebrate thy return? — Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! These are the only thoughts that occur, this the only reflection that clings to my soul in the present unforeseen and sudden calamity. This text, which comes home to every bosom, which regards every state, and accompanies all the events and vicissitudes of life, acquires a particular illustration from the object of our present concern. For never were the vanities of this world so strongly displayed, and so conspicuously degraded. The scene that now arrests and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a despicable being? is man, whom the Savior of the world, without debasement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honored, a mere shadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, misled my judgment. Man must not be allowed to entertain an unqualified idea of self-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!" So everything is vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality: everything becomes dignified when we look to the goal to which he is hastening. Let us then, in the presence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that passage of Ecclesiastes, where the first part discovers the nothingness of man, and the second establishes his greatness. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedness, while yon altar (from whence our prayers ascend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprised of the truths which I wish this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great personage, and of the illustrious assembly, before whom I am now speaking.

As a stream glides rapidly along, thus flows the course of our existence, which, after having traversed, with more or less noise, a greater or less extent of country, disembogues at length into a dark gulf! where honors, distinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown; like rivers which

lose their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a small portion of the dust of which we are all formed could admit of any solid and durable distinction, who had a greater title to such preëminence? Does not the person who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatness, does not she trace her origin to the remotest antiquity? Wherever I cast my view I am surrounded and dazzled with the splendor which streams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princess Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, possessed a mind superior to her illustrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not subdue. How frequently have we said that Providence had snatched her from the enemies of her august father to make a present of her to France? Precious and inestimable gift! if enduring possession had accompanied a present of such value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itself everywhere. No sooner do we cast our eyes on this illustrious personage, than the spectre Death rushes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how she grew up amidst the wishes, the applause, and affection of a whole kingdom: every year added to her personal attractions, and brought with it an accession of mental accomplishments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themselves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aspired. History, to which her attention was particularly directed, she used to call the counsellor of kings. In the historic page the greatest monarchs assume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues: degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this severe court of justice, to receive the awful judgment of posterity. Here the gaudy coloring, which the harlot pencil of sycophancy had applied, languishes and fades away. In this school our young disciple studied the duties of those persons whose life forms the groundwork of history. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumspective prudence. "He that has no rule over his own spirit," says the Wise Man, "is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The object of our present admiration was exalted above this weakness; nor interest, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the persuasive voice of friendship,

could allure the confided secret from her bosom. This characteristic feature entitled her to a confidence of the highest nature. Without presuming to enter upon a subject which does not belong to this place, I may be allowed to say that, by the mediation of the sister, some controverted points which lately existed between two great monarchs were happily adjusted. No sooner had she erected this monument to her fame, than she was swept to the grave. Have I ventured amidst this triumph of death to pronounce again the word "fame"? Let me hence forbear all pomp and splendor of expression with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herself for the purpose of not beholding her own nothingness! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reasoner, not to the words of a philosopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloister. I wish to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatness, and who uttered his observations from a throne. "Oh, God," says the Psalmist, "thou hast numbered my days!" Now, whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be said to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is destined so soon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various distinctions that elevate man, you will discover none so conspicuous, so effective, so glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror must, in his turn, fall beneath the stroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their society; then from the tomb a voice will come to blast all human grandeur: "Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?"

Perhaps, as a supplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accomplishments, expansive thought, invention pregnant with great designs, may suffice to raise the possessor to eminence. Ah, trust not to this flattering suggestion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon comprises amidst the illusions by which the human race are misled, even wisdom! because, enclosed within the pale of human wishes, she buries herself in the dust along with those perishable objects.

Have we not seen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent sacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our instruction? And surely, if we stand in need of the impressions of surprise and terror to disenchant us from our attachment to

the world, the calamity with which we are now subdued is sufficiently awful! Oh ever-memorable, oh disastrous, oh terrific night! when consternation reigned throughout the palace! when, like a burst of thunder, a desolating voice cried out, Henrietta is expiring, Henrietta is no more! The usual march of Death is by perceptible but slow advances; in the present instance it was rapid as it was alarming. Did we not behold her in the morning attired with every grace, embellished with every attraction, and in the evening did we not behold her as a faded flower! Let us then survey her as Death presents her to our view: yet even these mournful honors, with which she is now encircled, will soon disappear, she will be despoiled of this melancholy decoration, and be conveyed into the dread receptacle, the last sombrous habitation, to sleep in the dust with annihilated kings; among whom it will be difficult to place her, so closely do the ranks press upon each other! so prompt, so indefatigable, is death in crowding this dreary vault with departed greatness. Yet even here our imagination deludes us; for this form, destitute of life, which still retains the human resemblance! the faint similitude which still lingers on the countenance, must undergo a change, and be turned into a terrific something, for which no language has a name; so true it is that everything dies belonging to man; even (as Tertullian observes) those funereal expressions which designate his remains. On a life which inevitably ends in such a catastrophe, what splendid project can the fondest hope erect? Is then despair the lot of man? Amidst this universal wreck is there no plank to lay hold of? Here I behold another order of things arise; the cloud breaks, the gloom of death disappears, a new scene bursts upon me, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

PART THE SECOND.

Let us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his existence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodness, fear his justice, and aspire to his immortality. By the principle of analogy, as our material form shall return to its mother earth, so our spiritual part shall return unto its Creator. This, indeed, is a proud distinction which brings into contact and alliance the spiritual part of man with the supreme and primitive greatness, God! Let then the

wise man speak with derision of every state and condition of life, since, wherever we cast our view, we behold the funereal gloom of death hovering over our brightest hours. Let the wise man equalize the fool and the sage; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beast of the field: for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarse corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive existence but folly, solicitude, and disappointment? and what do we behold in his death but an expiring vapor, or a machine whose springs are deranged, and which lose the power of action? Do ye wish to save anything from this total ruin? cast your affection as an anchor on God! This our Christian heroine eminently manifested during the period that immediately preceded her dissolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the residue of its years! of her beauty, the resignation of its charms! of her high rank, the dispossession of its advantages! of her richly cultivated mind, the spoliation of its acquirements! To all which she meekly submitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now possess her soul. She calls for the same crucifix which the Queen, her mother, in her last moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the same crucifix, as if she fondly hoped still to find upon it the effusion of her mother's piety: she applied this signal of our salvation to her expiring lips: then did I hear her utter these affecting words, "Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee?" Ah! let the proud conqueror no longer engross our admiration; our heroine illustrates the truth of these words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." With a tranquillity almost amounting to satisfaction, she resigned herself to an unforeseen and untimely death. What an attention did she pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying! which frequently (by some spiritual magic) suspend the agonizing pains, and, what I have been often a witness to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted? that the picture whose first warm touches excited such expectation was suddenly effaced? But I will no longer speak this language; I will rather say that death has put an end to those perils to which she was in this life eminently exposed. What dazzling attractions, what seductive flattery, would have assailed so elevated a situation? Would not success have pampered her expectations, and adulation outrun her

desire? And, to use the forcible expression of an ancient historian, "she would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur."—*In ipsam gloriam præceps agebatur.* (Tacitus, "Vita Agricolæ.")

Let us draw some salutary reflection from the scene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead arise, before we open our bosom to one serious thought? What this day descends into the grave should be sufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly display, the vanity and emptiness of human greatness? How incurable must be our blindness, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living), we wait till the last moment before we admit that serious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole course of our lives! If persuasion hung upon my lips, how earnestly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to despise the smiles of fortune, and the favors of this transitory world! And whenever you shall enter those august habitations, those sumptuous palaces which received an additional lustre from the personage we now lament; when you shall cast your eyes around those splendid apartments, and find their better wanting! then remember that the exalted station she held, that the accomplishments and attractions she was known to possess, augmented the dangers to which she was exposed in this world, and now form the subject of a rigorous investigation in the other.

Introduction.

(From the "Discourse upon Universal History.")

Even were history useless to other men, it would still be necessary to have it read by princes. There is no better way of making them discover what can be brought about by passions and interests, by times and circumstances, by good and bad advice. The books of historians are filled with the actions that occupy them, and everything therein seems to have been done for their use. If experience is necessary to them for acquiring that prudence which enables them to become good rulers, nothing is more useful to their instruction than to add to the example of past centuries the experiences with which they meet every day. While usually they learn to judge of the dangerous

circumstances that surround them, only at the expense of their subjects and of their own glory, by the help of history they form their judgment upon the events of the past without risking anything. When they see even the most completely hidden vices of princes exposed to the eyes of all men, in spite of the insincere praise which they received while alive, they feel ashamed of the empty joy which flattery gives them, and they acknowledge that true glory cannot obtain without real merit.

Moreover, it would be disgraceful, — I do not say for a prince, but in general for any educated man, — not to know the human kind and the memorable changes which took place in the world through the lapse of ages. If we do not learn from history to distinguish the times, we shall represent men under the law of nature, or under the civil law, the same as under the sway of the gospel; we shall speak of the Persians conquered under Alexander in the same way as of the Persians victorious under Cyrus; we shall represent Greece as free in the time of Philip as in the time of Themistocles or Miltiades; the Roman people as proud under the Emperors as under the Consuls; the Church as quiet under Diocletian as under Constantine; and France, disturbed by civil wars under Charles IX. and Henri III., as powerful as in the time of Louis XIV., when, united under such a great King, alone she triumphs over the whole of Europe.

Public Spirit in Rome.

He who can put into the minds of the people patience in labor, a feeling for glory and the nation's greatness, and love of their country, can boast of having framed the political constitution best fitted for the production of great men. It is undoubtedly to great men that the strength of an empire is due. Nature never fails to bring forth in all countries lofty minds and hearts; but we must assist it in forming them. What forms and perfects them consists of strong feelings and noble impressions which spread through all minds and invisibly pass from one to another. What is it that makes our nobility so proud in battle, so bold in its undertakings? It is the opinion received from childhood and established by the unanimous sentiment of the nation, that a nobleman without valor degrades himself and is no longer worthy to see the light of day. All the Romans were nurtured in these sentiments, and the common

people vied with the aristocracy as to who would in action be most faithful to these vigorous maxims. . . . The fathers who did not bring their children up in these maxims, and in the manner necessary to enable them to serve the State, were called into court before the magistrates and there adjudged guilty of a crime against the public. When such a course has been entered upon, great men produce great men to succeed them; and if Rome has had such men in greater number than any other city, it is nowise due to chance; it is because the Roman State, constituted in the manner which we have described, possessed as it were the very nature that must needs be most prolific of heroes.

The Divorce of Henry VIII. from Catharine of Aragon.

It is a fact notoriously known that Henry VII. had obtained a dispensation from Pope Julius II. to marry the widow of Arthur, his eldest son, to Henry, his second son and successor. This Prince — after he had seen all the reasons for doubting — consummated, when a King and at age, this marriage, with the unanimous consent of all the estates of the realm, six weeks after coming to the crown. Twenty years elapsed without calling in question a marriage so sincerely and honestly contracted.

Henry, falling in love with Anne Boleyn, called conscience in to assist his passion, and his marriage becoming odious to him, at the same time became doubtful and suspected. Meanwhile a Princess [Mary] had sprung from this marriage, who from her infancy had been acknowledged heir of the kingdom; so that the pretext which Henry took for breaking off the marriage, lest, said he, the succession of the realm should be doubtful, was a mere trick, since none dreamed of disputing it with his daughter. On the contrary, if anything could obstruct the succession of this great kingdom, it was Henry's doubt; and it appears that all he published relating to the doubtfulness of the succession was nothing but a cloak, as well for his new amour, as for the disgust he had taken to the Queen, his wife, on account of some infirmities she had contracted.

A Prince, whom passion rules, would have it believed he has reason on his side. So to please Henry, the dispensation on which this marriage was grounded was attacked in several ways — some taken from fact, others from right. As to fact, the dispensation was maintained to be null, because granted on false

allegations. But as these arguments of fact, reduced to these minute niceties, were overruled by the favorable condition of a marriage that had subsisted so many years, those from right were chiefly insisted on; and the dispensation maintained null, as granted in prejudice of the law of God, which the Pope could not dispense with.

The question was, whether or no the prohibition in Leviticus, not to contract within certain degrees of consanguinity or affinity, and among others, that of marrying the brother's widow, did so appertain to the Law of Nature as to be obligatory in the Gospel Law. The reason for doubting was: because we do not read that God ever dispensed with what was purely of the Law of Nature: for example, since the multiplication of mankind, there has been no instance of God's permitting the marriage of brother and sister, nor others of this nature in the first degree, whether ascending, or descending, or collateral. Now there was an express law, in Deuteronomy, which, in certain cases, enjoined a brother to take his sister-in-law, and the widow of his brother, to wife. God, therefore, not destroying Nature — which he is the author of — gave thereby to understand that this marriage was not of that sort which Nature rejects. And this was the foundation upon which rests the dispensation of Julius II.

We must do the Protestants of Germany this justice: Henry VIII. could never obtain from them the approbation of his new marriage with Anne Boleyn, nor the condemnation of Julius II.'s dispensation. When this affair was spoken of in a solemn embassy which the Prince sent to Germany, in order to join himself to the Protestant confederacy, Melanchthon decides thus: "We have not been of the English Ambassador's opinion; for we believe the law of not wedding a brother's wife is susceptible of dispensation, though we do not believe it to be abolished." And again, more concisely, in another place: "The Ambassadors pretend that the prohibition against marrying a brother's wife is indispensable; and we, on the contrary, maintain it may be dispensed with." This is exactly what they stood for at Rome; and Clement VII.'s definitive sentence against the divorce rested on this foundation. . . .

It appeared clearly [to Clement VII.] that the prohibition of Leviticus bore not the character of a natural and indispensable law, since God derogated from it in other places. This dispensation of Julius II., grounded on this reason, had so probable a foundation that it appeared such even to the Protestants of

Germany. No matter what diversity of sentiments there might have been on this subject, it was sufficient that the dispensation was not evidently contrary to the divine laws, which oblige Christians. The matter, then, was of the nature of such things, wherein all depends on the prudence of superiors; where sincerity and uprightness of heart must give all the repose conscience can have.

It was also but too manifest that, had it not been for Henry VIII.'s new fit of love, the Church never had been troubled with the shameful proposal of a divorce, after a marriage contracted and continued with a good conscience so many years. Here is the knot of the affair; and without speaking of the process, wherein, perchance, policy, good or bad, might intervene, Clement VII.'s decision, when all is said, will be a testimony to future ages that the Church knows not how to flatter the passions of Princes, nor approve their scandalous proceedings. — *Variations, Book VII.*

From the Sermon "Upon the Unity of the Church."

Saint Remi saw that by placing the kings of France and their people in the bosom of Jesus Christ, he had given to the Church a set of invincible protectors. This great saint, this new Samuel called to anoint the kings, anointed these, in his own words, "to be the perpetual defender of the Church and the poor": a worthy object for royalty to pursue. After teaching them how to make churches flourish and populations thrive (believe ye that he himself is now speaking to you, as I only recite the fatherly words of this apostle of the French), day and night he prayed to God that they should persevere in His faith, and reign according to the rules he had given them; assuring them at the same time that in enlarging their kingdom they would enlarge the Kingdom of Christ, and that if they faithfully kept the laws he prescribed in the name of God, the empire of Rome would be given to them, so that from the kings of France would issue Emperors worthy of that title, through whom Christ would reign.

JAMES BOSWELL.

James Boswell, a Scottish author, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, born at Edinburgh in 1740; died at London in 1795. His father was a Judge of the Court of Sessions, and as such was styled Lord Auchinleck, from his ancestral estate. James Boswell, the eldest son, was intended for the law, and studied at Glasgow, and afterward for a short time at the then famous Dutch University of Utrecht, whither he went late in 1763, having a few months before been casually introduced to Dr. Johnson. In 1765 he made a tour on the Continent, in the course of which he visited the island of Corsica, then struggling for its independence under Pascal Paoli. In 1768 he published a lively account of this tour, which Johnson pronounced to be "curious and delightful." An introduction to Paoli afforded Boswell unusual facilities for traveling through Corsica, and he saw many things which would not have fallen under ordinary observation.

After his return to Scotland, Boswell was admitted to the Scottish "Family of Advocates;" that is, was called to the bar; but he did not enter into the active practice of his profession, being, as he himself says, "constitutionally unfit for any employment." He also married, not altogether happily it would seem; and in 1773 went up again to London, where he renewed the acquaintance with Johnson which had been commenced ten years before. He became a frequenter of the literary club of which Johnson was the acknowledged chief, and in a short time induced the great man to set out with him upon a tour to the Hebrides. Boswell kept a minute journal of this tour, which, however, was not published until 1785, a year after the death of Johnson, to whose talk a great part of the volume is devoted. This work really forms a very considerable part of "Boswell's Life of Johnson."

Boswell's First Meeting with Johnson.

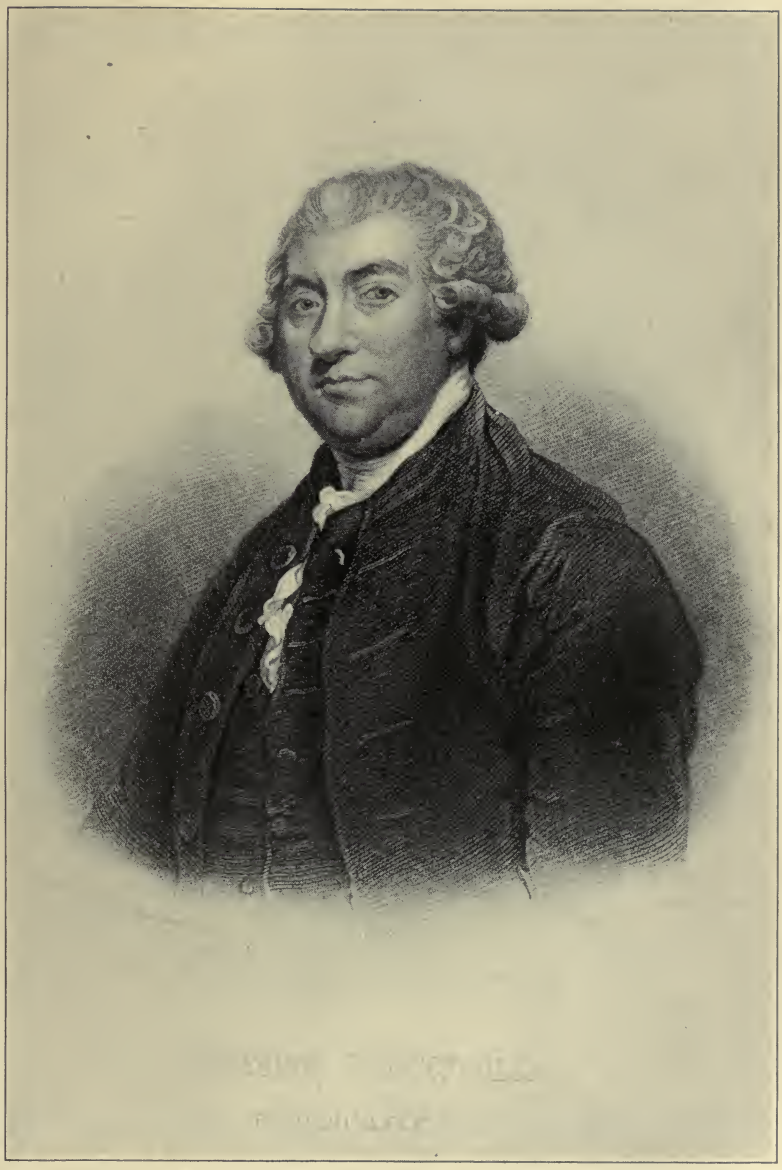
(From "Life of Johnson.")

Having arrived in London late on Friday, the 15th of March, 1776, I hastened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson, at his house; but found he was removed from Johnson's-court,

No. 7, to Bolt-court, No. 8, still keeping to his favorite Fleet-street. My reflection at the time upon this change, as marked in my Journal, is as follows: "I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than I went in, and which had often appeared to my imagination while I trod its pavement, in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety." Being informed that he was at Mr. Thrale's, in the Borough, I hastened thither, and found Mrs. Thrale and him at breakfast. I was kindly welcomed. In a moment he was in a full glow of conversation, and I felt myself elevated as if brought into another state of being. Mrs. Thrale and I looked to each other while he talked, and our looks expressed our congenial admiration and affection for him. I shall ever recollect this scene with great pleasure. I exclaimed to her, "I am now, intellectually, *Hermippus redivivus*, I am quite restored by him, by transfusion of *mind*." "There are many," she replied, "who admire and respect Mr. Johnson; but you and I *love* him."

He seemed very happy in the near prospect of going to Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. "But," said he, "before leaving England I am to take a jaunt to Oxford, Birmingham, my native city Lichfield, and my old friend, Dr. Taylor's, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. I shall go in a few days, and you, Boswell, shall go with me." I was ready to accompany him, being willing even to leave London to have the pleasure of his conversation.

I mentioned with much regret the extravagance of the representative of a great family in Scotland, by which there was danger of its being ruined; and as Johnson respected it for its antiquity, he joined with me in thinking it would be happy if this person should die. Mrs. Thrale seemed shocked at this, as feudal barbarity; and said, "I do not understand this preference of the estate to its owner; of the land to the man who walks upon that land." *Johnson* — "Nay, Madam, it is not a preference of the land to its owner; it is the preference of a family to an individual. Here is an establishment in a country, which is of importance for ages, not only to the chief, but to his people; an establishment which extends upwards and downwards; that this should be destroyed by one idle fellow is a sad thing."



JAMES BOSWELL

He said, "Entails are good, because it is good to preserve in a country a series of men, to whom the people are accustomed to look up as to their leaders. But I am for leaving a quantity of land in commerce, to excite industry, and keep money in the country; for if no land were to be bought in the country, there would be no encouragement to acquire wealth, because a family could not be founded there; or if it were acquired, it must be carried away to another country where land may be bought. And although the land in every country will remain the same, and be as fertile where there is no money, as where there is, yet all that portion of the happiness of civil life, which is produced by money circulating in a country, would be lost." *Boswell* — "Then, Sir, would it be for the advantage of a country that all its lands were sold at once?" *Johnson* — "So far, Sir, as money produces good, it would be an advantage; for, then that country would have as much money circulating in it as it is worth. But to be sure this would be counterbalanced by disadvantages attending a total change of proprietors."

I expressed my opinion that the power of entailing should be limited thus: "That there should be one-third, or perhaps one-half of the land of a country kept free for commerce; that the proportion allowed to be entailed, should be parceled out so that no family could entail above a certain quantity. Let a family, according to the abilities of its representatives, be richer or poorer in different generations, or always rich if its representatives be always wise; but let its absolute permanency be moderate. In this way we should be certain of there being always a number of established roots; and as in the course of nature, there is in every age an extinction of some families, there would be continual openings for men ambitious of perpetuity, to plant a stock in the entailed ground." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, mankind will be better able to regulate the system of entails, when the evil of too much land being locked up by them is felt, than we can do at present when it is not felt."

We got into a boat to cross over to Blackfriars' and as we moved along the Thames, I talked to him of a little volume, which, altogether unknown to him, was advertised to be published in a few days, under the title of "Johnsoniana," or "*Bon-Mots* of Dr. Johnson." *Johnson* — "Sir, it is a mighty impudent thing." *Boswell* — "Pray, Sir, could you have no redress if you were to prosecute a publisher for bringing out, under your name, what you never said, and ascribing to you, dull, stupid

nonsense, or making you swear profanely as many ignorant relaters of your *bon-mots* do?" *Johnson* — "No, Sir; there will always be some truth mixed with the falsehood, and how can it be ascertained how much is true and how much is false? Besides, Sir, what damages would a jury give me for having been represented as swearing?" *Boswell* — "I think, Sir, you should at least disavow such a publication, because the world and posterity might with much plausible foundation say, 'Here is a volume which was publicly advertised and came out in Dr. Johnson's own time, and by his silence, was admitted by him to be genuine.'" *Johnson* — "I shall give myself no trouble about the matter."

He was, perhaps, above suffering from such spurious publications; but I could not help thinking, that many men would be much injured in their reputation, by having absurd and vicious sayings imputed to them; and that redress ought in such cases to be given.

He said, "The value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture either of an individual or of human nature in general; if it be false, it is a picture of nothing. For instance: suppose a man should tell that Johnson, before setting out for Italy, as he had to cross the Alps, sat down to make himself wings. This many people would believe; but it would be a picture of nothing. . . . (naming a worthy friend of ours,) used to think a story a story, till I showed him that truth was essential to it." I observed, that Foote entertained us with stories which were not true; but that, indeed, it was properly not as narratives that Foote's stories pleased us, but as collections of ludicrous images. *Johnson* — "Foote is quite impartial, for he tells lies of everybody."

The importance of strict and scrupulous veracity cannot be too often inculcated. Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to it, that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of everything that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others. As an instance of this, I may mention an odd incident which he related as having happened to him one night in Fleet Street: "A gentlewoman," said he, "begged I would give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which I accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the

watchman. I perceived that she was somewhat in liquor." This, if told by most people, would have been thought an invention; when told by Johnson, it was believed by his friends as much as if they had seen what passed.

We landed at the Temple stairs, where we parted.

I found him in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room. We talked of religious orders. He said, "It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral, as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. There is, indeed, great resolution in the immediate act of dismembering himself; but when that is once done, he has no longer any merit: for though it is out of his power to steal, yet he may all his life be a thief in his heart. So when a man has once become a Carthusian, he is obliged to continue so, whether he chooses it or not. Their silence, too, is absurd. We read in the Gospel of the apostles being sent to preach, but not to hold their tongues. All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle. I said to the Lady Abbess of a convent, 'Madam, you are here, not for the love of virtue, but the fear of vice.' She said, 'she should remember this as long as she lived.'" I thought it hard to give her this view of her situation, when she could not help it; and, indeed, I wondered at the whole of what he now said; because, both in his "Rambler" and "Idler," he treats religious austerities with much solemnity of respect.

Finding him still persevering in his abstinence from wine, I ventured to speak to him of it. *Johnson* — "Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine, if he can do it in moderation. I found myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been for sometime without it, on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself, according to the effects which he experiences. One of the Fathers tells us, he found fasting made him so peevish that he did not practise it."

Though he often enlarged upon the evil of intoxication, he was by no means harsh and unforgiving to those who indulged in occasional excess in wine. One of his friends, I well remember, came to sup at a tavern with him and some other gentlemen, and too plainly discovered that he had drunk too much at dinner. When one who loved mischief, thinking to produce a severe censure, asked Johnson, a few days afterwards, "Well, Sir, what did your friend say to you, as an apology for being in such

a situation?" Johnson answered: "Sir, he said all that a man *should* say: he said that he was sorry for it."

I heard him once give a very judicious practical advice upon this subject: "A man who has been drinking wine at all freely, should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him he may be pretty well in unison, but he will probably be offensive or appear ridiculous to other people."

He allowed very great influence to education. "I do not deny, Sir, but there is some original difference in minds; but it is nothing in comparison of what is formed by education. We may instance the science of *numbers*, which all minds are equally capable of attaining; yet we find a prodigious difference in the powers of different men, in that respect, after they are grown up, because their minds have been more or less exercised in it; and I think the same cause will explain the difference of excellence in other things, gradations admitting always some difference in the first principles."

This is a difficult subject; but it is best to hope that diligence may do a great deal. We are *sure* of what it can do, in increasing our mechanical force and dexterity.

I again visited him on Monday. He took occasion to enlarge, as he often did, upon the wretchedness of a sea-life. "A ship is worse than a gaol. There is, in a gaol, better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land." — "Then," said I, "it would be cruel in a father to breed his son to the sea." *Johnson* — "It would be cruel in a father who thinks as I do. Men go to sea before they know the unhappiness of that way of life; and when they have come to know it, they cannot escape from it, because it is then too late to choose another profession; as, indeed, is generally the case with men, when they have once engaged in any particular way of life."

On Tuesday, March 19, which was fixed for our proposed jaunt, we met at the Somerset Coffee-house in the Strand, where we were taken up by the Oxford coach. He was accompanied by Mr. Gwyn, the architect; and a gentleman of Merton College, whom he did not know, had the fourth seat. We soon got into conversation; for it was very remarkable of Johnson, that the presence of a stranger had no restraint upon his talk. I observed that Garrick, who was about to quit the stage,

would soon have an easier life. *Johnson* — "I doubt that, Sir." *Boswell* — "Why, Sir, he will be Atlas with the burden off his back." *Johnson* — "But I know not if he will be so steady without his load. However, he should never play any more, but be entirely the gentleman, and not partly the player; he should no longer subject himself to be hissed by a mob, or to be insolently treated by performers, whom he used to rule with a high hand, and who would gladly retaliate." *Boswell* — "I think he should play once a year for the benefit of decayed actors, as it has been said he means to do." *Johnson* — "Alas, Sir, he will soon be a decayed actor himself."

Johnson expressed his disapprobation of ornamental architecture, such as magnificent columns supporting a portico, or expensive pilasters supporting merely their own capitals, "because it consumes labor disproportionate to its utility." For the same reason he satirized statuary. "Painting," said he, "consumes labor not disproportionate to its effect: but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot." Here he seemed to me to be strangely deficient in taste; for surely statuary is a noble art of imitation, and preserves a wonderful expression of the varieties of the human frame; and although it must be allowed that the circumstances of difficulty enhance the value of a marble head, we should consider that, if it requires a long time in the performance, it has a proportionate value in durability.

Gwyn was a fine lively rattling fellow. Dr. Johnson kept him in subjection, but with a kindly authority. The spirit of the artist, however, rose against what he thought a Gothic attack, and he made a brisk defence. "What, Sir, you will allow no value to beauty in architecture or in statuary! Why should we allow it then in writing? Why do you take the trouble to give us so many fine allusions, and bright images, and elegant phrases? You might convey all your instruction without these ornaments." Johnson smiled with complacency; but said, "Why, Sir, all these ornaments are useful, because they obtain an easier reception for truth; but a building is not at all more convenient for being decorated with superfluous carved work."

Gwyn at last was lucky enough to make one reply to Dr. Johnson which he allowed to be excellent. Johnson censured

him for taking down a church which might have stood many years, and building a new one at a different place, for no other reason, but that there might be a direct road to a new bridge; and his expression was, "You are taking a church out of the way, that the people may go in a straight line to the bridge." "No, Sir," said Gwyn, "I am putting the church *in* the way, that the people may not *go out of the way*." *Johnson* (with a hearty loud laugh of approbation), — "Speak no more. Rest your colloquial fame upon this."

Next morning, Thursday, March 21, we set out in a post-chaise to pursue our ramble. It was a delightful day, and we rode through Blenheim-park. When I looked at the magnificent bridge built by John, Duke of Marlborough, over a small rivulet, and recollect the epigram made upon it —

> "The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
> The stream an emblem of his bounty flows":

and saw that now, by the genius of Brown, a magnificent body of water was collected, I said, "They have *drowned* the epigram." I observed to him, while in the midst of the noble scene around us, "You and I, Sir, have, I think, seen together the extremes of what can be seen in Britain — the wild, rough island of Mull, and Blenheim-park."

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel-house, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests — the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir, there is nothing

which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines: —

"Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

My illustrious friend, I thought, did not sufficiently admire Shenstone. That ingenious and elegant gentleman's opinion of Johnson appears in one of his letters to Mr. Greaves, dated Feb. 9, 1760. "I have lately been reading one or two volumes of the 'Rambler'; who, excepting against some few hardnesses in his manner, and the want of more examples to enliven, is one of the most nervous, most perspicuous, most concise, most harmonious prose writers I know. A learned diction improves by time."

In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the post-chaise, he said to me, "Life has not many things better than this."

We stopped at Stratford-upon-Avon, and drank tea and coffee; and it pleased me to be with him upon the classic ground of Shakspeare's native place.

He spoke slightingly of Dyer's "Fleece." — "The subject, Sir, cannot be made poetical. How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets? Yet you will hear many people talk to you gravely of that *excellent* poem, 'The Fleece.'" Having talked of Grainger's "Sugar Cane," I mentioned to him Mr. Langton's having told me, that this poem, when read in manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, had made all the assembled wits burst into a laugh, when, after much blank-verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus: —

"Now, Muse, let's sing of *rats*."

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slyly overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had been originally *mice*, and had been altered to *rats*, as more dignified.

This passage does not appear in the printed work, Dr. Grainger, or some of his friends, it should seem, having become sensible that introducing even *rats*, in a grave poem, might be liable to banter. He, however, could not bring himself to

relinquish the idea; for they are thus, in a still more ludicrous manner, periphrastically exhibited in his poem as it now stands: —

> "Nor with less waste the whisker'd vermin race,
> A countless clan, despoil the lowland cane."

Johnson said that Dr. Grainger was an agreeable man; a man who would do any good that was in his power. His translation of Tibullus, he thought, was very well done; but "The Sugar-Cane, a Poem," did not please him; for he exclaimed, "What could be made of a sugar-cane? One might as well write 'The Parsley-Bed, a Poem;' or 'The Cabbage Garden, a Poem.'" *Boswell* — "You must then *pickle* your cabbage with the *sal atticum.*" *Johnson* — "You know there is already 'The Hop-Garden, a Poem'; and, I think, one could say a great deal about cabbage. The poem might begin with the advantages of civilized society over a rude state, exemplified by the Scotch, who had no cabbages till Oliver Cromwell's soldiers introduced them; and one might thus show how arts are propagated by conquest, as they were by the Roman arms." He seemed to be much diverted with the fertility of his own fancy.

I told him, that I heard Dr. Percy was writing the history of the wolf in Great Britain. *Johnson* — "The wolf, Sir! why the wolf? Why does he not write of the bear, which we had formerly? Nay, it is said we had the beaver. Or why does he not write of the gray rat, the Hanover rat, as it is called, because it is said to have come into this country about the time that the family of Hanover came? I should like to see '*The History of the Gray Rat, by Thomas Percy, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty,*'" (laughing immoderately). *Boswell* — "I am afraid a court chaplain could not decently write of the gray rat." *Johnson* — "Sir, he need not give it the name of the Hanover rat." Thus could he indulge a luxuriant, sportive imagination, when talking of a friend whom he loved and esteemed.

He mentioned to me the singular history of an ingenious acquaintance; "He had practised physic in various situations with no great emolument. A West India gentleman, whom he delighted by his conversation, gave him a bond for a handsome annuity during his life, on the condition of his accompanying him into the West Indies, and living with him there for two years. He accordingly embarked with the gentleman; but upon the

voyage fell in love with a young woman who happened to be one of the passengers, and married the wench. From the imprudence of his disposition he quarreled with the gentleman, and declared he would have no connection with him. So he forfeited the annuity. He settled as a physician in one of the Leeward Islands. A man was sent out to him merely to compound his medicines. This fellow set up as a rival to him in his practice of physic, and got so much the better of him in the opinion of the people of the island, that he carried away all the business, upon which he returned to England, and soon after died."

On Friday, March 22, having set out early from Henley, where we had lain the preceding night, we arrived at Birmingham about nine o'clock, and, after breakfast, went to call on his old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector. A very stupid maid, who opened the door, told us that "her master was gone out; he was gone to the country; she could not tell when he would return." In short, she gave us a miserable reception; and Johnson observed, "She would have behaved no better to people who wanted him in the way of his profession." He said to her, "My name is Johnson; tell him I called. Will you remember the name?" She answered with rustic simplicity, in the Warwickshire pronunciation, "I don't understand you, Sir." "Blockhead!" said he, "I'll write." I never heard the word *blockhead* applied to a woman before, though I do not see why it should not, when there is evident occasion for it. He, however, made another attempt to make her understand him, and roared loud in her ear, "*Johnson*," and then she catched the sound.

One of them having objected to the "observance of days, and months, and years," Johnson answered, "The Church does not superstitiously observe days merely as days, but as memorials of important facts. Christmas might be kept as well upon one day of the year as another; but there should be a stated day for commemorating the birth of our Saviour, because there is danger that what may be done on any day will be neglected."

He said to me at another time, "Sir, the holidays observed by our Church are of great use in our religion." There can be no doubt of this in a limited sense — I mean if the number of such consecrated portions of time be not too extensive. The excellent Mr. Nelson's "Festivals and Fasts," which has, I understand, the greatest sale of any book ever printed in England — except the Bible — is a most valuable help to de-

votion; and in addition to it I would recommend two sermons on the same subject by Mr. Pott, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, equally distinguished for piety and elegance. I am sorry to have it to say that Scotland is the only Christian country, Catholic or Protestant, where the great events of our religion are not solemnly commemorated by its ecclesiastical establishment on days set apart for the purpose.

I wished to have stayed at Birmingham to-night, to have talked more with Mr. Hector; but my friend was impatient to reach his native city; so we drove on that stage in the dark, and were long pensive and silent. When we came within the focus of the Lichfield lamps, "Now," said he, "we are getting out of a state of death." We put up at the "Three Crowns," not one of the great inns, but a good old-fashioned one, which was kept by Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which Johnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own property. We had a comfortable supper, and got into high spirits. I felt all my Toryism glow in this old capital of Staffordshire. I could have offered incense *genio loci;* and I indulged in libations of that ale, which Boniface, in "The Beaux Stratagem," recommends with such an eloquent jollity.

Next morning he introduced me to Mrs. Lucy Porter, his step-daughter. She was now an old maid, with much simplicity of manner. She had never been in London. Her brother, a captain in the navy, had left her a fortune of ten thousand pounds, about a third of which she had laid out in building a stately house, and making a handsome garden, in an elevated situation in Lichfield. Johnson, when here by himself, used to live at her house. She reverenced him, and he had a parental tenderness for her.

We then visited Mr. Peter Garrick, who had that morning received a letter from his brother David, announcing our coming to Lichfield. He was engaged to dinner, but asked us to tea, and to sleep at his house. Johnson, however, would not quit his old acquaintance Wilkins, of the "Three Crowns." The family likeness of the Garricks was very striking; and Johnson thought that David's vivacity was not so peculiar to himself as was supposed. "Sir," said he, "I don't know but if Peter had cultivated all the arts of gayety as much as David has done, he might have been as brisk and lively. Depend upon it, Sir, vivacity is much an art, and depends greatly on habit." I believe there is a good deal of truth in this, notwithstanding a

ludicrous story told me by a lady abroad, of a heavy German baron, who had lived much with the young English at Geneva, and was ambitious to be as lively as they; with which view, he, with assiduous attention, was jumping over the chairs and tables in his lodgings; and when the people of the house ran in and asked with surprise, what was the matter, he answered, "*Sh' apprens t'etre fif.*"

We dined at our inn, and had with us a Mr. Jackson, one of Johnson's school-fellows, whom he treated with much kindness, though he seemed to be a low man, dull and untaught. He had a coarse gray coat, black waistcoat, greasy leather breeches, and a yellow uncurled wig; and his countenance had the ruddiness which betokens one who is in no haste to "leave his can." He drank only ale. He had tried to be a cutler at Birmingham, but had not succeeded; and now he lived poorly at home, and had some scheme of dressing leather in a better manner than common; to his indistinct account of which, Dr. Johnson listened with patient attention, that he might assist him with his advice. Here was an instance of genuine humanity and real kindness in this great man, who has been most unjustly represented as altogether harsh and destitute of tenderness. A thousand such instances might have been recorded in the course of his long life; though that his temper was warm and hasty, and his manner often rough, cannot be denied.

I saw here, for the first time *oat ale;* and oat cakes, not hard as in Scotland, but soft like Yorkshire cakes, were served at breakfast. It was pleasant to me to find that "*Oats*," the "*food of horses*," were so much used as the *food of the people* in Dr. Johnson's own town. He expatiated in praise of Lichfield and its inhabitants, who, he said, were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." I doubted as to the last article of this eulogy, for they had several provincial sounds; as *there* pronounced like *fear*, instead of like *fair; once* pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunse*, or *wonse*. Johnson himself never got entirely free of those provincial accents. Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company, and calling out, "Who's for *poonsh?*"

Very little business appeared to be going forward in Lichfield. I found, however, two strange manufacturers for so inland a place, sail-cloth and streamers for ships; and I observed them

making some saddle-cloths, and dressing sheep-skins; but, upon the whole, the busy hand of industry seemed to be quite slackened. "Surely, Sir," said I, "you are an idle set of people." "Sir," said Johnson, "we are a city of philosophers; we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands."

There was at this time a company of players performing at Lichfield. The manager, Mr. Stanton, sent his compliments, and begged leave to wait on Dr. Johnson. Johnson received him very courteously, and he drank a glass of wine with us. He was a plain, decent, well-behaved man, and expressed his gratitude to Dr. Johnson for having once got him permission from Dr. Taylor at Ashbourne to play there upon moderate terms. Garrick's name was soon introduced. *Johnson* — "Garrick's conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of all sorts, but all good things. There is no solid meat in it; there is a want of sentiment in it. Not but that he has sentiment sometimes, and sentiment, too, very powerful and very pleasing; but it has not its full proportion in his conversation."

When we were by ourselves he told me, "Forty years ago, Sir, I was in love with an actress here, Mrs. Emmet, who acted Flora in 'Hob in the Well.'" What merit this lady had as an actress, or what was her figure or her manner, I have not been informed: but, if we may believe Mr. Garrick, his old master's taste in theatrical merit was by no means refined; he was not an *elegans formarum spectator*. Garrick used to tell that Johnson said of an actor, who played Sir Harry Wildair, at Lichfield, "There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow"; when, in fact, according to Garrick's account, "he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever went upon *boards*."

We had promised Mr. Stanton to be at his theater on Monday. Dr. Johnson jocularly proposed to me to write a Prologue for the occasion: "A Prologue, by James Boswell, Esq., from the Hebrides." I was really inclined to take the hint. Methought, "Prologue, spoken before Dr. Samuel Johnson at Lichfield, 1776," would have sounded as well as "Prologue, spoken before the Duke of York at Oxford," in Charles the Second's time. Much might have been said of what Lichfield had done for Shakspeare, by producing Johnson and Garrick. But I found he was averse to it.

We went and viewed the museum of Mr. Richard Green, apothecary here, who told me he was proud of being a relation

of Dr. Johnson's. It was, truly, a wonderful collection, both of antiquities and natural curiosities, and ingenious works of art. He had all the articles accurately arranged, with their names upon labels, printed at his own little press; and on the staircase leading to it was a board, with the names of contributors marked in gold letters. A printed catalogue of the collection was to be had at a bookseller's. Johnson expressed his admiration of the activity and diligence and good fortune of Mr. Green, in getting together, in his situation, so great a variety of things; and Mr. Green told me that Johnson once said to him, "Sir, I should as soon have thought of building a man-of-war as of collecting such a museum." Mr. Green's obliging alacrity in showing it was very pleasing. His engraved portrait, with which he has favored me, has a motto truly characteristical of his disposition, "*Nemo sibi vivat.*"

A physician being mentioned who had lost his practice, because his whimsically changing his religion had made people distrustful of him, I maintained that this was unreasonable, as religion is unconnected with medical skill. *Johnson* — "Sir, it is not unreasonable; for when people see a man absurd in what they understand, they may conclude the same of him in what they do not understand. If a physician were to take to eating of horse-flesh, nobody would employ him; though one may eat horse-flesh, and be a very skillful physician. If a man were educated in an absurd religion, his continuing to profess it would not hurt him, though his changing to it would."

Mr. Seward mentioned to us the observations which he had made upon the strata of earth in volcanoes, from which it appeared, that they were so very different in depth at different periods, that no calculation whatever could be made as to the time required for their formation. This fully refuted an antimosaical remark introduced into Captain Brydone's entertaining tour, I hope heedlessly, from a kind of vanity which is too common in those who have not sufficiently studied the most important of all subjects. Dr. Johnson, indeed, had said before, independent of this observation, "Shall all the accumulated evidence of the history of the world — shall the authority of what is unquestionably the most ancient writing, be overturned by an uncertain remark such as this?"

On Monday, March 25, we breakfasted at Mrs. Lucy Porter's. Johnson had sent an express to Dr. Taylor's, acquainting him of our being at Lichfield, and Taylor had returned an

answer that his post-chaise should come for us this day. While we sat at breakfast, Dr. Johnson received a letter by the post, which seemed to agitate him very much. When he had read it, he exclaimed, "One of the most dreadful things that has happened in my time." The phrase *my time*, like the word *age*, is usually understood to refer to an event of a public or general nature. I imagined something like an assassination of the King — like a gunpowder plot carried into execution — or like another fire of London. When asked, "What is it, Sir?" he answered, "Mr. Thrale has lost his only son!" This was, no doubt, a very great affliction to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, which their friends would consider accordingly; but from the manner in which the intelligence of it was communicated by Johnson, it appeared for the moment to be comparatively small. I, however, soon felt a sincere concern, and was curious to observe how Dr. Johnson would be affected. He said, "This is a total extinction to their family, as much as if they were sold into captivity." Upon my mentioning that Mr. Thrale had daughters, who might inherit his wealth, "Daughters," said Johnson, warmly, "he'll no more value his daughters than "— I was going to speak. "Sir," said he, "don't you know how you yourself think? Sir, he wishes to propagate his name." In short, I saw male succession strong in his mind, even where there was no name, no family of any long standing. I said, it was lucky he was not present when this misfortune happened. *Johnson* — "It is lucky for *me*. People in distress never think that you feel enough." *Boswell* — "And, Sir, they will have the hope of seeing you, which will be a relief in the meantime; and when you get to them the pain will be so far abated, that they will be capable of being consoled by you, which, in the first violence of it, I believe would not be the case." *Johnson* — "No, Sir; violent pain of mind, like violent pain of body, *must* be severely felt." *Boswell* — "I own, Sir, I have not so much feeling for the distress of others as some people have, or pretend to have; but I know this, that I would do all in my power to relieve them." *Johnson* — "Sir, it is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others as much as they do themselves. It is equally so, as if one should pretend to feel as much pain while a friend's leg is cutting off, as he does. No, Sir; you have expressed the rational and just nature of sympathy. I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this boy."

He was soon quite calm. The letter was from Mr. Thrale's clerk, and concluded, "I need not say how much they wish to see you in London." He said, "We shall hasten back from Taylor's."

Mrs. Lucy Porter, and some other ladies of the place, talked a great deal of him when he was out of the room, not only with veneration, but affection. It pleased me to find that he was so much *beloved* in his native city.

Mrs. Aston, whom I had seen the preceding night, and her sister, Mrs. Gastrel, a widow lady, had each a house and garden, and pleasure-ground, prettily situate upon Stowhill, a gentle eminence adjoining to Lichfield. Johnson walked away to dinner there, leaving me by myself, without any apology. I wonder at this want of that facility of manners, from which a man has no difficulty in carrying a friend to a house where he is intimate. I felt it very unpleasant to be thus left in solitude in a country town, where I was an entire stranger, and began to think myself unkindly deserted; but I was soon relieved, and convinced that my friend, instead of being deficient in delicacy, had conducted the matter with perfect propriety, for I received the following note in his handwriting: —

"Mrs. Gastrel, at the lower house on Stowhill, desires Mr. Boswell's company to dinner at two."

I accepted of the invitation, and had here another proof how amiable his character was in the opinion of those who knew him best. I was not informed till afterwards that Mrs. Gastrel's husband was the clergyman who, while he lived at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was proprietor of Shakspeare's garden, with Gothic barbarity cut down his mulberry-tree, and, as Dr. Johnson told me, did it to vex his neighbors. His lady, I have reason to believe, on the same authority, participated in the guilt of what the enthusiasts of our immortal bard deem almost a species of sacrilege.

After dinner, Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to Mrs. Thrale, on the death of her son. I said it would be very distressing to Thrale, but she would soon forget it, as she had so many things to think of. *Johnson* — "No, Sir, Thrale will forget it first. *She* has many things that she *may* think of. *He* has many things that he *must* think of." This was a very just remark upon the different effects of those light pursuits which occupy a vacant

and easy mind, and those serious engagements which arrest attention, and keep us from brooding over grief.

He observed of Lord Bute, "It was said of Augustus, that it would have been better for Rome that he had never been born, or had never died. So it would have been better for this nation, if Lord Bute had never been minister, or had never resigned."

In the evening we went to the Townhall, which was converted into a temporary theater, and saw "Theodosius," with "The Stratford Jubilee." I was happy to see Dr. Johnson sitting in a conspicuous part of the pit, and receiving affectionate homage from all his acquaintance. We were quite gay and merry. I afterwards mentioned to him that I condemned myself for being so when poor Mr. and Mrs. Thale were in such distress. *Johnson* — "You are wrong, Sir; twenty years hence Mr. and Mrs. Thrale will not suffer much pain from the death of their son. Now, Sir, you are to consider that distance of place, as well as distance of time, operates upon the human feelings. I would not have you be gay in the presence of the distressed, because it would shock them; but you may be gay at a distance. Pain for the loss of a friend, or of a relation whom we love, is occasioned by the want which we feel. In time the vacuity is filled with something else; or sometimes the vacuity closes up of itself."

Mr. Seward and Mr. Pearson, another clergyman here, supped with us at our inn, and after they left us we sat up late, as we used to do in London.

Here I shall record some fragments of my friend's conversation during this jaunt.

"Marriage, Sir, is much more necessary to a man than to a woman: for he is much less able to supply himself with domestic comforts. You will recollect my saying to some ladies the other day, that I had often wondered why young women should marry, as they have so much more freedom, and so much more attention paid to them while unmarried than when married. I indeed did not mention the *strong* reason for their marrying — the *mechanical* reason." *Boswell* — "Why that is a strong one. But does not imagination make it much more important than it is in reality? Is it not, to a certain degree, a delusion in us as well as in women?" *Johnson* — "Why yes, Sir; but it is a delusion that is always beginning again." *Boswell* — "I don't know but there is upon the whole more misery than happiness

produced by that passion." *Johnson* — "I don't think so, Sir."

"Never speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate, and may be offensive."

"Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself. There may be parts of his former life which he may not wish to be made known to other persons, or even brought to his own recollection."

"A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered and brought out against him upon some subsequent occasion."

"Much may be done if a man puts his whole mind to a particular object. By doing so, Norton has made himself the great lawyer that he is allowed to be."

I mentioned an acquaintance of mine, a sectary, who was a very religious man, who not only attended regularly on public worship with those of his communion, but made a particular study of the Scriptures, and even wrote a commentary on some parts of them, yet was known to be very licentious in indulging himself with women; maintaining that men are to be saved by faith alone, and that the Christian religion had not prescribed any fixed rule for the intercourse between the sexes. *Johnson* — "Sir, there is no trusting to that crazy piety."

I observed that it was strange how well Scotchmen were known to one another in their own country, though born in very distant counties; for we do not find that the gentlemen of neighboring counties in England are mutually known to each other. Johnson, with his usual acuteness, at once saw and explained the reason of this: "Why, Sir, you have Edinburgh, where the gentlemen from all your counties meet, and which is not so large but they are all known. There is no such common place of collection in England, except London, where from its great size and diffusion, many of those who reside in contiguous counties of England, may long remain unknown to each other."

On Tuesday, March 26, there came for us an equipage properly suited to a wealthy, well-beneficed clergyman: Dr. Taylor's large, roomy post chaise, drawn by four stout, plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postilions, which conveyed us to Ashbourne; where I found my friend's schoolfellow living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with his substantial credi-

table equipage; his house, garden, pleasure grounds, table — in short, everything good, and no scantiness appearing. Every man should form such a plan of living as he can execute completely. Let him not draw an outline wider than he can fill up. I have seen many skeletons of show and magnificence which excite at once ridicule and pity. Dr. Taylor had a good estate of his own, and good preferment in the church, being a prebendary of Westminster, and rector of Bosworth. He was a diligent justice of the peace, and presided over the town of Ashbourne, to the inhabitants of which I was told he was very liberal; and as a proof of this it was mentioned to me, he had the preceding winter distributed two hundred pounds among such of them as stood in need of his assistance. He had consequently a considerable political interest in the county of Derby, which he employed to support the Devonshire family; for though the schoolfellow and friend of Johnson, he was a Whig. I could not perceive in his character much congeniality of any sort with that of Johnson, who, however, said to me, "Sir, he has a very strong understanding." His size, and figure, and countenance, and manner, were that of a hearty English 'squire, with the parson superinduced; and I took particular notice of his upper-servant, Mr. Peters, a decent, grave man, in purple clothes, and a large white wig, like the butler or *major domo* of a bishop.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Taylor met with great cordiality; and Johnson soon gave him the same sad account of their schoolfellow, Congreve, that he had given to Mr. Hector; adding a remark of such moment to the rational conduct of a man in the decline of life, that deserves to be imprinted upon every mind: "There is nothing against which an old man should be so much upon his guard as putting himself to nurse." Innumerable have been the melancholy instances of men once distinguished for firmness, resolution, and spirit, who in their latter days have been governed like children, by interested female artifice.

Dr. Taylor commended a physician who was known to him and Dr. Johnson, and said, "I fight many battles for him, as many people in the country dislike him." *Johnson* — "But you should consider, Sir, that by every one of your victories he is a loser; for every man of whom you get the better will be very angry, and resolve not to employ him; whereas, if people get the better of you in argument about him, they'll think, 'We'll send for Dr. ——, nevertheless.'" This was an observation deep and sure in human nature.

Next day we talked of a book in which an eminent judge was arraigned before the bar of the public, as having pronounced an unjust decision in a great cause. Dr. Johnson maintained that this publication would not give any uneasiness to the judge. "For," said he, "either he acted honestly, or he meant to do injustice. If he acted honestly, his own consciousness will protect him; if he meant to do injustice, he will be glad to see the man who attacks him so much vexed."

Next day, as Dr. Johnson had acquainted Dr. Taylor of the reason for his returning speedily to London, it was resolved that we should set out after dinner. A few of Dr. Taylor's neighbors were his guests that day.

Dr. Johnson talked with approbation of one who had attained to the state of the philosophical wise man, that is, to have no want of anything. "Then, Sir," said I, "the savage is a wise man." "Sir," said he, "I do not mean simply being without, but not having a want." I maintained, against this proposition, that it was better to have fine clothes, for instance, than not to feel the want of them. *Johnson* — "No, Sir; fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect. Was Charles the Twelfth, think you, less respected for his coarse blue coat and black stock? And you find the King of Prussia dresses plain, because the dignity of his character is sufficient." I here brought myself into a scrape, for I heedlessly said, "Would not *you*, Sir, be the better for velvet embroidery?" *Johnson* — "Sir, you put an end to all argument, when you introduce your opponent himself. Have you no better manners? There is *your want.*" I apologized by saying, I had mentioned him as an instance of one who wanted as little as any man in the world, and yet, perhaps, might receive some additional luster from dress.

Having left Ashbourne in the evening, we stopped to change horses at Derby, and availed ourselves of a moment to enjoy the conversation of my countryman, Dr. Butter, then physician there. He was in great indignation because Lord Mountstuart's bill for a Scotch militia had been lost. Dr. Johnson was as violent against it. "I am glad," said he, "that Parliament has had the spirit to throw it out. You wanted to take advantage of the timidity of our scoundrels," (meaning, I suppose, the ministry.) It may be observed that he used the epithet scoundrel very commonly — not quite in the sense in which it is generally understood, but as a strong term of disapprobation; as,

when he abruptly answered Mrs. Thrale, who had asked him how he did, "Ready to become a scoundrel, Madam; with a little more spoiling you will, I think, make me a complete rascal." He meant, easy to become a capricious and self-indulgent valetudinarian — a character for which I have heard him express great disgust.

Johnson had with him upon this jaunt "Il Palmerino d'Inghilterra," a romance praised by Cervantes; but did not like it much. He said he read it for the language, by way of preparation for his Italian expedition. We lay this night at Loughborough.

On Thursday, March 28th, we pursued our journey. I mentioned that old Mr. Sheridan complained of the ingratitude of Mr. Wedderburne and General Fraser, who had been much obliged to him when they were young Scotchmen entering upon life in England. *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, a man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. A man, when he gets into a higher sphere, into other habits of life, cannot keep up all his former connections. Then, Sir, those who knew him formerly upon a level with themselves, may think that they ought still to be treated as on a level, which cannot be; and an acquaintance in a former situation may bring out things which it would be very disagreeable to have mentioned before higher company, though perhaps everybody knows of them." He placed this subject in a new light to me, and showed that a man who has risen in the world must not be condemned too harshly for being distant to former acquaintance, even though he may have been much obliged to them. It is, no doubt, to be wished that a proper degree of attention should be shown by great men to their early friends. But if, either from obtuse insensibility to difference of situation, or presumptuous forwardness, which will not submit even to an exterior observance of it, the dignity of high place cannot be preserved when they are admitted into the company of those raised above the state in which they once were, encroachment must be repelled, and the kinder feelings sacrificed. To one of the very fortunate persons whom I have mentioned — namely, Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Loughborough — I must do the justice to relate, that I have been assured by another early acquaintance of his, old Mr. Macklin, who assisted in improving his pronunciation, that he found him very grateful. Macklin, I suppose, had not pressed upon his elevation with so much

BOSWELL, JOHNSON, AND GOLDSMITH

eagerness as the gentleman who complained of him. Dr. Johnson's remark as to the jealousy entertained of our friends who rise far above us, is certainly very just. By this was withered the early friendship between Charles Townshend and Akenside; and many similar instances might be adduced.

He said, "It is commonly a weak man who marries for love." We then talked of marrying women of fortune: and I mentioned a common remark, that a man may be, upon the whole, richer by marrying a woman with a very small portion, because a woman of fortune will be proportionally expensive; whereas a woman who brings none will be very moderate in expenses. *Johnson* — "Depend upon it, Sir, this is not true. A woman of fortune, being used to the handling of money, spends it judiciously; but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending it, that she throws it away with great profusion."

He praised the ladies of the present age, insisting that they were more faithful to their husbands, and more virtuous in every respect, than in former times, because their understandings were better cultivated. It was an undoubted proof of his good sense and good disposition, that he was never querulous, never prone to inveigh against the present times, as is so common when superficial minds are on the fret. On the contrary, he was willing to speak favorably of his own age; and, indeed, maintained its superiority in every respect, except in its reverence for government; the relaxation of which he imputed as its grand cause, to the shock which our monarchy received at the Revolution, though necessary; and secondly, to the timid concessions made to faction by successive administrations in the reign of his present Majesty. I am happy to think that he lived to see the crown at last recover its just influence.

Having lain at St. Albans, on Thursday, March 28th, we breakfasted the next morning at Barnet. I expressed to him a weakness of mind which I could not help; an uneasy apprehension that my wife and children, who were at a great distance from me, might perhaps be ill. "Sir," said he, "consider how foolish you would think it in *them* to be apprehensive that *you* are ill." This sudden turn relieved me for the moment; but I afterwards perceived it to be an ingenious fallacy. I might, to be sure, be satisfied that they had no reason to be apprehensive about me, because I *knew* that I myself was well; but we might have mutual anxiety without the charge of folly, because

each was, in some degree, uncertain as to the condition of the other.

I enjoyed the luxury of our approach to London, that metropolis which we both loved so much, for the high and varied intellectual pleasure which it furnishes. I experienced immediate happiness while whirled along with such a companion, and said to him, "Sir, you observed one day at General Oglethorpe's, that a man is never happy for the present but when he is drunk. Will you not add,—or when driving in a post-chaise?" *Johnson*—"No, Sir; you are driving rapidly *from* something, or *to* something."

Talking of melancholy, he said, "Some men, and very thinking men too, have not those vexing thoughts. Sir Joshua Reynolds is the same all the year round. Beauclerk, except when ill and in pain, is the same. But I believe most men have them in the degree in which they are capable of having them. If I were in the country, and were distressed by that malady, I would force myself to take a book; and every time I did it I should find it the easier. Melancholy, indeed, should be diverted by every means but drinking."

We stopped at Messrs. Dilly's, booksellers in the Poultry; from whence he hurried away, in a hackney-coach, to Mr. Thrale's, in the Borough. I called at his house in the evening, having promised to acquaint Mrs. Williams of his safe return; when, to my surprise, I found him sitting with her at tea, and, as I thought, not in a very good humor; for, it seems, when he had got to Mr. Thrale's he found the coach was at the door waiting to carry Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Signor Baretti, their Italian master, to Bath. This was not showing the attention which might have been expected to the "guide, philosopher, and friend"—the *Imlac* who had hastened from the country to console a distressed mother, who, he understood, was very anxious for his return. They had, I found, without ceremony, proceeded on their intended journey. I was glad to understand from him that it was still resolved that his tour to Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale should take place, of which he had entertained some doubt, on account of the loss they had suffered; and his doubts afterwards appeared to be well founded. He observed, indeed very justly, that "their loss was an additional reason for their going abroad; and if it had not been fixed that he should have been one of the party, he would force them out; but he would not advise them, unless his advice was asked, lest

they might suspect that he recommended what he wished on his own account." I was not pleased that his intimacy with Mr. Thrale's family, though it no doubt contributed much to his comfort and enjoyment, was not without some degree of restraint: not, as has been grossly suggested, that it was required of him as a task to talk for the entertainment of them and their company, but that he was not quite at his ease; which, however, might partly be owing to his own honest pride.

The character of Samuel Johnson has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work that they who have honored it with a perusal may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavor to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue; yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs; when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is in general made up of contradictory qualities: and these will ever show themselves in strange succession where a consistency in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigor of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and therefore we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

Francis W. Bourdillon, born in 1852. He was educated at Oxford, and became tutor to the children of the Princess Christian of England. He is famous for a short poem, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and has published a novel, "Nephelé" (New York and London, 1896), besides "Among the Flowers and Other Poems" (1872), and "Young Maids and Old China" (1888).

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
  The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When love is done.

Two Robbers.

When Death from some fair face
  Is stealing life away,
All weep, save her, the grace
  That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
  Steals beauty, year by year,
For her slow-fading grace
  Who sheds, save her, a tear?

And Death not often dares
  To wake the world's distress;
While Time, the cunning, mars
  Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
  Fades all our fairest prime,
Men shrink from cruel Death,
  And honor crafty Time.

PAUL BOURGET.

Paul Bourget, a French novelist and essayist, was born in Amiens, Sept. 2, 1852. He studied at the Lyceum of Clermont-Terrand, where his father was Professor of mathematics, and after a brilliant course here, entered the college of Sainte Barbe, graduating from it in 1872 with the highest honors. Although by 1881 he had published two or three volumes of poems, and many magazine articles, it was not until his first series of "Essays" appeared, in 1883, that he received recognition as a writer of great literary merit. The second series, published in 1886, strengthened his already secure position in the literary world. His first novel, "L'Irréparable," was published in 1884. Others are: "Cruelle Énigme" (1885); "Un Crime d'Amour" (1886); "André Cornélis" and "Mensonges" (1887). Later works are: "Pastels of Men" (two series, 1890–1891); "Impressions of Italy" (1891); "Cosmopolis" (1892); "The Saint"; "Outre-Mer" (1894); and "A Tragic Idyl" (1896). "M. Paul Bourget," says the *Westminster Review*, "may be considered the chief representative of the psychical school of novelists which claims to descend from Balzac and Flaubert."

Monsieur Viple's Brother.[1]

(From "Pastels of Men": translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.)

One of the most exciting impressions of my childhood was the sojourn of the Austrian soldiers made prisoners during the campaign of 1859 in the provincial town where I grew up.

I recall this sojourn of the prisoners with strange uniforms (which was in fact very brief), because another recollection is attached to it, — that of an incident which long remained mysterious to my boyish mind, and on which I still reflect with passionate interest whenever I hear a discussion on the nature of children. I must add that the person who told it to me lives in my memory as one of the most original types which I knew in this old provincial town, where my ferreting eyes

[1] By permission of Little, Brown & Co.

were already opening to every peculiarity of countenance and to the slightest oddity of behavior. He was an old friend of my family, once actively connected with the university and now retired with the function of inspector, who answered to the somewhat fantastic name of Monsieur Optat Viple, the man being as fantastic as the name. I see him now across the vanished years, as though he were coming from the cemetery to take his accustomed walk along the Cours Sablon in the sunshine, — very tall, very lean, his hat in his hand, with a pointed, bald head, spectacles on an endless nose, his overcoat buttoned tightly round his elongated waist, in summer as in winter, in winter as in summer, his feet incased in double-soled boots, which he never changed, even in the house, for fear of taking cold. He had kindly offered to teach me the rudiments of Latin and Greek for the pleasure of testing a method of his own, and I went every day at nine o'clock to take my lesson in his study before his dinner, which he invariably ate at ten o'clock, that he might sup (as they call it in those parts) at half-past five.

I remember, as though it were but yesterday, the morning when my old friend related to me the incident to which I just now made allusion. As the weather seemed uncertain, we had started for the Bughes, a sort of square planted with trees quite near the town and reached through the faubourg Saint-Allyre. We were just about to meet on the Poterne terrace a group of Austrian prisoners in their white uniforms, when Monsieur Viple, as if to avoid them, pulled me abruptly down the side street which leads to Notre Dame du Port, an old Roman basilica with a dark crypt. He was silent for some minutes. I looked into his furrowed face, on which the rounded point of his shirt collar was pressing, and I said to him suddenly, —

"Monsieur Viple, don't you want to look at those Austrians a little nearer?"

"No, my child," he said, with a look I had never yet seen on his face, — full, it seemed to me, of the shadow of some dark memory, — "the last time I saw their uniform was too dreadful."

"When was that?" I persisted.

"At the time of the invasion," he replied. Then, as if making a calculation in his head, he added, "About forty-five years ago."

"Did they get as far as Issoire?" I asked, knowing that he came from that town.

"Yes, as far as Issoire," he answered slowly. Presently, as we were going down the road which leads to the station, he added, pointing to another parallel road, which is called the route to Issoire: "First they reached Clermont; then they came direct to us. Ah! our house was very near being burned at that time — yes, yes, even so. We did not expect them. We knew very well that the Emperor had been defeated, but we could not believe it was all over with him, — that devil of a man had won the game so often. And then, we loved him; my father loved him; he had seen him once reviewing his troops in the Carrousel after the campaign of Austerlitz. How often he told us of that wonderful blue eye which forced you to cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' by merely looking at you. And mind you, my boy, that Emperor was not like this present one. *He* was a man of the Revolution, a jacobin at heart, who wasn't afraid of *hommes noirs*. Enough, enough!"

"But why did the Austrians want to burn your house?" I asked with the persistency of a small boy who perceives a story and does not mean to let it escape him.

"The invaders arrived one evening," continued the old man, as if he had forgotten me, and was following the visions which crowded on his memory. "They were not very numerous, — a single detachment of cavalry, commanded by a tall officer, very young, with an insolent face and a long, fair mustache which almost floated in the wind. We had spent that day in horrible anxiety. We knew the enemy were at Clermont. Would they come to us, or would they not come? How ought we to receive them? A council was held at my father's house, for he was then mayor of the village. If he hadn't been so sick he was the man to put himself at the head of a determined troop and barricade the streets. Who knows whether, if all the towns and villages had done that, the allies might not have met the fate of our grumblers in Spain. There is but one policy for an invaded people,— guerrilla warfare and sharpshooting, the taking off of the enemy head by head. Yes, we might have defended ourselves. We had provisions, and all the peasantry round about had guns hanging to a nail in their chimneys. But my poor, dear father was in bed shaking with chills and fever, which he caught in the marshes of Courpières while snaring birds. So wiser counsels prevailed. Suddenly a burst of trumpets; the

enemy were upon us! Ah, boy, may you never know what it is to hear the clarions sound a foreign march like that. Such superb disdain was in that blast, — disdain and hatred! How well I remember listening to it in my father's bedchamber, my forehead against the window panes as I watched the officer caracoling at the head of his troop; and when I turned away I saw the old man weeping."

"Then you ought to be pleased, Monsieur Viple, to see those very soldiers prisoners now," I said.

"Pleased? pleased! I have no confidence in this Emperor. But enough, enough!"

This was the customary exclamation of the old jacobin, when he did not wish to say anything I might repeat to the displeasure of my family. He continued his tale: —

"The Austrians had not been fifteen minutes in the town before they knocked violently at our door. The handsome officer with the long mustache chose to install himself in the mayor's house in company with two others, and I was ordered to move out of my room. I can see myself still, inveighing against them and hiding a pistol which I had loaded for the defense in a sort of cupboard, which served me for a poke-away. I was furious at having to leave my room, which was the prettiest in the house: it looked out upon a terrace where I played constantly, from which a flight of stone steps covered with mosses led down into the garden. Beneath it was the billiard room, and above a sort of attic to which I was relegated during the time the Austrian officers were in the house. They immediately ordered dinner; and as they were tired with their day's march, every one had to put his or her hand to the business of getting their meal ready at once. These three officers and six persons with them made nine, and that was a good many to provide for suddenly. However, we managed to get up a repast which my mother was anxious to make succulent. 'We must mollify them,' said the poor woman, as she sent me to the fish pond to catch some trout, — those beautiful fresh trout I was so fond of feeling slip through my fingers as I caught them. I was also sent to the cellar for champagne, — four bottles of which my father used formerly to uncork for each of the great Emperor's victories. The supply was almost exhausted. I can't tell you my distress in having to prepare such a feast for these men with our own provisions in our own house, by this time noisy with their boisterous gayety, — the racket increasing and still increasing with laughter and

the clinking of glasses as the meal went on. They drank toasts given in a language I had never heard. I listened to the noise from the kitchen, where it was decreed that we should take our own meals in the chimney corner. What were they toasting? Our defeat, no doubt, and the death of our poor Emperor. I was only twelve years old at the time, but I swear to you no one ever suffered more from anger and indignation than I did sitting on my little chair opposite to my mother. As a good housewife her mind dwelt chiefly on the breakage of the plates and glasses. 'I hope they have all they want,' she said anxiously to the servant. 'They want this, and they want that,' answered our good Michel; and this and that were accordingly sent in to them until the moment when Michel came into the kitchen with a troubled face. 'They want coffee!' he said."

"Coffee was easy enough to supply," I remarked, interrupting Monsieur Viple.

"Do you think so?" he replied. "You don't know, child, what rarities coffee and sugar were in those days. You have been told how the Emperor had the idea of a great continental blockade for the purpose of preventing all commerce between England and the European nations. Yes, it was an idea, and a great idea, though it came to nothing. However, it had the immediate result to us of the lesser bourgeoisie of diminishing and even stopping altogether the sale of certain foreign products. So, when the servant came in with this fresh demand, my mother was aghast. 'Coffee!' she cried; 'but we haven't an atom of it in the house. Go and tell them so.' Two minutes later Michel returned. 'They are drunk, madame,' he said; 'and they declare they will either have the coffee or smash everything.' 'Good God!' cried my mother, clasping her hands; 'and I have left my Sèvres set on the sideboard!'

"The racket in the dining room increased. The officers were rapping on the floor with their sabers and shouting till the window panes rattled. That good Michel of ours tried three several times to make them listen to reason, and three times he returned to us fairly routed by a shower of abuse. They shouted: 'Coffee! coffee!' and the mere words, pronounced in the German way, seemed a hoarse growl of savagery. At last the uproar became so loud that the sound of it reached my father's room, and presently the kitchen door opened and his tall figure, wrapped in a brown dressing gown, with a foulard

round the head, appeared, his eyes gleaming. 'What is all this?' he said, and I saw his lips tremble as he asked the question; with fever was it, or anger? They explained the matter to him, 'I will speak to them,' he said, and he went into the dining room. I followed him. I shall see that scene throughout my whole life, — the Austrian officers in their white uniforms, their faces flushed with drink, broken plates and bottles flung here and there upon the floor, the soiled cloth, and the smoke of their tobacco curling about the heads of our insolent conquerors. Yes, all my life I shall hear my father saying: 'Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor that I do not possess what you ask; I have risen from a sick bed to come here and ask you to respect the hearth on which I have received you as my guests.' He was hardly allowed to finish before the man with the long mustache, whose blue eyes gleamed with an evil look, rose and came up to him with a goblet of champagne in his hand. 'Very well!' he said in a tolerably pure accent, which showed him to be a man of superior education to his fellows, 'we will believe you if you will do us the pleasure of drinking to our august master, who has come here to save your country. Gentlemen, we will all drink to the health of our Emperor.'

"I looked at my father in terror, and, knowing him as I did, I saw that he was in a paroxysm of anger. He took the glass; then lifting it towards the portrait of Napoleon, which the brutes had not observed, he said in a ringing voice: 'Yes, gentlemen, long live the Emperor!' The officer with the long mustache followed the direction of my father's eyes. He saw the portrait, — an ordinary engraving. Breaking the glass and frame into fragments with one blow of his saber and refilling the glass my father had emptied, he cried brutally: 'Come, shout, "long live the Emperor of Austria!" and make haste about it.'

"My father took the glass, raised it again, and said, 'Long live the Emperor!' 'Ha! you French scoundrel!' shouted the officer, and catching up a chair he struck my sick father a violent blow in the chest, flinging him backward with his head against the angle of a door, while my mother and the servants and I uttered cries of horror."

"Was he dead?" I asked, interrupting the old man.

"We thought he was," answered Monsieur Viple; "for we saw the blood reddening the white handkerchief about his head.

But he lived, though it took him six months to recover from the shock of that blow."

"What did you do, Monsieur Viple?" I asked.

"I?" he said, hesitating, "nothing, absolutely nothing; but my brother —"

"Your brother? you never told me about him."

"No, he died young. We were nearly of an age; he was scarcely a year older than I. After he had gone to bed in his garret (for we had the same bedroom, and both of us were exiled to the attic), he began to think— think — think. Little boys in those days, you must know, were trained to be soldiers; they heard so much of fights and dangers and cannon balls and musketry that there was very little they were afraid of. So after he went to bed he could think of nothing but the troubles of that miserable day, the arrival of the enemy, their entrance into the house, the preparations for dinner, the assault upon his father, the insults to the Emperor. He imagined the officer asleep in his own bed, — his, and he the son of that old man basely injured. Suddenly an idea of vengeance began to grow, to grow, in his little head. He knew the old house as you know yours, in every corner of it. It was built at various times, and the skylight of the attic room to which the boy was now consigned opened upon a gently sloping roof, with a ledge or coping some seven feet below it. By walking along that ledge one could reach an ivied wall; in the wall were iron spikes which made a sort of ladder by which to reach a chimney in one direction, and in the other a second ledge from which it was possible to get down upon the terrace which I mentioned to you. The room in which the officer slept opened upon this terrace; and so, you see, my brother got out of bed, dressed in haste, crept like a cat down the slope of the roof to the coping, then along the coping down the iron spikes to the terrace, and so to the window of his old room. 'Twas a warm summer's night. The officer had closed the blinds, but not the window. My brother made sure of this by passing his little hand through the heart-shaped hole in the shutter. He stretched out his arm and felt no glass. Close to the hole was a bit of twine which served to open the shutters from within. He was brave enough to pull it. 'The worst that can happen to me,' thought he, 'is to be caught. Well, if I am, I shall say that I had forgotten something in my room and came to get it.' A foolish excuse; but the boy was possessed by an idea. The shutter

creaked as it opened, but no one stirred. The officer was sleeping soundly, — stupefied no doubt by wines and liquors. His snores echoed from the room in regular cadence. With all the precautions of a thief my brother glided along the floor till he reached the cupboard where he had seen me hide that pistol. He took it out. You can fancy how his heart beat. He stayed there perfectly still a quarter of an hour perhaps, crouching on the floor, hugging his weapon, without really knowing what he meant to do with it. The moonbeams entering through the window fell athwart the room, lighting it just enough to show a vague outline of the various objects. The officer slept on; still the same calm, unbroken sleep, proclaimed by the monotonous snore. An image of his father entered the child's mind. He saw the scene of the evening; that old man raising his glass towards the portrait; the chair flung upon him, then his fall, and the flowing blood. The boy half rose and crept to the bed. He could almost distinguish the features of the sleeper. He cocked the pistol — how tremendous such little sounds as that can seem in moments like these! He pointed the pistol to the corner of the man's ear, there, just there below the hair, and he fired — "

"What then?" I exclaimed as he paused.

"Then," continued the old man, "he ran to the window, jumped the balustrade of the terrace, crept along the coping of one roof, climbed the iron spikes of the wall, and along the coping and slope of the other roof till he gained his room. Once there he closed the skylight, hid the pistol beneath his pillow and went to bed again, pretending to sleep, while a sudden uproar filled the house, showing that the pistol shot had wakened the household, who were doubtless searching for the murderer."

"Did they find him?"

"Never. Threats and search all failed. The Austrians wanted to burn the house down; they arrested our servants one by one, but each could show an alibi, fortunately, — my brother, too. But who would think of suspecting a child? Moreover, the dead man was hated by his soldiers and also by his superior officers."

"Ha! then he was really dead, was he? It served him right!" I cried.

"Yes, did it not? You think it was right, don't you?" asked the old inspector, his eyes glittering with a feverish recollection of a long past yet ever present memory.

"And your brother?" I persisted, "what became of him?"

"I have told you already that he died young," he replied.

Passing through Issoire a few years ago, I met, at the house of a distant relative of mine, an old lady over eighty years of age, who was a sort of cousin of my early friend the inspector. We talked of him a great deal, and, in the course of conversation, I chanced to say, —

"Did you know his brother?"

"What brother?" she asked.

"The one who died young."

"You are mistaken," she replied; "Optat never had a brother; he was an only son, — as I know very well, for I was brought up with him."

I then understood why it was that Monsieur Viple did not choose to cross the market place where the Austrian prisoners were assembled. He himself was the child who had avenged his outraged father, — he, the old university professor, who since that day had probably never touched a weapon. What strange mysteries are sometimes hidden in the depths of a peaceful and humble destiny!

The Aristocratic Vision of M. Renan.

(From the "Study of M. Renan.")

The sentiments I have tried to analyze are evidently of a rare order, and presuppose an exceptional culture. Delicate flowers will not grow in the winds and fitful sunshine of the public road. Their perfumed corollas expand only in the mellowed air of hot-houses. Science is a kind of hot-house which guards superior minds from the brutalities of real life. The author of "Dialogues philosophiques" is an exceptional person. He is a superior man, to me a term very strong in its simplicity; one might say almost that he is *the* superior man. Moreover, a certain air of imperceptible irony and transcendental disdain shows that he is conscious of this superiority. Disregard of vulgar opinion is very evident in his pages. The reserved elegance of a style which never emphasizes any special intention; the subtle arguments which never take the imperative tone; a strength of feelings, none of which are exaggerated for the sake of sympathy, — all would reveal his aristocratic ideal, even if he had not often declared that there is one domain for the initiated and

another for the simple. His political work on "Reforme intellectuelle et morale" contains the strongest argument of the last hundred years against the very principle of democracy, natural equality. His two symbolic dramas — "Caliban" and "Eau de Jouvence" — may be summed up in this reflection of the prior of Chartreux, seated in his stall while the organ plays alone, and the crowd presses around the crowned Caliban: "All civilization is the work of aristocrats." This truth the demagogue Caliban himself recognizes, since as soon as possessed of the palace and power of Prospero, he assumes aristocratic ways; and M. Renan, always desirous of correcting by a smile even his dearest affirmations, carefully adds that the monster of the island became a very fair prince. Prospero proclaims that material work is the slave of spiritual work. Everything must aid him who prays, — that is, who thinks. Democratic minds, which do not admit individual subordination to a general achievement, consider this a monstrous doctrine.

Finally, the "Dialogues philosophiques," in the part entitled "Dreams," contain a complete plan for the subjection of the greatest number by a chosen few. . . . Is it bold to consider his feeling for his native soil the germ of his aristocratic ideal?

Other determining circumstances unite with it, all of which may be summed up in the term "superior man," which seems simple enough, but which may be decomposed into a series of complex characters. The superior man differs from the man of genius, who may be unintelligent enough, and from the man of talent, who is often a mere specialist, in an ability to form general ideas about everything. If this power of generalizing is not combined with equal creative power, the superior man remains a critic. But if he possesses both, he is an exceptional being and the highest conceivable type, that of conscious genius. Cæsar is an example of this in politics; Da Vinci in painting; and the great Goethe in literature. Even if he does not reach these heights, the superior man is one of the most useful instruments of society. For universal comprehension usually includes a universal aptitude. Is not this demonstrated in England, where favorable conditions have developed many examples? What are great political characters like Disraeli and Macaulay, who could apply an ever-ready intelligence to literary composition and parliamentary struggles, to financial interests and diplomatic difficulties, but superior men?

Conceive such a one thrown into the democratic current by

chances of birth, and you will realize the contrasts of environment and character which have led M. Renan to the conception of an ideal so unusual. Democracy seems at a first glance very favorable to talent, for it opens all doors to all efforts. But at the same time it strengthens the hard law of competition. Therefore it requires a greater specialization. Then, democracy is founded upon equality, of which the logical consequence is universal suffrage. It needs little analysis to know that universal suffrage is hostile to the superior man. The mental attitudes resulting from advanced study are usually — multiplicity of points of view; a taste for nice distinctions; a disdain for absolute statement; and search for intricate solutions; — all of which are refinements antagonistic to the popular love of positive assertion. Therefore a superior man finds the morals of a democracy unfavorable to his development, while its laws hold him back from public affairs. So, many distinguished minds in France to-day are excluded from government; or if they have triumphed over the ostracism to which their divorce from common passions condemns them, it is because they disguise this divorce under professions which are void of intellectual impartiality. The superior man exiled in what Sainte-Beuve calls "the ivory tower" watches the drama of national life as one who sees its future possibilities. Is it necessary to recall that one of this class of élite has shown a veritable gift of prophecy? To cite only one example, were not the disasters of 1870 predicted with surprising exactness in the "France nouvelle" of Prévost-Paradol, victim like Renan of universal suffrage? It is evident that a strange melancholy oppresses these lofty minds, weighed down under the conviction of their ideal strength and their real weakness. The insolent triumph of the mediocre adds to this sadness. But it is not quite without sweetness. It has something of the pleasure extolled by Lucretius in the famous verses on those temples of the calm faith from which the sage regards the wild struggle of the passions. But the superior man of to-day will never know the full enjoyment which the nervous systems of the ancients permitted them. The mind can do a great deal, but it is powerless to remodel our native faculties. Whether we hate or venerate the democracy, we are its sons and inherit its imperious need of combat. The obscure and revolutionary nineteenth century is in our blood, and prohibits the inner immobility, the mental quiet, celebrated by the Epicureans of Greece and Rome. There is agitation in our serenities, as in our submissions. Catholics or

atheists, monarchists or republicans, all the offspring of this age of anguish have the anxious look, the quaking heart, the trembling hands of the great battle of the time. Even those who try to stand aloof share the common anxiety. They too are revolutionists like the others, but they oppose human stupidity, and their mute rebellion is called disdain.

It would be interesting to study among contemporary scholars the different forms of this disdain. Does not the exaggeration of technical beauties, which is a feature of the school of poets ironically called Parnassians, proceed from this sentiment of *Odi profanum vulgus?* Did not Gustave Flaubert compose "Bouvard et Péchuchet" under this inspiration? Would Taine have undertaken his 'Histoire des Origines de la France contemporaine" if he had not been tormented by a longing to understand the democratic tide which was sweeping him away? But no writer has felt more strongly than M. Renan the antithesis of the superior man and democracy. One must read and re-read those pages of the "Dialogues" where Theoctiste imagines the victory of a future oligarchy, to appreciate the intensity of passion employed in the examination of these problems. He conceives that the learned will secure formidable destructive agents, requiring the most delicate calculations and much abstract knowledge. Then, exulting in their power, the dreamer exclaims: —"Thus the forces of humanity would some day be held in a few hands, and would be possessed by a league which could rule the existence of the planet and terrorize the whole world. If those most endowed with reason had ability to destroy the planet, their sovereignty would be established. The privileged class would reign by absolute terror, since they would have the existence of all in their hands. They would be almost gods, and then would be realized the theological state dreamed by the poet for primitive humanity: 'Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor.'" We must not attach more reality to this tragic fancy than the author intended, but it shows an incurably wounded heart; and proves that the scholar who drew this gloomy picture has no great tenderness for the favorite Utopias of the age.

An open break is possible between democracy and science, the two great forces of modern society. Certainly while the tendency of the first is to level, that of the second is to create differences. "Knowledge is power," said the inductive philosopher. To know ten times as much as another is to be ten times as capable; and as intellectual inequality forbids a uni-

form degree of information, there is increasing opposition between democratic tendencies and the social results of science. There are several solutions, as in nearly all the complicated problems as to the future. In formulating the hypothesis of the "Dialogues," M. Renan indicates one of them. Another may be simply an application of science to the organization of societies. An unprejudiced consideration of the principles upon which our nineteenth-century society is founded proves their Cartesian character, very different already from modern philosophy. But there is a secret movement of minds. The conceptions of Darwin and Herbert Spencer permeate the new ones. We must have faith in the worth of the doctrines which will eventually overthrow politics, as well as natural science and literature. A time is coming when a society will not seem to the philosophers of evolution as it did to the last inheritors of the classic spirit. It will appear, not the operation of a logical contract, but the action of a confederation of organisms of which the cell is the unit. This is very different from the reigning idea. It is exclusive of any difference between democrat and aristocrat, for such difference means an arbitrary classification of the different social elements. If this consoling vision is not a simple chimera, it may be remembered that the great scorners like M. Renan are active workmen for its accomplishment, in that they formulate it very exactly, and face the coming conflict with sorrowfully keen relief.

These summary notes upon one of our most remarkable men only indicate the three or four states of conscience which he represents to the young people who read his books and meditate upon their eloquent, disquieting pages. No other author offers more that is fresh in thought and feeling, for no other employs greater sincerity in thought and in exposition of sentiment. Whoever studies the springs of moral life in the rising generation, meets everywhere his influence. Not before a hundred years hence can his achievement be measured. If there are any who do not worship sincerity and reverence, they should devote themselves to the books of M. Renan; for no one has practiced these qualities with greater constancy than he, who on the first page of his "Vie de Jésus," invokes the pure spirit of the venerated Dead, and who prayed to him in a melancholy petition to the unattainable — "O good Genius, reveal to me whom you love, the truths which govern death, keep one from fearing and make one almost love it!"

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Sir John Bowring, an English linguist, author, and noted diplomat; born in Exeter, Oct. 17, 1792; died there, Nov. 23, 1872. He was a great traveler and a close student; and boasted that he knew two hundred languages and could speak one hundred. In 1825 he became editor of the *Westminster Review*. He was a Member of Parliament in 1835–1837 and 1841–1847; was appointed on various commissions, to France, Switzerland, Italy, Syria, etc. In 1849 he was British consul at Hong-Kong, where he became governor in 1853. In 1855 he concluded a treaty with Siam; he was knighted in 1854. He rendered great service to English literature by translating the popular poems and folk-songs of various nations. Among his works are: "Specimens of the Russian Poets" (London, 1821–1823); "Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain" (1824); "Specimens of the Polish Poets" (1827); "Servian Popular Poetry" (1827); "Poetry of the Magyars" (1830); "Cheskian Anthology" (1832); "The Flowery Scroll: a Chinese Novel" (1868); "The Oak: Original Tales and Sketches" (1869); and two important volumes of travel: "The Kingdom and People of Siam" (1857), and "A Visit to the Philippine Islands" (1859). He edited with a biography (22 vols., London, 1838) the works of Jeremy Bentham, of whom he was a disciple and admirer; and wrote a number of books on political and social topics and also hymns and poems.

The Cross of Christ.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me —
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time"

From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Watchman! What of the Night?

Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

During a Thunder-Storm.

It thunders! Sons of dust in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! Thou speakest from above:

Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear Thy awful voice — alarmed — afraid —
I see the flashes of Thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? Up to the sun he flies —
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And *here* in error and in darkness lost:
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor — by the tempest tost
In a frail bark — the sport of destiny,
He sleeps — and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest; — and the obedient storm is still:
Thou speakest — silent the submissive wave:
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee.
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream:
And time when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

From the Russian of DIMITRIEV.

THE RICH AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world; — if wealthy, you may call
This friend, *that* brother; — friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless — witless — never mind it;
You may have been a stable boy — what then?
'Tis wealth, good Sir, makes *honorable men.*
You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.
But if you are poor, heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain; — the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score: — Why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor devil, keen and clever,
Witty and wise: — he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I, "whence it is so?"

He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied, and some
Said by their silence — "Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus rich I'm sure,
He could not pride himself upon his wit
Nor wisdom — for he had not got a bit:
He had what's better; — he had wealth.
What a confusion! — all stand up erect —
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, Sir, the honor;" — then a bow
Down to the earth — Is't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"
Then looking round
One friendly face he found,
And said — "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?" — "That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other — "have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

From the Russian of KREMNITZER.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, a popular American novelist; born at Frederiksvärn, Norway, Sept. 23, 1848; died in New York, Oct. 4, 1895. After completing his university studies at Christiania, he came to the United States in 1869 and was editor of a Norwegian journal in Chicago. He returned to Europe in 1872 and studied Germanic philology at Leipsic two years; then returning to this country he was professor of German in Cornell University for six years, and then of Germanic languages and literature in Columbia College till his death. His story of Norwegian life, "Gunnar," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1873), and his "Idyls of Norway and Other Poems" (1883), give proof of his rare imaginative faculty and his deep human sympathies. Besides these, he wrote: "Tales from Two Hemispheres" (1875); "A Norseman's Pilgrimage"; "Ilka on the Hilltop and Other Stories"; "A Daughter of the Philistines."

THE HERO IN FICTION.

(From "Literary and Social Silhouettes.")

SOMETIMES a nightmarish sensation comes over me that I am living somebody else's life — that I am repeating with a helpless, hideous regularity the thoughts and deeds, the blunders and successes, of some creature that lived ages ago. If heroes of fiction were endowed with the power of sensation, they would, no doubt, be oppressed with a similar consciousness of preëxistence. For most of them have not only their prototypes, but their exact counterparts, in the ages of the past. Environments may change, and are continually changing; and a certain modification in the hero's external guise and speech and sentiment may be the result of what we call "modern improvement." But in their innermost core the characters remain essentially the same. The fundamental traits of human nature, transmitted by inheritance from generation to genera-

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tion, seem capable of but a limited degree of variation, and it would seem as if the novelists had already reached the limit.

The novel has existed, in one shape or another, from the earliest period of which history has preserved the record. By the novel I mean fictitious narrative in prose or verse; and when the art of writing was still unknown, the spoken story took the place of the written. Bards, rhapsodists, scalds, troubadours, ballad-singers, *improvisatori* have at different times ministered, and, in part, do yet minister, to this innate craving for fiction among the classes which are never reached by literature in the stricter sense. Whether there have been found cuneiform novels on the sun-baked bricks of Babylon and Nineveh I do not know; but the fragments of mythological poems which have been discovered suffice to show that the cuneiform equivalent for a novelist was not wanting. As for the Egyptians, their ingeniously elaborate style of writing must have been a sad restraint upon the hieroglyphic novelist when he was inclined to be prolific; and that may be one of the reasons why no hieroglyphic novels have been unearthed in tombs or temples or pyramids. The king had apparently (if we may judge by the extravagant fictions concerning himself and his deeds which he inscribed upon the public monuments) a monopoly on novel-writing, as on everything else that was pleasant and profitable. The priests worked out his plots in prose and verse, and supplied heroic embellishments *ad libitum*.

Having established this broad definition of fiction, let us take a look at the gallery of popular heroes which the novels of all ages supply. The oldest hero, as well as the newest (if we except the very latest development), is the man who looms a head above all the people. It is the king, the chieftain, the demi-god whose strength and prowess and beauty, physical or moral, thrill the soul, and kindle, by admiring sympathy, the heroic possibilities in our own hearts. Each nation sees its own ideal in this type, and modifies it in accordance with its character. Achilles, though swift-footed, brave, and beautiful, is petulant as a child, hot-tempered, and by no means a model of virtue; but, for all that, superb adjectives are heaped upon him, showing that he was meant to be a national ideal. Still nearer to this distinction comes the wily Ulysses, whose readiness of resource, faithlessness, and cheerful mendacity are so remote from Germanic notions of heroism that a modern novelist, if he used

him at all, would be compelled to assign to him the part of the villain.

Siegfried, in the "Nibelungen Lied," is, perhaps, the completest general embodiment of the Germanic hero. Siegfried is, like Achilles, brave, beautiful, and strong, and he is also repeatedly described as swift (*der snelle recke*); but here the resemblance ceases. Even though the story, in the mediæval German version, may contradict the poet, when he calls him faithful, it is obvious that the potion of oblivion (which the Icelandic version supplies) is responsible for his breach of faith to Brunhild. He is truthful, gentle, forgiving, an ardent, chivalrous lover, and a chaste and affectionate husband. He resembles in many respects the Celtic King Arthur — also a god-descended hero — but is more warmly human, and less of a faultless prig. In the Icelandic version in the Elder Edda, he is wilder, more ferocious, more frankly barbarian. There is a freshness of dawn and a new-born world upon his love for Brunhild — a feature which is most exquisitely preserved in Wagner's opera "Siegfried" — but, beyond a proud truthfulness and regard for his promise, he is not troubled with many modern virtues. As an heroic type, he recurs with slight modifications in a number of the Norse sagas; and he has been and is the hero of innumerable English, German, and Scandinavian novels. In fact, the romantic school of fiction knows scarcely any other style of hero; and is forced, in order to excite admiration, to repeat the Siegfried type, more or less disguised, *ad infinitum*. Take the heroes of Walter Scott's novels, one by one (conspicuously "Ivanhoe"), and what are they but pale reflections of the general Germanic ideal? Tremendously brave, surpassingly strong, extravagantly virtuous, pursued by hostile powers which threaten to overwhelm them, but over which they ultimately triumph — is not that a fair description of the usual hero of romanticism? Whether he wears doublet and hose, or frock-coat and trousers, he is always the same fellow at heart, and he rarely fails to win, as the prize of his valor, his female counterpart, for whose sake he breaks many a lance in life's perilous journey. In Mr. Marion Crawford's novels, "Mr. Isaacs and Dr. Claudius," I recently renewed my acquaintance with the Siegfried type in a modernized guise, and in Cooper's "Leather-stocking Tales" he is perpetually recurring.

Another type of the romantic hero is represented by the fairy tale of the Poor Boy who kills the Ogre and gets the

beautiful Princess and half the kingdom. Boots he used to be called in the English fairy-tale, and in the Norwegian he is called Ashiepattle. In the so-called Romantic sagas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries he is a favorite hero. He is of lowly origin, has had no advantages of education, is often buffeted and maltreated by his associates; but by dint of indomitable energy and perseverance conquers all obstacles, and finally marries his employer's daughter, or whoever else the Princess may be upon whom he has set his heart. Of course, if the author is a cruel wretch, with no regard for tender readers, he may vary the *dénouement* by landing the fair lady in the arms of the rich and hateful rival, whom the odious parent has selected for a son-in-law; but then the chances are that son-in-law No. 1 will be short-lived, and the loving hearts will be united in the last chapter. Dickens is very fond of this Ashiepattle style of hero, and has used him with success in "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," and many other romances. In the French novel he is the young man from the provinces who comes to Paris in *sabots*, and rises to fame and fortune. Daudet has him in "Le Nabab," but though he gets his Princess, he has to content himself without half the kingdom. In fact, the modern novelists, since the death of Dumas *père*, are no longer so lavish of kingdoms, and sometimes, from sheer malice, pursue Ashiepattle and his Princess beyond the honeymoon, and broadly hint that they did not "live happily ever afterwards." But that is so reprehensible that I wish it could be forbidden by an act of Congress, or that a tax might be levied (it is such an easy thing to get a tax levied, and so hard to get one removed) on every novel that does not end happily.

In the American novel, the Ashiepattle hero is very popular under the guise of the self-made man. Our national history is really a romance of the Ashiepattle among the nations, who beat the British ogre, and wedded the beautiful Princess Liberty, and conquered a kingdom compared with which those of the ancient fairy tales were scarcely worth considering. We have, therefore, a national sympathy with Ashiepattle in his struggles, and demand that his success shall be brilliant and pronounced. It will not do to cheat him out of the fruit of his labor, as Howells has done in "The Minister's Charge," and James in "The American;" or to develop weaknesses in him which make him unworthy of success, as the former has done in "A Modern Instance," and the latter in "Roderick Hudson."

Hardly more commendable is the example of Mr. E. W. Howe, who, in his powerful novel, "The Story of a Country Town," made the road to success so gloomy and the success itself so modest as not to seem worth the trouble of the pursuit. It is our national comedy, as well as the national tragedy — this struggle of the Poor Boy for the Princess and half the kingdom; and we may be pardoned if we take a more personal interest in the fortunes of the hero than is compatible with artistic impartiality.

A type of hero which is happily rare in American fiction is what Rousseau calls "the grand and virtuous criminal," whom Bulwer domesticated in English literature in "Eugene Aram." The type was popular in Germany at a much earlier period, as Schiller had invested it with the charm of his genius in Karl Moor, in "The Robbers," and in "Fiesco." The man who wages war single-handed against a corrupt and pusillanimous society — who is forced into the career of a criminal because all roads of honorable utility are closed to him — was a direct outgrowth of the sentimental philosophy of Rousseau, and at different times occupied the fancy of every poet and novelist who came under his influence. The Problematic Character, which Goethe sketched and Spielhagen elaborately studied, is essentially the same type, and has yet an enormous vogue in the German novel. In Spielhagen, the Problematic Character ends his life on the barricades or by suicide, but usually escapes the ignominy of a jail. He is a radical of an extreme type, and labors for the reconstruction of society according to the socialistic ideal.

It will be observed that all the heroes I have so far described have one thing in common. They are all heroic. They loom a head above all the people. The heroic criminal is no exception, for he is meant to demonstrate, not his own depravity, but that of the mediocre herd who are incapable of appreciating his grandeur. The latest development of the novel breaks with this tradition. It really abolishes the hero. It has, to be sure, a central character about whom the events group themselves; but this central character founds his claims upon the reader's interest, not upon any exceptional brilliancy or attraction, but upon his typical capacity, as representing a large class of his fellow-men. This is the great and radical change which the so-called realistic school of fiction has inaugurated, and it is fraught with momentous consequences. The novel, as soon as it sets

itself so serious an aim, is no longer an irresponsible play of fancy, however brilliant, but acquires an historical importance in relation to the age to which it belongs. The Germans are never weary of emphasizing what they call *die kulturgeschichtliche Bedeutung des Romans;* and it represents to me the final test by which a novelist is to be judged. Thackeray, for instance, is, to my mind, a far greater novelist than Dickens, because he has, to a large extent, chronicled the manners, speech, and sentiments of England during his own day. He dealt chiefly with what is called good society, and the completeness, the truthfulness, and the vividness of his picture no one can question. Dickens, though perhaps more brilliantly equipped, had no ambition to be truthful. He had the romantic ideal in view, and produced a series of extremely entertaining tales, which are incidentally descriptive of manners, but caricatured, extravagant, and fantastic. The future historian, who should undertake to reconstruct the Victorian England from the romances of Dickens, would be justified in the conclusion that the majority of Englishmen during that period were afflicted with some cerebral disorder. He might with equal profit study "Alice Behind the Looking-Glass."

Thackeray's heroes, then, derive their chief value from the fact of their not being heroic. Arthur Pendennis, Clive Newcome, Harry Esmond, Captain Dobbin, Rawdon Crawley, and all the rest of them, — how well we know them! How near they are to our hearts! There is a chapter of social history bound up in every one of them. They were in the best sense representative and typical. That was the way Englishmen acted, spoke, and felt during the first half of the nineteenth century. Thackeray's novels are historical documents of unimpeachable veracity. But take the Guppys, Smallweeds, Tootses, Murdocks, Betsy Trotwoods, and Micawbers — how utterly absurd and unreal they seem by comparison! A critic would have to be preternaturally acute to find in them any trace of representative value. Even George Eliot's heroes, though they are psychologically true, have less of the earthy flavor of reality about them than those of Thackeray. They were drawn, primarily, to illustrate a moral law or problem, and they are admirably adapted for this purpose. We know them; but we know them less intimately than we do Colonel Newcome and Clive and Pen. Lydgate is typical, both as to character and fate, and so are Rosamond, Casaubon, Dorothea, Gwendolen, Grandcourt, and

Maggie Tulliver. But they lack the last touch of substantiality which distinguishes such a character as, for instance, old Major Pendennis or the sportive Harry Foker. They would, for the purposes of my hypothetical historian, be less valuable than the very sordid company who are immortalized between the covers of "Vanity Fair."

Any observant reader will have noticed, as a further evidence of the evolution of fiction, that the hero of the modern novel is no longer a gentleman of leisure, whose sole business in life is to make love and run into debt. It was supposed formerly that a hero would have to be high-born, handsome, and rich in order to command the interest of young ladies (who, at all times, have been the novelist's chief patrons); and all gifts of nature and fortune were, therefore, lavished upon him. But either the sentiments of the fair damsels must have been misunderstood, or less regard is now paid to them. For the heroes of the most modern tales are apt to be men who are neither high-born nor rich; who have much business of a practical sort to attend to, and write their *billets doux* on half-sheets with the printed letter-heads of their firm. Engineers have especially developed an extraordinary popularity, in witness of which I might cite Ohnet's "Maître des Forges," Daudet's "Jack," Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and a multitude of others. The merchant, the editor, the farmer, and even the reporter and the clerk and the farmhand are now attracting the attention of the novelist, and they are being portrayed not only in their leisure hours, but in their offices among bills of exchange and boxes, bales and barrels, plows and harrows. "The novelist," says the German critic, Julian Schmidt, "must seek the German people where the German people is to be found, i.e., at its labor." And it is not only the German people which is to be found at its labor. In France Zola has, in the Rougon-Macquart series, chronicled both the legitimate and the illegitimate trades, and conscientiously outraged all heroic traditions. The American people has probably less leisure than any nation under the sun, and its novelists, if they aim at realism, must acquire the art of converting the national industries into literary material. Mr. Howells has made an admirable experiment in this direction in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," which depicts a typical American merchant, a self-made man, in his strength as in his limitations. We see the whole life of the man in all its important phases; his pride in his mineral paint; his social insecurity and

awkwardness; his pleasure in his horses; his relations with his family. In short, Colonel Silas Lapham is as vivid a reality to us as any of his counterparts around the corner, whom we meet daily, but do not know half so well. Silas Lapham, however, enables us to know them better and to judge them more justly.

I am aware that journalists are disposed to resent the picture which Mr. Howells has drawn of them in Bartley Hubbard, in "A Modern Instance." It is, perhaps, possible that Bartley is not strikingly typical as a journalist; but that he embodies a very prevalent type in our national life is, I think, beyond dispute. The unscrupulous smart young man, with a kind of superficial cleverness, but utterly destitute of moral sense — who is there among us who does not know him to his cost? There is not an American village which cannot exhibit him in numerously varied editions. I believe that it is also a fact that he is apt to drift into journalism, as offering the shortest and easiest road to the eminence which he feels sure is within his reach.

There is not another American novelist who has apprehended so deeply and portrayed so faithfully two such types of our national life as Silas Lapham and Bartley Hubbard. Mr. James does not know the country well enough to achieve anything so vital in the way of American portraiture, and each new book which he puts forth shows a further alienation from his nationality. His point of view is already that of the American colonist in Paris, London, or Rome, who has learned to apologize for his origin. Even such types as Mr. Newman in *The American*, and Roderick and Rowland in "Roderick Hudson" (admirable though they be), lack the strong flavor of the soil which delights us in Bartley and Silas. While Mr. Howells appears to be getting a stronger grip on reality, as it fashions itself on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. James soars, like a high-bred and cynical eagle, in the upper air of the best British society, and looks down upon his former country with a sad, critical disapproval. Nevertheless, these two novelists, each within his own sphere and limitations, represent the latest evolution of realistic fiction. Their unheroic heroes are, as a rule, social types; and if (as I devoutly hope) long lives and unimpaired vigor be granted them, they may leave behind them a national portrait-gallery which will repay the study of the future historian.

Hilda's Little Hood.

In sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their shrouds of snow;
And 'tisn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as she;
Her eyes they shone with wilful mirth, and like a golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little scarlet hood.

I once was out a-fishing, and, though sturdy at the oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far from shore;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from mine eyes.

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong bass beneath,
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling touch of death,
And blackness gathered round me; then through the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and round,
As if a beam of sunshine had been melted into sound;
It fell upon my frozen nerves, and thawed the springs of life;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh; it was a bitter strife.

The breakers roared about me, but the song took bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the night;
And swift I steered and safe, struck shore, and by God's rood,
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke a broad and misty way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad the day;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He could,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the strand,
The pine-trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay the glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I stood,
And saw, amid a throng of maids, the little scarlet hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my pulses flew;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to subdue;
"Why, Eric!" laughed a roguish maid, "your cheeks are red as blood;"
"It is the shine," another cried, "from Hilda's scarlet hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a girl;
The trees, the church, the beltry danced about me in a whirl;
I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the flame;
I turned about, and twirled my cap, but could not speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath evening, as I sauntered o'er the beach,
And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking up my speech,
I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of the wood,
The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from Hilda's hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I stepped;
Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she mused or slept;
The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that downward rolled,
Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her ear;
She started up and smiled at me without surprise or fear.
"I love you, Hilda," said I; then in whispers more subdued:
"Love me again, or wear no more that little scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she, laughing, "how can you talk so wild?
I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a child,
But since you are so stubborn — no, no; I never could —
Unless you guess what's written in my little scarlet hood."

"I cannot, fairest Hilda," quote I, with mournful mien,
While with my hand I gently, and by the maid unseen,
Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches small, crosswise meandering.

"There's nothing in your hood, love," I cried with heedless mirth.
"Well," laughed she, "out of nothing God made both heaven and earth;
But since the earth to you and me as heritage was given,
I'll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven."

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON.

Mary Elizabeth Braddon, married name Mrs. Mary E. Maxwell, born at London in 1837. At an early age she became a contributor to periodical literature. In 1860 "The Loves of Arcadia," a comedietta written by her, was produced at the Royal Strand Theater. In 1861 she published "Garibaldi and Other Poems." She is the author of many novels, and of numerous short tales and novelettes contributed to various periodicals. For some years she has conducted *Belgravia*, a London magazine. Among Miss Braddon's novels are: "Lady Audley's Secret," "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "Henry Dunbar," "Only a Clod," "Sir Jasper's Tenant," "Rupert Godwin," "Birds of Prey," "Fenton's Quest," "Dead Sea Fruit," "Charlotte's Inheritance," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Just as I Am," "Vixen," "The Story of Barbara," "Flower and Weed," "Asphodel," "Bound to John Company," "The Venetian," "All Along the River," and "The Christmas Hirelings." She has also written "Griselda," a drama in four acts. In speaking of "Aurora Floyd," a prominent critic says: "There are few English novels that have reached more distant readers, or been translated into a greater number of foreign languages."

Lady Audley and her Maid.

(From "Lady Audley's Secret.")

Phœbe Marks was exactly the sort of a girl who is generally promoted from the post of lady's maid to that of companion. She had just sufficient education to enable her to understand her mistress, when Lucy chose to allow herself to run riot in a species of intellectual tarantella, in which her tongue went mad to the sound of its own rattle, as the Spanish dancer at the noise of his castanets. Phœbe knew enough of the French language to be able to dip into the yellow paper-covered novels which my lady ordered from the Burlington Arcade, and to discourse with her mistress upon the question-

able subjects of those romances. The likeness which the lady's maid bore to Lady Audley was, perhaps, a point of sympathy between the two women. It was not to be called a striking likeness; a stranger might have seen them both together, and yet have failed to remark it. But there were certain dim and shadowy lights in which, meeting Phœbe Marks gliding softly through the dark oak passages of the Court, or under the shrouded avenues in the garden, you might have easily have mistaken her for my lady. . . .

Sharp October winds were sweeping the leaves from the limes in the long avenue, and driving them in withered heaps with a ghostly rustling noise along the dry gravel walks. The old well must have been half choked up with the leaves that drifted about it, and whirled in eddying circles into its black, broken mouth. On the still bosom of the fish-pond the same withered leaves slowly rotted away, mixing themselves with the tangled weeds that discolored the surface of the water. All the gardeners Sir Michael could employ could not keep the impress of autumn's destroying hand from the grounds about the Court.

"How I hate this desolate month!" my lady said, as she walked about the garden, shivering beneath her sable mantle. "Everything dropping to ruin and decay, and the cold flicker of the sun lighting up the ugliness of the earth, as the glare of gas-lamps lights the wrinkles of an old woman. Shall I ever grow old, Phœbe? Will my hair ever drop off as the leaves are falling from those trees, and leave me wan and bare like them? What is to become of me when I grow old?"

She shivered at the thought of this more than she had done at the cold wintry breeze, and muffling herself closely in her fur, walked so fast that her maid had some difficulty in keeping up with her.

"Do you remember, Phœbe," she said presently, relaxing her pace, "do you remember that French story we read — the story of a beautiful woman who had committed some crime — I forgot what — in the zenith of her power and loveliness, when all Paris drank to her every night, and when the people ran away from the carriage of the King to flock about hers, and get a peep at her face? Do you remember how she kept the secret of what she had done, for nearly a half a century, spending her old age in her family château, beloved and honored by all the province as an uncanonized saint and benefactress to

the poor; and how, when her hair was white, and her eyes almost blind with age, the secret was revealed through one of those strange accidents by which such secrets always are revealed in romances; and she was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be burned alive? The King who had worn her colors was dead and gone; the court of which she had been a star had passed away; powerful functionaries and great magistrates, who might perhaps have helped her, were moldering in their graves; brave young cavaliers, who would have died for her, had fallen upon distant battlefields; she had lived to see the age to which she had belonged fade like a dream; and she went to the stake, followed by only a few ignorant country people, who forgot all her bounties, and hooted at her for a wicked sorceress."

"I don't care for such dismal stories, my lady," said Phœbe Marks with a shudder. "One has no need to read books to give one the horrors in this dull place."

Lady Audley shrugged her shoulders and laughed at her maid's candor.

"It is a dull place, Phœbe," she said, "though it doesn't do to say so to my dear old husband. Though I am the wife of one of the most influential men in the county, I don't know that I wasn't nearly as well off at Mr. Dawson's; and yet it's something to wear sables that cost sixty guineas, and have a thousand pounds spent on the decoration of one's apartments."

Treated as a companion by her mistress, in the receipt of the most liberal wages, and with perquisites such as perhaps lady's maid never had before, it was strange that Phœbe Marks should wish to leave her situation; but it was not the less a fact that she was anxious to exchange all the advantages of Audley Court for the very unpromising prospect which awaited her as the wife of her cousin Luke.

The young man had contrived in some manner to associate himself with the improved fortunes of his sweetheart. He had never allowed Phœbe any peace till she obtained for him, by the aid of my lady's interference, a situation as undergroom of the Court. He never rode out with either Alicia or Sir Michael; but on one of the few occasions upon which my lady mounted the pretty little gray thoroughbred reserved for her use, he contrived to attend her in her ride. He saw enough, in the very first half hour they were out, to discover that graceful as Lady Audley might look in her long blue cloth

habit, she was a timid horsewoman, and utterly unable to manage the animal she rode. Lady Audley remonstrated with her maid upon her folly in wishing to marry the uncouth groom.

The two women were seated together over the fire in my lady's dressing-room, the gray sky closing in upon the October afternoon, and the black tracery of ivy darkening the casement windows.

"You surely are not in love with that awkward, ugly creature, are you, Phœbe?" asked my lady sharply.

The girl was sitting on a low stool at her mistress's feet. She did not answer my lady's question immediately, but sat for some time looking vacantly into the red abyss in the hollow fire. Presently she said, rather as if she had been thinking aloud than answering Lucy's question:—

"I don't think I can love him. We have been together from children, and I promised when I was little better than fifteen, that I'd be his wife. I daren't break that promise now. There have been times when I've made up the very sentence I meant to say to him, telling him that I couldn't keep my faith with him; but the words have died upon my lips, and I've sat looking at him, with a choking sensation in my throat that wouldn't let me speak. I daren't refuse to marry him. I've often watched and watched him, as he has sat slicing away at a hedge-stake, with his great clasp-knife, till I have thought that it is just such men as he who have decoyed their sweethearts into lonely places, and murdered them for being false to their word. When he was a boy he was always violent and revengeful. I saw him once take up that very knife in a quarrel with his mother. I tell you, my lady, I must marry him."

"You silly girl, you shall do nothing of the kind!" answered Lucy. "You think he'll murder you, do you? Do you think, then, if murder is in him, you would be any safer as his wife? If you thwarted him, or made him jealous; if he wanted to marry another woman, or to get hold of some poor, pitiful bit of money of yours, couldn't he murder you then? I tell you you sha'n't marry him, Phœbe. In the first place I hate the man; and in the next place, I can't afford to part with you. We'll give him a few pounds, and send him about his business."

Phœbe Marks caught my lady's hands in hers, and clasped them convulsively.

"My lady — my good kind mistress!" she cried vehemently, "don't try to thwart me in this — don't ask me to thwart him. I tell you, I must marry him. You don't know what he is. It will be my ruin, and the ruin of others, if I break my word. I must marry him!"

"Very well, then, Phœbe," answered her mistress, "I can't oppose you. There must be some secret at the bottom of all this."

"There is, my lady," said the girl, with her face turned away from Lucy.

"I shall be very sorry to lose you; but I have promised to stand your friend in all things. What does your cousin mean to do for a living when you are married?"

"He would like to take a public house."

"Then he shall take a public house, and the sooner he drinks himself to death the better. Sir Michael dines at a bachelors' party at Major Margrave's this evening, and my stepdaughter is away with her friends at the Grange. You can bring your cousin into the drawing-room after dinner, and I'll tell him what I mean to do for him."

"You are very good, my lady," Phœbe answered with a sigh.

Lady Audley sat in the glow of the firelight and wax candles in the luxurious drawing-room; the amber damask cushions of the sofa contrasting with her dark violet velvet dress, and her rippling hair falling about her neck in a golden haze. Everywhere around her were the evidences of wealth and splendor; while in strange contrast to all this, and to her own beauty, the awkward groom stood rubbing his bullet head as my lady explained to him what she intended to do for her confidential maid. Lucy's promises were very liberal, and she had expected that uncouth as the man was, he would, in his own rough manner, have expressed his gratitude.

To her surprise he stood staring at the floor without uttering a word in answer to her offer. Phœbe was standing close to his elbow, and seemed distressed at the man's rudeness.

"Tell my lady how thankful you are, Luke," she said.

"But I'm not so over and above thankful," answered her lover savagely. "Fifty pound ain't much to start a public. You'll make it a hundred, my lady."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Lady Audley, her clear blue eyes flashing with indignation, "and I wonder at your impertinence in asking it."

"Oh, yes, you will, though," answered Luke, with quiet insolence that had a hidden meaning. "You'll make it a hundred, my lady."

Lady Audley rose from her seat, looked the man steadfastly in the face till his determined gaze sunk under hers; then walking straight up to her maid, she said in a high, piercing voice peculiar to her in moments of intense agitation:

"Phœbe Marks, you have told *this man!*"

The girl fell on her knees at my lady's feet.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she cried. "He forced it from me, or I would never, never have told!"

"How Bright She Was, How Lovely Did She Show."

(From "Mohawks.")

To be a fashionable beauty, with a reputation for intelligence, nay, even for that much rarer quality, wit; to have been born in the purple; to have been just enough talked about to be interesting as a woman with a history; to have a fine house in Soho Square, and a mediæval abbey in Hampshire; to ride, dance, sing, play, and speak French and Italian better than any other woman in society; to have the finest diamonds in London; to be followed, flattered, serenaded, lampooned, written about and talked about, and to be on the sunward side of thirty; surely to be and to have all these good things should fill the cup of contentment for any of Eve's daughters.

Lady Judith Topsparkle had all these blessings, and flashed gayety and brightness upon the world in which her lot was cast; and yet there were those among her intimates, those who sipped their chocolate with her of a morning before her hair was powdered or her patches put on, who declared that she was not altogether happy.

The diamonds, the spacious house in Soho Square, with its Turkey carpets and Boule furniture, its plenitude of massive plate and Italian pictures, its air of regal luxury and splendor; the abbey near Ringwood, with its tapestries, pictures, curios, and secret passages, were burdened with a certain condition which for Lady Judith reduced their value to a minimum.

All these good things came to her through her husband. Of her own right she was only the genteelest pauper at the court end of London. Her blood was of the bluest. She was a

younger daughter of one of the oldest earls; but Job himself, after the advent of the messengers, was not poorer than that distinguished nobleman. Lady Judith had brought Mr. Topsparkle nothing but her beauty, her quality, and her pride. Love she never pretended to bring him, nor liking, nor even respect. His father had made his fortune in trade; and the idea of a tradesman's son was almost as repulsive to Lady Judith as that of a blackamoor. She married him because her father made her marry him, and in her own phraseology "the matter was not worth fighting about." She had broken just two years before with the only man she had ever loved, had renounced him in a fit of pique and passion on account of some scandal about a French dancing-girl; and from that hour she had assumed an air of recklessness: she had danced, flirted, talked, and carried on in a manner that delighted the multitude and shocked the prudes. Bath and Tunbridge Wells had rung with her sayings and doings; and finally she surrendered herself, not altogether unwillingly, to the highest bidder.

She was burdened with debt, never knew what it was to have a crown piece of ready money. At cards she had to borrow first of one admirer and then of another. She had been able to get plenty of credit for gowns and trinketry from a harpy class of West End tradespeople, who speculated in Lady Judith's beauty as they might have done in some hazardous but hopeful stock; counting it almost a certainty that she would make a splendid match and recoup them all.

Mr. Topsparkle saw her in the zenith of her audacious charms. He met her at a masquerade at Bath, followed and intrigued with her all the evening, and at last, alone in an alcove with her after supper, induced her to take off her mask. Her beauty dazzled those experienced eyes of his, and he fell madly in love with her at first sight of that radiant loveliness: starriest eyes of violet hue, a dainty little Greek nose, a complexion of lilies and blush-roses, and the most perfect mouth and teeth in Christendom. No one had ever seen anything more beautiful than the tender curves of those classic lips, or more delicate than their faint carmine tinge. In an epoch when almost every woman of fashion plastered herself with bismuth and ceruse, Lord Bramber's daughter could afford to exhibit the complexion nature had given her, and might defy paint to match it. Lady Judith laughed at her conquest when she was told about it by half a dozen different admirers at the Rooms next morning.

LADY JUDITH TOPSPARKLE

"What, that Topsparkle man!" she exclaimed — "the traveled Cit who has been exploring all sorts of savage places in Spain and Italy, and writing would-be witty letters about his travels. They say he is richer than any nabob in Hindostan. Yes, I plagued him vastly, I believe, before I consented to unmask; and then he pretended to be dumbfounded at my charms, forsooth; dazzled by this sun into which you gentlemen look without flinching, like young eagles."

"My dear Lady Judith, the man is captivated — your slave forever. You had better put a ring in his nose and lead him about with you, instead of that little black boy for whom you sighed the other day, and that his Lordship denied you. He is quite the richest man in London, three or four times a millionaire, and he is on the point of buying Lord Ringwood's place in Hampshire — a genuine mediæval abbey, with half a mile of cloisters and a fish-pond in the kitchen."

"I care neither for cloisters nor kitchen."

"Ay, but you have a weakness for diamonds," urged Mr. Mordaunt, an old admirer, who was very much *au courant* as to the fair Judith's history and habits, had lent her money when she was losing at basset, and had diplomatized with her creditors for her. "Witness that cross the Jew sold you the other day."

Lady Judith reddened angrily. The same Jew dealer who sold her the jewel had insisted upon having it back from her when he discovered her inability to pay for it, threatening to prosecute her for obtaining goods under false pretenses.

"Mr. Topsparkle's diamonds — they belonged to his mother — are historical. His maternal grandfather was an Amsterdam Jew, and the greatest diamond merchant of his time. He had mills where the gems were ground as corn is ground in our country, and seem to have been as plentiful as corn. Egad, Lady Judith, how you would blaze in the Topsparkle diamonds!"

"Mr. Topsparkle must be sixty years of age!" exclaimed the lady, with sovereign contempt.

"Nobody supposes you would marry him for his youth or his personal attractions. Yet he is by no means a bad-looking man, and he has had plenty of adventures in his day, I can assure your Ladyship. *Il a vécu*, as our neighbors say: Topsparkle is no simpleton. When he set out upon the grand tour nearly forty years ago, he carried with him about as scandalous a reputation as a gentleman of fashion could enjoy. He had been cut by all

the strait-laced people; and it is only the fact of his incalculable wealth which has opened the doors of decent houses for him since his return."

"I thank you for the compliment implied in your recommendation of him to me as a husband," said Lady Judith, drawing herself up with that Juno-like air which made her seem half a head taller, and which accentuated every curve of her superb torso. "He is apparently a gentleman whom it would be a disgrace to know."

"Oh, your Ladyship must be aware that a reformed rake makes the best husband. And since Topsparkle went on the Continent he has acquired a new reputation as a wit and a man of letters. He wrote an Assyrian story in the Italian language, about which the town raved a few years ago — a sort of demon story, ever so much cleverer than Voltaire's fanciful novels. Everybody was reading or pretending to read it."

"Oh, was that his?" exclaimed Judith, who read everything. "It was mighty clever. I begin to think better of your Topsparkle personage."

Five minutes afterwards, strolling languidly amid the crowd, with a plain cousin at her elbow for foil and duenna, Lady Judith met Mr. Topsparkle walking with no less a person than her father.

Lord Bramber enjoyed the privilege of an antique hereditary gout, and came to Bath every season for the waters. He was a man of imposing figure, at once tall and bulky, but he carried his vast proportions with dignity and ease. He was said to have been the handsomest man of his day, and had been admired even by an age which could boast of "Hervey the Handsome," John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and the irresistible Henry St. John. Basking in that broad sunshine of popularity which is the portion of a man of high birth, graceful manners, and good looks, Lord Bramber had squandered a handsome fortune right royally, and now, at five-and-fifty, was as near insolvency as a gentleman dare be. His house in Pulteney Street was a kind of haven, to which he brought his family when London creditors began to be implacable. He had even thoughts of emigrating to Holland or Belgium, or to some old Roman town in the sunny South of France, where he might live upon his wife's pin-money, which happily was protected by stringent settlements and incorruptible trustees.

He had married two out of three daughters well, but not

brilliantly. Judith was the youngest of the three, and she was the flower of the flock. She had been foolish, very foolish, about Lord Lavendale, and a faint cloud of scandal had hung over her name ever since her affair with that too notorious rake. Admirers she had by the score, but since the Lavendale entanglement there had been no serious advances from any suitor of mark.

But now Mr. Topsparkle, one of the wealthiest commoners in Great Britain, was obviously smitten with Lady Judith's perfections, and had a keen air which seemed to mean business, Lord Bramber thought. He had obtained an introduction to the earl within the last half-hour, and had not concealed his admiration for the earl's daughter. He had entreated the honor of a formal introduction to the exquisite creature with whom he had conversed on sportive terms last night at the Assembly Rooms.

Lady Judith acknowledged the introduction with the air of a queen to whom courtiers and compliments were as the gadflies of summer. She fanned herself listlessly, and stared about her while Mr. Topsparkle was talking.

"I vow, there is Mrs. Margetson," she exclaimed, recognizing an acquaintance across the crowd: "I have not seen her for a century. Heavens, how old and yellow she is looking — yellower even than you, Mattie!" this last by way of aside to her plain cousin.

"I hope you bear me no malice for my pertinacity last night, Lady Judith," murmured Topsparkle, insinuatingly.

"Malice, my good sir! I protest I never bear malice. To be malicious, one's feelings must be engaged; and you would hardly expect mine to be concerned in the mystifications of a dancing-room."

She looked over his head as she talked to him, still on the watch for familiar faces among the crowd, smiling at one, bowing at another. Mr. Topsparkle was savage at not being able to engage her attention. At Venice, whence he had come lately, all the women had courted him, hanging upon his words, adoring him as the keenest wit of his day.

He was an attenuated and rather effeminate person, exquisitely dressed and powdered, and not without a suspicion of rouge upon his hollow cheeks or of Vandyke brown upon his delicately penciled eyebrows. He, like Lord Bramber, presented the wreck of manly beauty; but whereas Bramber

suggested a three-master of goodly bulk and tonnage, battered but still weather-proof and seaworthy, Topsparkle had the air of a delicate pinnace which time and tempest had worn to a mere phantasmal bark that the first storm would scatter into ruins.

He had hardly the air of a gentleman, Judith thought, watching him keenly all the while she seemed to ignore his existence. He was too fine, too highly trained for the genuine article; he lacked that easy inborn grace of the man in whom good manners are hereditary. There was nothing of the Cit about him; but there was the exaggerated elegance, the exotic grace, of a man who has too studiously cultivated the art of being a fine gentleman; who has learned his manners in dubious paths, from *petites maîtresses* and *prime donne*, rather than from statesmen and princes.

On this, and on many a subsequent meeting, Lady Judith was just uncivil enough to fan the flame of Vivian Topsparkle's passion. He had begun in a somewhat philandering spirit, not quite determined whether Lord Bramber's daughter were worthy of him; but her *hauteur* made him her slave. Had she been civil he would have given more account to those old stories about Lavendale, and would have been inclined to draw back before finally committing himself. But a woman who could afford to be rude to the best match in England must needs be above all suspicion. Had her reputation been seriously damaged she would have caught at the chance of rehabilitating herself by a rich marriage. Had she been civil to him Mr. Topsparkle would have haggled and bargained about settlements; but his ever-present fear of losing her made him accede to Lord Bramber's exactions with a more than princely generosity, since but few princes could afford to be so liberal. He had set his heart upon having this woman for his wife — firstly, because she was the handsomest and most fashionable woman in London, and secondly, because so far as burnt-out embers can glow with new fire, Mr. Topsparkle's battered old heart was aflame with a very serious passion for this new deity.

So there was a grand wedding from the earl's house in Leicester Fields; not a crowded assembly, for only the very *élite* of the modish world were invited. *The Duke*, meaning his Grace of York, honored the company with his royal presence, and there were the great Sir Robert and a bevy of cabinet ministers, and Mr. Topsparkle felt that he had canceled any old half-

forgotten scandals as to his past life, and established himself in the highest social sphere by this alliance. As Vivian Topsparkle the half-foreign eccentric, he was a man to be stared at and talked about; but as the husband of Lord Bramber's daughter he had a footing — by right of alliance — in some of the noblest houses in England. His name and reputation were hooked on to old family trees; and those great people whose kinswoman he had married could not afford to have him maligned or slighted. In a word Mr. Topsparkle felt that he had good value for his magnificent settlements.

Was Lady Judith Topsparkle happy, with all her blessings? She was gay; and with the polite world gayety ranks as happiness, and commands the envy of the crowd. Nobody envies the quiet matron whose domestic life flows onward with the placidity of a sluggish stream. It is the butterfly queen of the hour whom people admire and envy. Lady Judith, blazing in diamonds at a court ball, beautiful, daring, insolent, had half the town for her slaves and courtiers. Even women flattered and fawned upon her, delighted to be acknowledged as her acquaintance, proud to be invited to her parties or to dance attendance upon her in public assemblies.

MRS. L. B. BRANCH.

Mrs. Mary Lydia Bolles Branch, a writer of New York City, who has contributed much in verse and prose to American high class periodicals for many years, but is best known by her poem "The Petrified Fern." A juvenile story, "The Kanter Girls," was published by her in 1895.

The Petrified Fern.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er came that way;—
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main;
Stately forests waved their giant branches;
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches;
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain.
Nature reveled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not like these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the strong, dread currents of the ocean;
Moved the hills, and shook the haughty wood;
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O, the long, long centuries since that day!

O, the changes! O, life's bitter cost,
Since the little useless fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design, —
Leafage, veining, fibers, clear and fine —
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day.

A Reverie.

In its still hours my soul becomes aware
Of mingling sounds that rise from yon vast plain,
Where men with shrill and clamorous voices toss
The old life problems back and forth in vain.

I hear the whirr of pauseless wheels that grind
The empty husks of bare material good,
For souls to grasp, and think to feed thereon,
As starving beggars might, who dream of food.

I catch the pæan sounded forth by those
Who watch the working of God's wondrous laws,
And wrest the flawless harmony they find,
To prove the absence of creative cause.

But 'mid earth's jarring tones, falls on mine ear
The mighty surge of Truth's unfathomed sea,
Whose thunderous waves, from the lone shores of life,
Send up their deep and awful symphony.

— Anonymous.

GEORG BRANDES.

Brandes, Georg Morris Cohen, a Danish scholar and writer on the history of literature, of Hebrew descent, born in Copenhagen, February 4, 1842. He studied at the University of Copenhagen, where he graduated with the highest honors, having while an undergraduate gained the gold medal for an essay on "Fatalism Among the Ancients." He lived for several years on the Continent, mainly in Germany and France, and wrote "The Dualism of the Most Recent Philosophy" (1866); "Æsthetic Studies" (1868); "Criticisms and Portraits," and "French Æsthetics at the Present Day" (1870). Returning to Copenhagen, he became a private tutor at the university, where he delivered a course of lectures on "The Great Literary Currents of the Nineteenth Century," which were published (1872–75) in four volumes, and were translated into German. He translated from the English John Stuart Mill's essay on the "Subjection of Women," and put forth a collection of "Danish Poems." In 1877 he went to Berlin, where in the following year he wrote biographies of "Esaias Tegnér" and "Benjamin Disraeli." In 1882 he returned to Copenhagen, where an income of 4000 crowns was guaranteed to him for ten years, with the single stipulation that he should deliver there public lectures on literature. Among his late works are: "Men and Work," "Ludwig Holberg," "Impressions of Russia," "Impressions of Poland." Perhaps his best known contribution to literature is his work on Shakespeare, which has been recently translated into English.

Esaias Tegnér.[1]

(From "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century.")

As Tegnér's talent for the production of what are by himself styled "lyric" characters is closely allied to the lyric propensity of the whole Swedish nation, so, too, this second faculty of his harmonizes marvellously with fundamental qualities of his people. The Swedish nation has a peculiar gift for representation. The Swedish love what looks well, and understand

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better than the Danes and the Norwegians how to make advantageous arrangements; in customs, social life and speech, they have more form, and, at the same time, a more formal manner than other Scandinavians. Their language itself is ceremonious; the word "you" is wholly lacking as a mode of polite address, so that the name or title of the person addressed must be incessantly repeated. No northern people understand as well as the Swedes how to conduct a procession, a festival, a public ceremony, a grand entrance, or a coronation, with the *tout ensemble* requisite to secure a good effect. To this national love of representation, whose nursery gardens, from readily intelligible reasons, were always the Church and the universities, corresponds a peculiar kind of national, festive eloquence. Swedish eloquence is at the same time more pathetic and more pompous than that of the other Scandinavian people. It has something of an ecclesiastical vibration, which the Church contributes, something of the professor-like stamp which the universities preserve, and finally, after the Swedish Academy was founded, it assumed an academic element of its own, which may be designated a proclivity for euphemism, an inclination to paraphrase thought and to call things by beautiful names. Of the deficiencies of this school Tegnér had but few, but he possessed all that vigor and richness of language, all the clearness and figurative splendor of diction, all the faculty to express different phases of sentiment and to bring an entire assembly into accord with them that had been developed by it. All this attained its finest bloom in Tegnér's festal addresses and poems. His most renowned festal poem was produced in the year 1829.

The students at Lund had invited Oehlenschläger to be present at their Commencement, and when Tegnér learned this he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity to crown Adam Oehlenschläger with one of the laurel wreaths destined for the *magisters* of the day. A Swedish idea, and a poetic one, too! Moreover, the idea of a noble, not vain poet! So far removed was Tegnér from every exaggerated effort to obtain recognition that it seemed to him quite natural to crown another as his master. He had finished his address and called upon the rector to confer the degrees of master of arts, when turning to Oehlenschläger, who stood by the high altar in the cathedral, he once more took up the word, and thus accosted the rector: —

"Ere you begin to distribute your laurels, hand one to me;
Not for myself, but for one through whom I to all would pay honor.
The Adam of skalds is here, the king of Northern poets,
Heir to the throne in poesy's realm, for the throne is Goethe's.
Oscar, if he but knew it, would surely sanction my action;
Now not in his name, far less in my own, but in that of song immortal,
That illustrious name, resounding in Hakon and Helge,
Would I proffer this wreath; it grew where Saxo lived.
Past is the age of division, — in realms of the free-born spirit
It should never have been, — and familiar tones now ringing
Across the Sound enchant us all, and yours more than others.
Therefore, Svea offers this wreath, I speak in the name of Svea;
Take from a brother's hand this gift, and wear it this day to remember."

And amid the din of kettle-drums, trumpets, and cannon, he placed the wreath on Oehlenschläger's head. May the ceremony belong to the moment alone, and the kettle-drums, trumpets, cannon, the entire janizary music vanish on the instant! It was, nevertheless, a grand and a beautiful moment, and the remembrance of it has tended to fraternize the northern peoples as little else could have done.

The year 1830, that brought the July Revolution to France, led to a change in the political temper of Sweden, and soon in the entire political situation; it was a year that gave to liberalism a new impulse, significantly modifying its aims and altering the language of its press. Before 1830, the ideal of the Swedish liberals had been freedom; now it became democracy. As a matter of course, the advance of liberalism drove the conservative groups to the opposite extreme. Upsala was the headquarters of the reactionary party; here Geijer held sway, and the loyal students followed him so faithfully that, in a serenade to Charles John they thus designated their party: "*Obéir, mourir, et se taire*" (to obey, to die, and keep silence). In retaliation the Stockholm liberal press called Upsala a foul nest of Tories, and the university professors, dried-up moles. A new style of journalism developed itself, which, owing to the prevailing absolutism, could only obtain a hearing through a personal, unrestrained tone. The style of this press was frivolous and sharp; it wounded with pin pricks and *persiflage*. Neither the court nor the person of Charles John was spared.

If this tone pleased in certain circles of the metropolis, it excited lively displeasure elsewhere, especially in the provincial towns, and no one was more thoroughly annoyed by it than Tegnér, whose shattered mind was too thoroughly out of tune to permit him to see the good that might possibly arise one day from all these sins against good taste and against respect for the name of the old king. He offered a passionate protest against it, and the liberal papers attacked him like a swarm of wasps. The consequence was that he soon turned wholly against the liberal press as well as against the doctrines promulgated by it. Intellectual aristocrat as he was, the demagogic tendency was repulsive to him; an ideal conception of the people he had never attained in his best days, and now, after all faith in human purity and spiritual beauty was destroyed in him, he was less able than ever to acquire it. Amid these circumstances he was obliged to come upon the scene as a professional politician, his position as bishop compelling him to take part in parliamentary affairs at Stockholm. It cannot be wondered at that this was done in a conservative direction; indeed, Tegnér came forward as a true *enfant terrible* of conservatism, for when the old martial spirit came over him he spared neither friend nor foe. Henceforth, through all his writings, as well as through his speeches in Parliament, ring bitter sallies against the new form of journalism, which seems to him a symptom of Sweden's decay. Listen to his words: —

> "The Swedish colors were yellow and blue,
> And strength and honor of yore in them were clad;
> But now the mire is your national hue, falsehood
> Your Epic Song, and slander is set free
> Six days each week, nor scarcely rests the seventh.
> Its eye doth pierce the life of every mortal,
> At every key-hole it doth place its ear.
> Ye men of Sweden, is this your boasted freedom?"

His illness, from the first outbreak, had given him no peace. A trip to the baths at Carlsbad in the year 1833 brought him no relief, to say nothing of recovery. The most substantial value of the journey was the purely intellectual result that Tegnér became rather better acquainted with Germany than he had hitherto been. He had but little sympathy for this country, its obscure philosophy of that time being repellant to him, and he thought that it had spent its energies in the appropriation of foreign literary productions without having the ability to

impart to these an individual stamp. He compares the Germans with the Caspian Sea, which is watered by a number of streams, yet being without an outlet, evaporates in mist. On his journey, during which great attention, both from private sources and from orders of the king, Friedrich Wilhelm IV. himself, was shown the poet whose fame had spread throughout Germany, he received at least a superficial impression of the positive qualities of the people. He writes, among other things: "Germany, in spite of her chaotic nebulous state, has undeniably been for a long time the seat of learning of Europe, and Prussia is undoubtedly the present centre of intelligence of the civilized world." He was too old, however, to begin his school-days afresh; and doubly weary of life, now that all hopes of improvement were at an end, he returned to his stultifying calling and his vain struggle against the political development of Sweden.

His loathing of the press, which he sought in vain to subdue, went so far that his heart finally became estranged from both the government and the people of Sweden. He writes: "O my poor fatherland! At the public leaders themselves I do not wonder; they live by their calumnies just as the executioner lives by his heads, and the flayer by his scourge; but what shall be said of a people, of the body of most worthy Swedish people, that not only endures this miserable, paltry state of affairs, but encourages, bribes, permits, admires it? It can only be explained by the supposition that our nation, with a few rare exceptions, has degenerated into a vulgar mob. As far as I can see, nothing remains for us but to bid farewell, if not to the land of Sweden, at least to the Swedish language, and to write Finnish, or Lappish." In another place we read: "My dream of the honor and sound reason of the Swedish people is long since ended and forever dissipated." And with a turn that is interesting, because it proves how nearly related, in Tegnér's own estimation, to his opposition to the romantic school was his warlike attitude to the liberals, he writes: "You can readily fancy my opinion of the royal Swedish public. The thought — it was but a dream — that anything great could be accomplished by such a mob, I have long since abandoned. These people are and always will be degraded. In whatever form folly may appear, political or literary, as Phosporism or Rabulism, the masses are always ready to fall into it. So pitiful a race is not worth wasting powder on."

These utterances all date from the year 1839 and the first month of 1840. Such a burden of hopelessness and misanthropy might cause the strongest spirit to succumb; how much more one that was already undermined by sixteen years of disease! When Tegnér was in Stockholm during the session of Parliament of 1840, the catastrophe occurred. Insanity broke out. He gave vent partly to wild outbursts of sensuality in the height of delirium, partly and most frequently he occupied himself with colossal plans, gigantic financial operations, schemes of emigrations on a large scale, and magnificent conquest. His star was extinguished.

It was kindled anew, to shine with a milder, fainter light for several years longer, but its red Mars-like glow was never seen again. What must not the unhappy man of genius have suffered before insanity came to a decisive outbreak! As early as 1835 he told Adlersparre that his soul was on fire and his heart was bleeding, but that his malady, to which people were wont to give the pet name of hypochondria, should be called by its real name, madness. "It is an inheritance," he added, "and it is beyond my power to free myself." On the occasion of his last visit to Wermland, he said: "I am the personification of Antisana; I stand with my feet in the snow, but my head burns and I spit fire." He prophesied that he had not long to live, but spoke with a wail of anguish of the manner in which he was doomed to die. It was, "to be devoured bit by bit by that thousand-tongued monster hypochondria." What did he not suffer? I made use of the expression that the furies had crossed his threshold. He himself saw his calamity under a similar form. "You do not know the influence of the fury to whom I have been wedded, without the aid of parson or bridesmaid; indeed, without the slightest wooing," he wrote. "She is begotten of the union of a nightmare and a vampire; and even when she is not riding on my breast or sucking my heart's blood, she gives me to understand that she is near, and meditates honoring me in a short time with a visit." Actual delirium, after such a preparatory state, must have come almost as a deliverance. The physicians ordered a journey to a hospital in Schleswig, then in high standing.

The sojourn at the insane asylum did not last long; but it is interesting to follow the poet even there, so beautiful and peculiarly individual were the ravings by which he was tormented. A person who accompanied him to the place has pre-

served for us the following outburst of his while the malady lasted: "The whole confusion arises from the damnable zeal of the people here about the diadem they wished to put on my head. You might otherwise think it was a superb affair: pictures in miniature, not painted, but living, truly existing miniatures of fourteen of the noblest of poets, formed a wreath. There were Homer and Pindar, Tasso and Virgil, Schiller, Petrarch, Ariosto, Goethe, etc. Between each pair there glowed a radiant star, not of tinsel, nor yet of diamonds, but of actual cosmic material. In the centre of the brow there was a diadem in the form of a lyre, which had borrowed something of the sun's own light. As long as this lyre stood still all was well; but suddenly it began a rotary motion. Swifter and swifter became its movements, until it made every nerve in my body quiver. Finally it fell to whirling round with such speed that it was transformed into a sun. Then my whole being became agitated and broken; for, you must know, the diadem was not entwined about my head, but about the brain itself. And now it swung round with a wholly incomprehensible violence, until all at once it burst. Darkness, darkness, darkness and night spread over the whole world, whichever way I might turn. I became bewildered and feeble; I who have always despised weakness in men, I wept and shed hot, scalding tears. All was over."

Is not this rather the poetry of insanity than insanity itself? And how the true nature of the poet comes out even in this singular dream, — the youthful dream of wreaths and crowns, heated red-hot in the forge of insanity! In place of the cool laurel wreath which he had wound about Oehlenschläger's head, the Norns had now placed this fiery ring about his brow. Happily, it grew cool again, and in the spring of 1841 the poet was able to return home.

In his last great poem, "The Crowned Bride" (Kronbruden), in which he has described himself, we see the aged bishop as a village patriarch surrounded by a venerating parish. The years glide by in that milder frame of mind which age brought with it; a stroke of paralysis in the year 1843 announced that death was not far distant, and November 2, 1846, the weary poet breathed his last.

If we take a retrospective view of the development of this nature in whose rich soil the germs of genius and insanity lay as close together as in a double nut, we shall see the vigorous

and cheerful temperament burst forth like a spark of fire from the flint-like ground of the Swedish peasantry. He draws nourishment from the natural beauties of Sweden and from the old sagas of Scandinavia. He raves about deeds of valor and combat, and expresses his enthusiasm in language of flame-gilded imagery. He makes the acquaintance of the spirit of antiquity, and the innate defiance of his character becomes softened into a Greco-religious harmony. His religious free-thinking leads him to political freethinking, and his religious conciliatory spirit brings with it an attempt at the political conciliation of the opposing tendencies of the century. His spiritual standpoint determines his literary standpoint, the promulgation of the gospel of lucidity, of light, and of song, as the expression of spiritual healthfulness. From this lofty height he completes the most important work of his life, the ideal picture of northern antiquity, as it was dreamed by its own contemporaries. In order to be just to his work, we must bear firmly in mind the period in which it arose. If we compare it with a northern master-work of our own day (with Björnson's "Bergliot," for instance), we shall find it neither Norwegian nor characteristically northern. It is only relatively northern, but its most beautiful cantos are unconditionally beautiful. This work, which was destined to afford, in the great struggle of the day, the decisive testimony of the significance of poetic healthfulness, was scarcely completed before it became apparent that the germs of disease in the poet's soul had attained such vigorous growth that some great spiritual crisis alone was needed to wither all the life-courage about which the ill-favored parasite had entwined its tendrils. The summer of life was over. The late autumn yielded yet a few beautiful fruits, and the tree was dead.

The impression I most desire to convey is that the man who gave world-wide fame to the name Esaias Tegnér, was beyond all else entirely human, in faults as well as in virtues, a thoroughly conscientious, upright soul, highly excitable, but with a radiant love of beauty and truth. His human earthly presence is so full of worth that in spite of all its weaknesses it is of profound interest even to foreigners, while the purely ideal image of Tegnér as a poet will always stand forth in glorified outlines before the people in whose language he wrote and upon whom he has acted like a radiant beam of the sun of the nineteenth century.

PIERRE DE BOURDEILLE, SEIGNEUR DE BRANTÔME.

Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur de Brantôme, a witty French chronicler (about 1527–1614), born at Périgord. He was for many years traveler or soldier; retired to his estate twenty years before his death, and used his leisure in writing his "Memoirs," in sections devoted to "Lives of Illustrious Men and Great Captains of Foreign Countries"; of "Illustrious Men, etc., of France"; of "Illustrious Women"; of "Courteous Dames"; "Anecdotes of Duels"; "Spanish Rhodomontades and Oaths"; etc. The author is vain and egotistical, but thoroughly naïve and honest. The style is charmingly piquant, with frequent sallies of wit and flashes of eloquence. He is indeed a fascinating chronicler. His "Complete Works," 10 vols., were published at the Hague (1740).

Two Famous Entertainments.

(From "Lives of Courtly Women.")

I have read in a Spanish book called "El Viaje del Principe" (The Voyage of the Prince), made by the King of Spain in the Pays-Bas in the time of the Emperor Charles, his father, about the wonderful entertainments given in the rich cities. The most famous was that of the Queen of Hungary in the lovely town of Bains, which passed into a proverb, "Mas bravas que las festas de Bains" (More magnificent than the festivals of Bains). Among the displays which were seen during the siege of a counterfeit castle, she ordered for one day a fête in honor of the Emperor her brother, Queen Eleanor her sister, and the gentlemen and ladies of the court.

Toward the end of the feast a lady appeared with six Oread-nymphs, dressed as huntresses in classic costumes of silver and green, glittering with jewels to imitate the light of the moon. Each one carried a bow and arrows in her hand and wore a quiver on her shoulder; their buskins were of cloth of silver. They entered the hall, leading their dogs after them, and placed on the table in front of the Emperor all kinds of venison pasties,

supposed to have been the spoils of the chase. After them came the Goddess of Shepherds and her six nymphs, dressed in cloth of silver, garnished with pearls. They wore knee-breeches beneath their flowing robes, and white pumps, and brought in various products of the dairy.

Then entered the third division — Pomona and her nymphs — bearing fruit of all descriptions. This goddess was the daughter of Donna Beatrix Pacheco, Countess d'Autremont, lady-in-waiting to Queen Eleanor, and was but nine years old. She was now Madame l'Admirale de Chastillon, whom the Admiral married for his second wife. Approaching with her companions, she presented her gifts to the Emperor with an eloquent speech, delivered so beautifully that she received the admiration of the entire assembly, and all predicted that she would become a beautiful, charming, graceful, and captivating lady. She was dressed in cloth of silver and white, with white buskins, and a profusion of precious stones — emeralds, colored like some of the fruit she bore. After making these presentations, she gave the Emperor a Palm of Victory, made of green enamel, the fronds tipped with pearls and jewels. This was very rich and gorgeous. To Queen Eleanor she gave a fan containing a mirror set with gems of great value. Indeed, the Queen of Hungary showed that she was a very excellent lady, and the Emperor was proud of a sister worthy of himself. All the young ladies who impersonated these mythical characters were selected from the suites of France, Hungary, and Madame de Lorraine; and were therefore French, Italian, Flemish, German, and of Lorraine. None of them lacked beauty.

At the same time that these fêtes were taking place at Bains, Henry II. made his entrée in Piedmont and at his garrisons in Lyons, where were assembled the most brilliant of his courtiers and court ladies. If the representation of Diana and her chase given by the Queen of Hungary was found beautiful, the one at Lyons was more beautiful and complete. As the King entered the city, he saw obelisks of antiquity to the right and left, and a wall of six feet was constructed along the road to the courtyard, which was filled with underbrush and planted thickly with trees and shrubbery. In this miniature forest were hidden deer and other animals.

As soon as his Majesty approached, to the sound of horns and trumpets Diana issued forth with her companions, dressed in the fashion of a classic nymph with her quiver at her side and

her bow in her hand. Her figure was draped in black and gold sprinkled with silver stars, the sleeves were of crimson satin bordered with gold, and the garment, looped up above the knee, revealed her buskins of crimson satin covered with pearls and embroidery. Her hair was entwined with magnificent strings of rich pearls and gems of much value, and above her brow was placed a crescent of silver, surrounded by little diamonds. Gold could never have suggested half so well as the shining silver the white light of the real crescent. Her companions were attired in classic costumes made of taffetas of various colors, shot with gold, and their ringlets were adorned with all kinds of glittering gems. . . .

Other nymphs carried darts of Brazil-wood tipped with black and white tassels, and carried horns and trumpets suspended by ribbons of white and black. When the King appeared, a lion, which had long been under training, ran from the wood and lay at the feet of the Goddess, who bound him with a leash of white and black and led him to the King, accompanying her action with a poem of ten verses, which she delivered most beautifully. Like the lion — so ran the lines — the city of Lyons lay at his Majesty's feet, gentle, gracious, and obedient to his command. This spoken, Diana and her nymphs made low bows and retired.

Note that Diana and her companions were married women, widows, and young girls, taken from the best society in Lyons, and there was no fault to be found with the way they performed their parts. The King, the princes, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court were ravished. Madame de Valentinois, called Diana of Poitiers, — whom the King served and in whose name the mock chase was arranged, —was not less content.

The Dancing of Royalty.

(From "Lives of Notable Women.")

The King always opened the grand ball by leading out his sister, and each equaled the other in majesty and grace. I have often seen them dancing the Pavane d'Espagne, which must be performed with the utmost majesty and grace. The eyes of the entire court were riveted upon them, ravished by this lovely scene; for the measures were so well danced, the steps so intel-

ligently placed, the sudden pauses timed so accurately and making so elegant an effect, that one did not know what to admire most, — the beautiful manner of moving, or the majesty of the halts, now expressing excessive gayety, now a beautiful and haughty disdain. Who could dance with such elegance and grace as the royal brother and sister? None, I believe; and I have watched the King dancing with the Queen of Spain and the Queen of Scotland, each of whom was an excellent dancer.

I have seen them dance the "Pazzemezzo d'Italie," walking gravely through the measures, and directing their steps with so graceful and solemn a manner that no other prince nor lady could approach them in dignity. This Queen took great pleasure in performing these grave dances; for she preferred to exhibit dignified grace rather than to express the gayety of the Branle, the Volta, and the Courante. Although she acquired them quickly, she did not think them worthy of her majesty.

I always enjoyed seeing her dance the Branle de la Torche, or du Flambeau. Once, returning from the nuptials of the daughter of the King of Poland, I saw her dance this kind of a Branle at Lyons before the assembled guests from Savoy, Piedmont, Italy, and other places; and every one said he had never seen any sight more captivating than this lovely lady moving with grace of motion and majestic mien, all agreeing that she had no need of the flaming torch which she held in her hand; for the flashing light from her brilliant eyes was sufficient to illuminate the set, and to pierce the dark veil of Night.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

Fredrika Bremer, a noted Swedish novelist, born at Tuorla, near Abo, Finland, Aug. 17, 1801; died at Arsta, near Stockholm, Sweden, Dec. 31, 1865. When she was three years old, her parents removed to Sweden, and established themselves near Stockholm. When very young, she began to write verses, and as she grew older Schiller's poems stimulated her imagination. In 1828 she published her first volume, "Sketches of Every Day Life," and in 1831 "The H—— Family," for which the Swedish Academy awarded her their smaller gold medal. Her novels appeared at Stockholm, in 1835. They were translated into English by Mary Howitt, and were favorably received in England and America.

The death of Fredrika Bremer's father, in 1830, left her at liberty to regulate her life as she pleased. After some years spent in Norway, she went, in 1849, to America, where she remained nearly two years. In 1853, she published "Homes of the New World." On her return to Sweden, she devoted herself to objects which she had long had in mind, more particularly the advancement of woman. In 1856 she began her travels on the continent of Europe and in the Holy Land. Her last years were spent at Arsta.

Her stories: "The Neighbors," "The Diary," "The H—— Family," "The President's Daughters," "Brothers and Sisters," "Life in Dalecarlia," "The Midnight Sun," "Father and Daughter," and "The Four Sisters," have been translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

The Dahl Family.

(From "The Neighbors.")

For above half a century this ancient couple have inhabited the same house and the same rooms. There were they married, and there they will celebrate their golden nuptials, in the course of the next winter. The rooms are unchanged, the furniture the same as for fifty years; yet everything is clean, comfortable, and friendly as in a one-year-old dwelling, but

much more simple than the houses of our times. I know not what spirit of peace and grace it is which blows upon me in this house! Ah! in this house fifty years have passed as a beautiful day; here a virtuous couple have lived, loved, and worked together. Many a pure joy has blossomed here; and when sorrow came, it was not bitter — for the fear of God, and love, illuminated the dark clouds. Hence emanated many a noble deed, and many a beneficent influence. The happy children grew up; they gathered strength from the example of their parents, went out into the world, built for themselves houses, and were good and fortunate. Often do they return, with love and joy, to the paternal home to bless and to be blessed. . . .

Thus, then, the children — three sons and four daughters — came once a year, with their children, to visit their beloved parents, and extend new life to the home of their childhood — that home which is still to them as full of love and goodness as ever, only that it has become stiller and more peaceful; because it is evening there, and the shadows of the grave begin to ascend round the revered parents.

And now let us glance at the Father.

A long life of probity, industry, and beneficence has impressed itself upon his expansive forehead, and upon his open, benevolent carriage. His figure is yet firm, and his gait steady. The lofty crown is bald, but a garland of silver-white locks surrounds the venerable head. No one in the city sees this head without bowing in friendly and reverential greeting. The whole country, as well as the city, loves him as their benefactor, and venerates him as their patriarch. He has created his own fortune, has sacrificed much for the public good; and, notwithstanding much adversity and loss, never let his spirit sink. In mind and conversation he is still cheerful, and full of jest and sprightliness; but for several years his sight has failed him greatly; and the gout, which makes its appearance at times, troubles his temper. Ah, the prose of life! But an angel moves around the couch to which suffering may confine him; his feet are moved and enwrapped by soft white hands; the sick-chamber, and the countenance of the old man, grow bright before Serena!

We shall not come out of the poetry of the house while she abides there.

The Mother: An aged countenance and a bowed form, and

you see an old woman; but show her something beautiful, speak to her of something amiable, and her mien, her smile, beams from the eternal youth which dwells immortal in her sensitive spirit, and then will you involuntarily exclaim, "What beautiful age!" If you sit near her, and look into her mild, pious eyes, you feel as if you could open your whole soul, and believe in every word she speaks, as in the Gospel. She has lived through much and experienced much; yet she says she will live in order to learn. Truly, we must learn from her. Her tone and her demeanor betoken true breeding and much knowledge of life. She alone has educated her children, and still she thinks and acts both for children and children's children, and still bears home and family cares on her own shoulders, although she now supports herself on Serena.

Since the death of her youngest daughter she is become somewhat melancholy. This is not observable in her words, but in her frequent sighs. Like her husband, she is universally revered and beloved; and all agree in this, that a more perfect union than exists between this couple cannot be imagined.

Will you see in one little circumstance a miniature picture of the whole? Every evening the old man himself roasts two apples; every evening, when they are done, he gives one of them to his "handsome old wife," as he calls her. Thus for fifty years have they divided everything with each other. . . .

And now to the third person — the peculiar beauty and ornament of the house — Serena. Her mother was called Benjamina, and was, like the Benjamin of the Bible, the youngest and best-beloved child of her parents. When scarcely eighteen she married a young man who both possessed and deserved her whole love. It was a marriage beautiful as a Spring day, but too soon cut short! The daughter, who after two years, was the fruit of this marriage, was named Serena, and with her birth the mother's days on earth were ended. She blessed her daughter and died. The father followed her in a few months — they could not longer be separated. The cradle of the little orphan was taken to the house of the grandparents; but not only was the little Serena beloved by them, but by all their friends and acquaintances also.

The beautiful life of her parents and their early death had thrown over the motherless child the mourning weeds which draw the sympathetic tears of good men. Her childhood, however, was one of suffering, from a weakness in the hip, which

kept her long confined, and cut her off from the pastimes of children, paled her cheeks, and gave to her lips that quiet smile of sadness which yet dwells there at times with all the power of a mysterious enchantment. All this, united to her much patience, and the intrinsic amiability of her whole being, captivated all hearts, and won for her the sympathy of all.

For a long time, it seemed as if the languishing angel would extend her wings, and follow the ascension of her parents; but it was not to be so. Watchful and true affection kept her still on the earth. Like a rose on a sunny grave, like a young vine which clings with its tender twigs around firm and ancient stems, so Serena grew up, gladdened by the loving looks of friends, and tenderly sustained and led by those who had been the support of her parents. She became healthy, smiled, played, developed herself, and ripened, by little and little, to a beautiful, harmonious being. . . . So she grew up, and became the flower of the valley. The earnestness of her spirit, and the clearness of her understanding, made her happy; happy with the joy of angels — the pure, animating, self-communicating joy.

The Landed Proprietor.

(From "The Home.")

Louise possessed the quality of being a good listener in a higher degree than any one else in the family, and therefore she heard more than any one else of his Excellency; but not of him only, for Jacobi had always something to tell her, always something to consult her about; and in case she were not too much occupied with her thoughts about the weaving, he could always depend upon the most intense sympathy, and the best advice both with regard to moral questions and economical arrangements, dress, plans for the future, and so forth. He also gave her good advice — which however was very seldom followed — when she was playing Postilion; he also drew patterns for her tapestry work, and was very fond of reading aloud to her — but novels rather than sermons.

But he was not long allowed to sit by her side alone; for very soon a person seated himself at her other side whom we will call the *Landed Proprietor*, as he was chiefly remarkable for the possession of a large estate in the vicinity of the town.

The Landed Proprietor seemed to be disposed to dispute with

the Candidate — let us continue to call him so, as we are all, in one way or the other, Candidates in this world — the place which he possessed. The Landed Proprietor had, besides his estate, a very portly body; round, healthy-looking cheeks; a pair of large gray eyes, remarkable for their want of expression; and a little rosy mouth, which preferred mastication to speaking, which laughed without meaning, and which now began to direct to "Cousin Louise" — for he considered himself related to the Lagman — several short speeches, which we will recapitulate in the following chapter, headed

STRANGE QUESTIONS.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of fish — bream for instance?" asked the Landed Proprietor one evening, as he seated himself by the side of Louise, who was busy working a landscape in tapestry.

"Oh, yes! bream is a very good fish," answered she, phlegmatically, without looking up.

"Oh, with red-wine sauce, delicious! I have splendid fishing on my estate, Oestanvik. Big fellows of bream! I fish for them myself."

"Who is the large fish there?" inquired Jacobi of Henrik, with an impatient sneer; "and what is it to him if your sister Louise is fond of bream or not?"

"Because then she might like him too, *mon cher!* A very fine and solid fellow is my cousin Thure of Oestanvik. I advise you to cultivate his acquaintance. What now, Gabrielle dear, what now, your Highness?"

"What is that which — "

"Yes, what is it? I shall lose my head over that riddle. Mamma dear, come and help your stupid son!"

"No, no! Mamma knows it already. She must not say it!" exclaimed Gabrielle with fear.

"What king do you place above all other kings, Magister?" asked Petrea for the second time, — having this evening her "raptus" of questioning.

"Charles the Thirteenth," answered the Candidate, and listened for what Louise was going to reply to the Landed Proprietor.

"Do you like birds, Cousin Louise?" asked the Landed Proprietor.

"Oh yes, particularly the throstle," answered Louise.

"Well, — I am glad of that!" said the Landed Proprietor. "On my estate, Oestanvik, there is an immense quantity of throstles. I often go out with my gun, and shoot them for my dinner. Piff, paff! with two shots I have directly a whole dishful."

Petrea, who was asked by no one "Do you like birds, cousin?" and who wished to occupy the Candidate, did not let herself be deterred by his evident confusion, but for the second time put the following question: — "Do you think, Magister, that people before the Flood were really worse than they are nowadays?"

"Oh, much, much better," answered the Candidate.

"Are you fond of roasted hare, Cousin Louise?" asked the Landed Proprietor.

"Are you fond of roasted hare, Magister?" whispered Petrea waggishly to Jacobi.

"Brava, Petrea!" whispered her brother to her.

"Are you fond of cold meat, Cousin Louise?" asked the Landed Proprietor, as he was handing Louise to the supper-table.

"Are you fond of Landed Proprietor?" whispered Henrik to her as she left it.

Louise answered just as a cathedral would have answered: she looked very solemn and was silent.

After supper Petrea was quite excited, and left nobody alone who by any possibility could answer her. "Is reason sufficient for mankind? What is the ground of morals? What is properly the meaning of 'revelation'? Why is everything so badly arranged in the State? Why must there be rich and poor?" etc., etc.

"Dear Petrea!" said Louise, "what use can there be in asking those questions?"

It was an evening for questions; they did not end even when the company had broken up.

"Don't you think, Elise," said the Lagman to his wife when they were alone, "that our little Petrea begins to be disagreeable with her continual questioning and disputing? She leaves no one in peace, and is stirred up herself the whole time. She will make herself ridiculous if she keeps on in this way."

"Yes, if she does keep on so. But I have a feeling that she will change. I have observed her very particularly for some

time, and do you know, I think there is really something very uncommon in that girl."

"Yes, yes, there is certainly something uncommon in her. Her liveliness and the many games and schemes which she invents —"

"Yes, don't you think they indicate a decided talent for the fine arts? And then her extraordinary thirst for learning: every morning between three and four o'clock, she gets up in order to read or write, or to work at her compositions. That is not at all a common thing. And may not her uneasiness, her eagerness to question and dispute, arise from a sort of intellectual hunger? Ah, from such hunger, which many women must suffer throughout their lives, from want of literary food, — from such an emptiness of the soul arise disquiet, discontent, nay, innumerable faults."

"I believe you are right, Elise," said the Lagman, "and no condition in life is sadder, particularly in more advanced years. But this shall not be the lot of our Petrea — that I will promise. What do you think now will benefit her most?"

"My opinion is that a serious and continued plan of study would assist in regulating her mind. She is too much left to herself with her confused tendencies, with her zeal and her inquiry. I am too ignorant myself to lead and instruct her, you have too little time, and she has no one here who can properly direct her young and unregulated mind. Sometimes I almost pity her, for her sisters don't understand at all what is going on within her, and I confess it is often painful to myself; I wish I were more able to assist her. Petrea needs some ground on which to take her stand. Her thoughts require more firmness; from the want of this comes her uneasiness. She is like a flower without roots, which is moved about by wind and waves."

"She shall take root, she shall find ground as sure as it is to be found in the world," said the Lagman, with a serious and beaming eye, at the same time striking his hand on the book containing the law of West Gotha, so that it fell to the ground. "We will consider more of this, Elise," continued he: "Petrea is still too young for us to judge with certainty of her talents and tendencies. But if they turn out to be what they appear, then she shall never feel any hunger as long as I live and can procure bread for my family. You know my friend, the excellent Bishop B ——: perhaps we can at first confide our Petrea to

his guidance. After a few years we shall see; she is still only a child. Don't you think that we ought to speak to Jacobi, in order to get him to read and converse with her? Apropos, how is it with Jacobi? I imagine that he begins to be too attentive to Louise."

"Well, well! you are not so far wrong; and even our cousin Thure of Oestanvik, — have you perceived anything there?"

"Yes, I did perceive something yesterday evening; what the deuce was his meaning with those stupid questions he put to her? 'Does cousin like this?' or 'Is cousin fond of that?' I don't like that at all myself. Louise is not yet full-grown, and already people come and ask her, 'Does cousin like —?' Well, it may signify very little after all, which would perhaps please me best. What a pity, however, that our cousin is not a little more manly; for he has certainly got a most beautiful estate, and so near us."

"Yes, a pity; because, as he is at present, I am almost sure Louise would find it impossible to give him her hand."

"You do not believe that her inclination is toward Jacobi?"

"To tell the truth, I fancy that this is the case."

"Nay, that would be very unpleasant and very unwise: I am very fond of Jacobi, but he has nothing and is nothing."

"But, my dear, he may get something and become something; I confess, dear Ernst, that I believe he would suit Louise better for a husband than any one else we know, and I would with pleasure call him my son."

"Would you, Elise? then I must also prepare myself to do the same. You have had most trouble and most labor with the children, it is therefore right that you should decide in their affairs."

"Ernst, you are so kind!"

"Say just, Elise; not more than just. Besides, it is my opinion that our thoughts and inclinations will not differ much. I confess that Louise appears to me to be a great treasure, and I know of nobody I could give her to with all my heart; but if Jacobi obtains her affections, I feel that I could not oppose their union, although it would be painful to me on account of his uncertain prospects. He is really dear to me, and we are under great obligations to him on account of Henrik; his excellent heart, his honesty, and his good qualities, will make him as good a citizen as a husband and father, and I consider him to be

one of the most agreeable men to associate with daily. But, God bless me! I speak as if I wished the union, but that is far from my desire: I would much rather keep my daughters at home, so long as they find themselves happy with me; but when girls grow up, there is never any peace to depend on. I wish all lovers and questioners a long way off. Here we could live altogether as in a kingdom of heaven, now that we have got everything in such order. Some small improvements may still be wanted, but this will be all right if we are only left in peace. I have been thinking that we could so easily make a wardrobe here: do you see on this side of the wall — don't you think if we were to open — What! are you asleep already, my dear?"

. . . . . .

Louise was often teased about Cousin Thure; Cousin Thure was often teased about Cousin Louise. He liked very much to be teased about his Cousin Louise, and it gave him great pleasure to be told that Oestanvik wanted a mistress, that he himself wanted a good wife, and that Louise Frank was decidedly one of the wisest and most amiable girls in the whole neighborhood, and of the most respectable family. The Landed Proprietor was half ready to receive congratulations on his betrothal. What the supposed bride thought about the matter, however, is difficult to divine. Louise was certainly always polite to her "Cousin Thure," but more indifference than attachment seemed to be expressed in this politeness; and she declined, with a decision astonishing to many a person, his constantly repeated invitations to make a tour to Oestanvik in his new landau drawn by "my chestnut horses," four-in-hand. It was said by many that the agreeable and friendly Jacobi was much nearer to Louise's heart than the rich Landed Proprietor. But even towards Jacobi her behavior was so uniform, so quiet, and so unconstrained that nobody knew what to think. Very few knew so well as we do that Louise considered it in accordance with the dignity of a woman to show perfect indifference to the attentions or *doux propos* of men, until they had openly and fully explained themselves. She despised coquetry to that degree that she feared everything which had the least appearance of it. Her young friends used to joke with her upon her strong notions in this respect, and often told her that she would remain unmarried.

"That may be!" answered Louise calmly.

One day she was told that a gentleman had said, "I will not stand up for any girl who is not a little coquettish!"

"Then he may remain sitting!" answered Louise, with a great deal of dignity.

Louise's views with regard to the dignity of woman, her serious and decided principles, and her manner of expressing them, amused her young friends, at the same time that they inspired them with great regard for her, and caused many little contentions and discussions in which Louise fearlessly, though not without some excess, defended what was right. These contentions, which began in merriment, sometimes ended quite differently.

A young and somewhat coquettish married lady felt herself one day wounded by the severity with which Louise judged the coquetry of her sex, particularly of married ladies, and in revenge she made use of some words which awakened Louise's astonishment and anger at the same time. An explanation followed between the two, the consequence of which was a complete rupture between Louise and the young lady, together with an altered disposition of mind in the former, which she in vain attempted to conceal. She had been unusually joyous and lively during the first days of her stay at Axelholm; but she now became silent and thoughtful, often absent; and some people thought that she seemed less friendly than formerly towards the Candidate, but somewhat more attentive to the Landed Proprietor, although she constantly declined his invitation "to take a tour to Oestanvik."

The evening after this explanation took place, Elise was engaged with Jacobi in a lively conversation in the balcony.

"And if," said Jacobi, "if I endeavor to win her affections, oh, tell me! would her parents, would her mother see it without displeasure? Ah, speak openly with me; the happiness of my life depends upon it!"

"You have my approval and my good wishes," answered Elise; "I tell you now what I have often told my husband, that I should very much like to call you my son!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply affected, falling on his knees and pressing Elise's hand to his lips: "oh, that every act in my life might prove my gratitude, my love—!"

At this moment Louise, who had been looking for her mother, approached the balcony; she saw Jacobi's action and heard his

words. She withdrew quickly, as if she had been stung by a serpent.

From this time a great change was more and more perceptible in her. Silent, shy, and very pale, she moved about like a dreaming person in the merry circle at Axelholm, and willingly agreed to her mother's proposal to shorten her stay at this place.

Jacobi, who was as much astonished as sorry at Louise's sudden unfriendliness towards him, began to think the place was somehow bewitched, and wished more than once to leave it.

A Family Picture.

(From "The Home.")

The family is assembled in the library; tea is just finished. Louise, at the pressing request of Gabrielle and Petrea, lays out the cards in order to tell the sisters their fortune. The Candidate seats himself beside her, and seems to have made up his mind to be a little more cheerful. But then "the object" looks more like a cathedral than ever. The Landed Proprietor enters, bows, blows his nose, and kisses the hand of his "gracious aunt."

Landed Proprietor — Very cold this evening; I think we shall have frost.

Elise — It is a miserable spring; we have just read a melancholy account of the famine in the northern provinces; these years of dearth are truly unfortunate.

Landed Proprietor — Oh yes, the famine up there. No, let us talk of something else; that is too gloomy. I have had my peas covered with straw. Cousin Louise, are you fond of playing Patience? I am very fond of it myself; it is so composing. At Oestanvik I have got very small cards for Patience; I am quite sure you would like them, Cousin Louise.

The Landed Proprietor seats himself on the other side of Louise. The Candidate is seized with a fit of curious shrugs.

Louise — This is not Patience, but a little conjuring by means of which I can tell future things. Shall I tell your fortune, Cousin Thure?

Landed Proprietor — Oh yes! do tell my fortune; but don't tell me anything disagreeable. If I hear anything disagreeable in the evening, I always dream of it at night. Tell me now from the cards that I shall have a pretty little wife; — a wife beautiful and amiable as Cousin Louise.

The Candidate (*with an expression in his eyes as if he would send the Landed Proprietor head-over-heels to Oestanvik*) — I don't know whether Miss Louise likes flattery.

Landed Proprietor (*who takes no notice of his rival*) — Cousin Louise, are you fond of blue?

Louise — Blue? It is a pretty color; but I almost like green better.

Landed Proprietor — Well, that's very droll; it suits exceedingly well. At Oestanvik my drawing-room furniture is blue; beautiful light-blue satin. But in my bedroom I have green moreen. Cousin Louise, I believe really —

The Candidate coughs as though he were going to be suffocated, and rushes out of the room. Louise looks after him and sighs, and afterwards sees in the cards so many misfortunes for Cousin Thure that he is quite frightened. "The peas frosted!" — "conflagration in the drawing-room" — and at last "a basket" ["the mitten"]. The Landed Proprietor declares still laughingly that he will not receive "a basket." The sisters smile and make their remarks.

CLEMENS BRENTANO.

Clemens Brentano, a German poet, born at Frankfort, Sept. 8, 1778; died at Aschaffenburg, July 28, 1842. He was educated at Jena; whence he removed to Heidelberg, and thereafter to Vienna and to Berlin. He lived in much seclusion, writing *con amore* and not as a professor of letters. In 1818 he withdrew from society and lived in strict retirement at Dülmen. He spent the later years of his life in Ratisbon, Frankfort, and Munich. Brentano was a voluminous and multifarious writer. Viewed as a religious writer, he has been called the greatest modern Catholic poet; seen from a purely literary standpoint, he is by many recognized as the father of the later romanticists. His works include dramas, lyrics, tales, satires, personal letters, folk-lore, and a collection of verbatim reports —carefully taken down year after year from her own mouth — of the visions and revelations of the ecstatic Anna Katharina Emmerich, a peasant girl of Münster, who became an Augustinian nun at Agnetenberg. Many of Brentano's letters were published after his death by his sister Elizabeth, the famous Bettina of the Goethe correspondence. In collaboration with Bettina's husband, Clemens published "The Boy's Wonderhorn," a collection of folk-songs which was of vast service to literature in that it led the way to the working of the prolific mines of traditional song and story in all nations. His "Story of Caspar the Brave and Annie the Fair," a novelette which has been characterized as "a perfect little piece," has been translated into English and published under the title "Honor." "Ponce de Léon" and "Victoria" have been regarded as the best of his plays. His best poem was perhaps "The Foundation of Prague." His collected works were published in nine volumes in 1852.

To readers of the present day a special interest attaches to Brentano's "Ballad of Lore Lay"; which is the real foundation of the operas entitled "Loreley" by Mendelssohn and Lachner, and of the beautiful lyric by Heine.

Lore Lay.

At Bacharach there dwelleth
A sorceress, so fair,

LORELEY

That many a heart unwary
Her beauty did insnare.

She wrought both shame and sorrow
On many a knight around;
For him there was no rescue
Whom her love's fetters bound.

The bishop had her summoned
With spiritual care;
But fain would grant her pardon,
She was so passing fair.

He spoke with pity's accents:
"Poor Lore Lay! O tell,
Who is it hath misled thee
To work thy evil spell?"

"O let me die, Lord Bishop;
Life I no longer prize,
For all rush to destruction
That look upon mine eyes.

"Mine eyes are flaming firebrands,
Mine arm a magic wand,
O let the flames consume me!
O break in twain my wand!"

"No, ere I can condemn thee,
Must thou to me disclose,
Why in these flaming firebrands
My heart already glows.

"To strive to break asunder
Thy magic wand were vain;
Then would my heart be broken,
Sweet Lore Lay, in twain."

"O laugh not thus, Lord Bishop,
The hapless one to scorn;
But pray that God his mercy
May show to the forlorn!

"O I may live no longer,
To love I've bade adieu;
Give me the death I yearn for,
For this I came to you.

"My lover he forsook me,
And did my heart betray;
Now dwells he with the stranger,
Far, far from me away.

"Bright eyes so wild yet gentle,
The cheek of red and white,
Soft speech, to form my circle
Of magic charms unite.

"Myself therein must perish,
My heart is rent in twain;
When I behold my image,
Oh, I could die of pain.

"Let justice then be done me;
A Christian's death my lot;
For all is lost and vanished,
Since he is with me not."

Three knights he summoned: — "Let her
Peace in yon convent find;
Go, Lore; be commended
To God thy troubled mind!

"A nun shalt thou be henceforth,
A nun in black and white;
And, while on earth, prepare thee
For death's eternal flight."

And now unto the convent
The knights all three repair,
And sorrowful amidst them
Rode Lore Lay the fair.

"Sir knights, I pray ye, let me
This lofty rock ascend;
I long at my love's castle
A parting look to send;

"The deep Rhine's flowing billows
I fain once more would see;
Then go unto the convent,
God's virgin bride to be."

The craggy rock soars lofty,
Its side is steep and rude,

Yet up the height she climbeth,
Till on the top she stood.

The knights bound fast their chargers,
And left them in the vale;
They climbed the rock, and higher,
And higher still they scale.

The maiden spake: "A vessel
Upon the Rhine I see;
He who therein is standing
My own sweet love shall be;

"My heart beats so serenely,
He must, he must be mine!"
Then o'er the verge reclining,
She plunges in the Rhine.

And all the knights, they perished,
Unable to descend;
No grave there to receive them,
No priest their death to tend.

From "The Nurse's Watch."

The moon it shines,
My darling whines;
The clock strikes twelve: — God cheer
The sick both far and near.
God knoweth all;
Mousy nibbles in the wall;
The clock strikes one: — like day,
Dreams o'er thy pillow play.
The matin-bell
Wakes the nun in convent cell;
The clock strikes two: — they go
To choir in a row.
The wind it blows,
The cock he crows;
The clock strikes three: — the wagoner
In his straw bed begins to stir.
The steed he paws the floor,
Creaks the stable door;
The clock strikes four: — 'tis plain
The coachman sifts his grain.

ELIZABETH BRENTANO.

Elizabeth Brentano, wife of Ludwig Achim von Arnim, and better known to the world as Bettina von Arnim, a German authoress, was born at Frankfort, April 4, 1785, and died at Berlin, Jan. 20, 1859. She was very excitable and somewhat eccentric, in early life the suicide of a friend having produced a profound impression upon her mind. In her youth she gave way to a passionate admiration and platonic affection for the poet Goethe, at that time a man of nearly sixty years of age. A correspondence ensued between them, and in 1835 Bettina came before the reading world in a series of letters entitled "The Correspondence of Goethe with a Child," which she also translated into English. Her letters are poetical, graceful, fascinating, often extravagant, and abound in graphic sketches of men and women of the time. The great poet himself turned many of them into verse. "Die Günderode," published in 1840, was a similar collection of letters which had passed between Bettina and the unfortunate friend of her childhood, the Canoness von Günderode. Another such volume, the best of all, though hardly known, is a series of letters to and from her brother, Clemens Brentano, the novelist and dramatist. Bettina's English translation of the Goethe correspondence has been characterized as "an unparalleled literary curiosity." She also wrote "This Book Belongs to the King" (1843), an attempt to solve the question of pauperism.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.

TO GOETHE.

What shall I write to you, since I am sad, and have nothing new or welcome to say? Rather would I at once send thee the white paper, instead of first covering it with letters, which do not always say what I wish, — and that thou shouldst fill it up at thy leisure, and make me but too happy and send it back to me; and when I then see the blue cover and tear it open, — curiously hasty, as longing is always expectant of bliss, and I should then read what once charmed me from thy lips: "Dear child, my gentle heart, my only love, little darling," — the

friendly words with which thou spoiledst me, soothing me the while so kindly, — ah, more I would not ask. I should have all again, even thy whisper I should read there, with which thou softly pouredst into my soul all that was most lovely, and madest me forever beautiful to myself. As I there passed through the walks on thy arm, — ah, how long ago does it seem! — I was contented; all wishes were laid to sleep; they had, like the mountains, enveloped color and form in mist; I thought, thus it would glide, — and ever on, without much labor, — from the land to the high sea, — bold and proud, with unfolded flags and fresh breeze. But, Goethe, fiery youth wants the customs of the hot season: when the evening shadows draw over the land, then the nightingales shall not be silent; all shall sing or express itself joyfully; the world shall be a luxuriant fruit garland, all shall crowd in enjoyment, — and all enjoyment shall expand mightily; it shall pour itself forth like fermenting wine juice, which works in foam till it comes to rest; we shall sink in it, as the sun beneath the ocean waves, but also return like him. So it has been with thee, Goethe; none knows how thou heldst communion with heaven, and what wealth thou hast asked there, when thou hadst set in enjoyment.

That delights me, to see when the sun sets, when the earth drinks in his glow, and slowly folds his fiery wings and detains him prisoner of night: then it becomes still in the world; out of the darkness, longing rises up so secretly, and the stars there above lighten so unreachingly to it, — so very unreachably, Goethe!

He who shall be happy becomes so timid: the heart, trembling, pants with happiness ere it has dared a welcome; I also feel that I am not matched for my happiness; what a power of senses to comprehend thee! Love must become a mastership, — to want the possession of that which is to be loved, in the common understanding, is worthy of eternal love, and wrecks each moment on the slightest occurrence. This is my task, that I appropriate myself to thee, but will not possess thee, — thou most to be desired!

I am still so young that it may be easily pardoned if I am ignorant. Ah! I have no soul for knowledge; I feel I cannot learn what I do not know; I must wait for it, as the prophet in the wilderness waits for the ravens to bring him food. The simile is not so unapt: nourishment is borne to my spirit

through the air, — often exactly as it is on the point of starvation.

Since I have loved thee, something unattainable floats in my spirit, — a mystery which nourishes me. As the ripe fruits fall from the tree, so here thoughts fall to me, which refresh and invigorate me. O Goethe! had the fountain a soul, it could not hasten more full of expectation on to light, to rise again, than I, with foreseeing certainty, hasten on to meet this new life, which has been given me through thee, and which gives me to know that a higher impulse of life will burst the prison, not sparing the rest and ease of accustomed days, which in fermenting inspiration it destroys. This lofty fate the loving spirit evades as little as the seed evades the blossom when it once lies in fresh earth. Thus I feel myself in thee, thou fruitful, blessed soil! I can say what it is when the germ bursts the hard rind, — it is painful; the smiling children of spring are brought forth amid tears.

O Goethe, what happens with man? what does he feel? what happens in the most flaming cup of his heart? I would willingly confess my faults to thee, but love makes me quite an ideal being. Thou hast done much for me, even before thou knewest me; above much that I coveted and did not ask, thou hast raised me.

BETTINA.

JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright, an English orator and statesman, was born of Quaker parentage at Greenbank, near Rochdale, Lancashire, Nov. 16, 1811; died March 27, 1889. He was educated at the Friends' schools at Ackworth, York, and Newton. During 1835 he traveled on the Continent, and on his return he delivered at Rochdale a series of lectures on subjects connected with his journey and on commerce and political economy. He had already, at an earlier age, taken a public interest in questions of parliamentary reform, and his Quaker education had made him a prominent young opponent of church rates, capital punishment, and intemperance. The anti-corn-law agitation, however, brought him into more extended notice. He was one of the first and leading members of the league, and in 1839 he engaged with Cobden in an extensive free-trade tour of the kingdom. In 1843 he was returned by Durham to Parliament. In 1845 he obtained the appointment of a select committee of the House on the game-laws, and one on cotton-cultivation in India. He advocated the reform of the Irish land-laws and the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In 1847 he was elected member for Manchester, and again at the general election which followed the formation of the first Derby ministry. The session of 1855 was rendered memorable as the occasion of some of his finest orations, delivered in denunciation of the Crimean War. He traveled abroad for a while, on account of ill-health; and in 1857 he was elected for Birmingham, for which borough he remained a member until his death, March 27, 1889. On the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States, Mr. Bright excited great unpopularity by his uncompromising advocacy of the Federal cause. In 1865, after Gladstone's defeat on the reform bill, Bright conducted a campaign in favor of reform, and obtained from the Disraeli government a measure embodying many of his principles. His completion, in 1883, of a quarter of a century of public service was marked by a series of popular demonstrations. In 1886 he opposed the Gladstone home-rule policy, and became the great strength of the Unionist party, his influence going far toward winning the general election of that year. A collection of Bright's "Speeches" was published in 1868, another collection in 1881, and his "Public Letters" in 1885. Mr. Bright was recognized as one of the most eloquent public speakers of his time.

From the Speech on the State of Ireland (1866).

I think I was told in 1849, as I stood in the burial ground at Skibbereen, that at least four hundred people who had died of famine were buried within the quarter of an acre of ground on which I was then looking. It is a country, too, from which there has been a greater emigration by sea within a given time than has been known at any time from any other country in the world. It is a country where there has been, for generations past, a general sense of wrong, out of which has grown a chronic state of insurrection; and at this very moment when I speak, the general safeguard of constitutional liberty is withdrawn, and we meet in this hall, and I speak here to-night, rather by the forbearance and permission of the Irish executive than under the protection of the common safeguards of the rights and liberties of the people of the United Kingdom.

I venture to say that this is a miserable and a humiliating picture to draw of this country. Bear in mind that I am not speaking of Poland suffering under the conquest of Russia. There is a gentleman, now a candidate for an Irish county, who is very great upon the wrongs of Poland; but I have found him always in the House of Commons taking sides with that great party which has systematically supported the wrongs of Ireland. I am not speaking of Hungary, or of Venice as she was under the rule of Austria, or of the Greeks under the dominion of the Turk; but I am speaking of Ireland — part of the United Kingdom — part of that which boasts itself to be the most civilized and the most Christian nation in the world. I took the liberty recently, at a meeting in Glasgow, to say that I believed it was impossible for a class to govern a great nation wisely and justly. Now, in Ireland there has been a field in which all the principles of the Tory party have had their complete experiment and development. You have had the country gentleman in all his power. You have had any number of Acts of Parliament which the ancient Parliament of Ireland or the Parliament of the United Kingdom could give him. You have had the Established Church supported by the law, even to the extent, not many years ago, of collecting its revenues by the aid of military force. In point of fact, I believe it would be impossible to imagine a state of things in which the Tory party should have a more entire and complete opportunity for their

JOHN BRIGHT

trial than they have had within the limits of this island. And yet what has happened? This, surely: that the kingdom has been continually weakened, that the harmony of the empire has been disturbed, and that the mischief has not been confined to the United Kingdom, but has spread to the colonies. . . .

I am told — you can answer it if I am wrong — that it is not common in Ireland now to give leases to tenants, especially to Catholic tenants. If that be so, then the security for the property rests only upon the good feeling and favor of the owner of the land; for the laws, as we know, have been made by the landowners, and many propositions for the advantage of the tenants have unfortunately been too little considered by Parliament. The result is that you have bad farming, bad dwelling-houses, bad temper, and everything bad connected with the occupation and cultivation of land in Ireland. One of the results — a result the most appalling — is this, that your population is fleeing your country and seeking refuge in a distant land. On this point I wish to refer to a letter which I received a few days ago from a most esteemed citizen of Dublin. He told me that he believed that a very large portion of what he called the poor, amongst Irishmen, sympathized with any scheme or any proposition that was adverse to the Imperial Government. He said further that the people here are rather in the country than of it, and that they are looking more to America than they are looking to England. I think there is a good deal in that. When we consider how many Irishmen have found a refuge in America, I do not know how we can wonder at that statement. You will recollect that when the ancient Hebrew prophet prayed in his captivity, he prayed with his window open towards Jerusalem. You know that the followers of Mohammed, when they pray, turn their faces towards Mecca. When the Irish peasant asks for food and freedom and blessing, his eye follows the setting sun, the aspirations of his heart reach beyond the wide Atlantic, and in spirit he grasps hands with the great Republic of the West. If this be so, I say then that the disease is not only serious, but it is desperate; but desperate as it is, I believe there is a certain remedy for it if the people and Parliament of the United Kingdom are willing to apply it. . . .

I believe that at the root of a general discontent there is in all countries a general grievance and general suffering. The surface of society is not incessantly disturbed without a cause.

I recollect in the poem of the greatest of Italian poets, he tells us that as he saw in vision the Stygian lake, and stood upon its banks, he observed the constant commotion upon the surface of the pool, and his good instructor and guide explained to him the cause of it: —

> "This, too, for certain know, that underneath
> The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
> Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
> As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn."

And I say that in Ireland, for generations back, the misery and the wrongs of the people have made their sign, and have found a voice in constant insurrection and disorder. I have said that Ireland is a country of many wrongs and of many sorrows. Her past lies almost in shadow. Her present is full of anxiety and peril. Her future depends on the power of her people to substitute equality and justice for supremacy, and a generous patriotism for the spirit of faction. In the effort now making in Great Britain to create a free representation of the people you have the deepest interest. The people never wish to suffer, and they never wish to inflict injustice. They have no sympathy with the wrong-doer, whether in Great Britain or in Ireland; and when they are fairly represented in the Imperial Parliament, as I hope they will one day be, they will speedily give an effective and final answer to that old question of the Parliament of Kilkenny — "How comes it to pass that the King has never been the richer for Ireland?"

From the Speech on the Corn Laws (1843).

It must not be supposed, because I wish to represent the interest of the many, that I am hostile to the interest of the few.

But is it not perfectly certain that if the foundation of the most magnificent building be destroyed and undermined, the whole fabric itself is in danger? Is it not certain, also, that the vast body of the people who form the foundation of the social fabric, if they are suffering, if they are trampled upon, if they are degraded, if they are discontented, if "their hands are against every man, and every man's hands are against them," if they do not flourish as well, reasonably speaking, as the classes who are above them because they are richer and more power-

ful, — then are those classes as much in danger as the working classes themselves?

There never was a revolution in any country which destroyed the great body of the people. There have been convulsions of a most dire character which have overturned old-established monarchies and have hurled thrones and scepters to the dust. There have been revolutions which have brought down most powerful aristocracies, and swept them from the face of the earth forever, but never was there a revolution yet which destroyed the people. And whatever may come as a consequence of the state of things in this country, of this we may rest assured: that the common people, that the great bulk of our countrymen will remain and survive the shock, though it may be that the Crown and the aristocracy and the Church may be leveled with the dust, and rise no more. In seeking to represent the working classes, and in standing up for their rights and liberties, I hold that I am also defending the rights and liberties of the middle and richer classes of society. Doing justice to one class cannot inflict injustice on any other class, and "justice and impartiality to all" is what we all have a right to from government. And we have a right to clamor; and so long as I have breath, so long will I clamor against the oppression which I see to exist, and in favor of the rights of the great body of the people. . . .

What is the condition in which we are? I have already spoken of Ireland. You know that hundreds of thousands meet there, week after week, in various parts of the country, to proclaim to all the world the tyranny under which they suffer. You know that in South Wales, at this moment, there is an insurrection of the most extraordinary character going on, and that the Government is sending, day after day, soldiers and artillery amongst the innocent inhabitants of that mountainous country for the purpose of putting down the insurrection thereby raised and carried on. You know that in the Staffordshire ironworks almost all the workmen are now out and in want of wages, from want of employment and from attempting to resist the inevitable reduction of wages which must follow restriction upon trade. You know that in August last, Lancashire and Yorkshire rose in peaceful insurrection to proclaim to the world, and in face of Heaven, the wrongs of an insulted and oppressed people. I know that my own neighborhood is unsettled and uncomfortable. I know that in your own city your families are suffering. Yes, I have been to your cottages and seen their

condition. Thanks to my canvass of Durham, I have been able to see the condition of many honest and independent — or ought-to-be-independent — and industrious artisans. I have seen even freemen of your city sitting, looking disconsolate and sad. Their hands were ready to labor; their skill was ready to produce all that their trade demanded. They were as honest and industrious as any man in this assembly, but no man hired them. They were in a state of involuntary idleness, and were driving fast to the point of pauperism. I have seen their wives, too, with three or four children about them — one in the cradle, one at the breast. I have seen their countenances, and I have seen the signs of their sufferings. I have seen the emblems and symbols of affliction such as I did not expect to see in this city! Ay! and I have seen those little children who at not a distant day will be the men and women of this city of Durham; I have seen their poor little wan faces and anxious looks, as if the furrows of old age were coming upon them before they had escaped from the age of childhood. I have seen all this in this city, and I have seen far more in the neighborhood from which I have come. You have seen, in all probability, people from my neighborhood walking your streets and begging for that bread which the Corn Laws would not allow them to earn.

> "Bread-taxed weaver, all can see
> What the tax hath done for thee,
> And thy children, vilely led,
> Singing hymns for shameful bread,
> Till the stones of every street
> Know their little naked feet."

This is what the Corn Law does for the weavers of my neighborhood, and for the weavers and artisans of yours. . . .

ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN, a French author, born at Belley, April 1, 1755; died at Paris, Feb. 2, 1826. He was educated to his father's profession of the law, and was practicing when, in 1789, he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. He afterward became president of the civil tribunal of the department of Ain, and on the establishment of the Court of Cassation he was made a judge of it. During the Reign of Terror he fled to Switzerland, and then to the United States, where he taught music and French. In 1796, he returned to his native country, where, after filling several offices under the Directory, he was reappointed Judge of the Court of Cassation, in which office he remained during the rest of his life. His life-study was gastronomy. Brillat-Savarin is known to history by his one great book, "Physiologie du Goût," published a year or so before his death. This is an essay on the social implications of gastronomy, written in elegant style with profound knowledge of the subject-matter.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE.

I HAVE consulted the dictionaries under the word *gourmandise*, and am by no means satisfied with what I find. The love of good living seems to be constantly confounded with gluttony and voracity; whence I infer that our lexicographers, however otherwise estimable, are not to be classed with those good fellows amongst learned men who can put away gracefully a wing of partridge, and then, by raising the little finger, wash it down with a glass of Lafitte or Clos-Vougeot.

They have utterly forgot that social love of good eating which combines in one, Athenian elegance, Roman luxury, and Parisian refinement. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare; it appreciates energetically, and judges profoundly. It is a precious quality, almost deserving to rank as a virtue, and is very certainly the source of much unqualified enjoyment.

Gourmandise, or the love of good living, is an impassioned,

rational, and habitual preference for whatever flatters the sense of taste. It is opposed to excess; therefore every man who eats to indigestion, or makes himself drunk, runs the risk of being erased from the list of its votaries. *Gourmandise* also comprises a love for dainties or tidbits; which is merely an analogous preference, limited to light, delicate, or small dishes, to pastry, and so forth. It is a modification allowed in favor of the women, or men of feminine tastes.

Regarded from any point of view, the love of good living deserves nothing but praise and encouragement. Physically, it is the result and proof of the digestive organs being healthy and perfect. Morally, it shows implicit resignation to the commands of Nature, who, in ordering man to eat that he may live, gives him appetite to invite, flavor to encourage, and pleasure to reward.

Gastronomy is a scientific definition of all that relates to man as a feeding animal.

Its object is to watch over the preservation of man by means of the best possible food.

It does so by directing, according to certain principles, all those who procure, search for, or prepare things which may be converted into food.

To tell the truth, this is what moves cultivators, vine-dressers, fishermen, huntsmen, and the immense family of cooks, whatever title or qualification they bear, to the preparation of food.

Gastronomy is a chapter of natural history, from the fact that it makes a classification of alimentary substances.

Of physics, for it examines their properties and qualities.

Of chemistry, from the various analysis and decomposition to which it subjects them.

Of cookery, from the fact that it prepares food and makes it agreeable.

Of commerce, from the fact that it purchases at as low a rate as possible what it consumes, and displays to the greatest advantage what it offers for sale.

Lastly it is a chapter of political economy, from the resources it furnishes the taxing power, and the means of exchange it substitutes between nations.

Gastronomy rules all life, for the tears of the infant cry for the bosom of the nurse; the dying man receives with some degree

of pleasure the last cooling drink, which, alas! he is unable to digest.

It has to do with all classes of society, for if it presides over the banquets of assembled kings, it calculates the number of minutes of ebullition which an egg requires.

The material of gastronomy is all that may be eaten; its object is direct, the preservation of individuals. Its means of execution are cultivation, which produces; commerce, which exchanges; industry, which prepares; and experience, which teaches us to put them to the best use.

Gastronomy considers taste in its pleasures and in its pains. It has discovered the gradual excitements of which it is susceptible; it regularizes its action, and has fixed limits, which a man who respects himself will never pass.

It also considers the action of food or aliments on the morale of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage, and his perceptions, whether he is awake, sleeps, acts, or reposes.

Gastronomy determines the degree of esculence of every alimentary subject; all are not presentable under the same circumstances.

Some can be eaten until they are entirely developed. Such as capers, asparagus, sucking pigs, squabs, and other animals eaten only when they are young.

Others as soon as they have reached all the perfection to which they are destined, like melons, fruit, mutton, beef, and grown animals. Others when they begin to decompose, such as snipe, woodcock, and pheasant. Others not until cooking has destroyed all their injurious properties, such as the potato, manioc, and other substances.

Gastronomy classifies all of these substances according to their qualities, and indicates those which will mingle, and measuring the quantity of nourishment they contain, distinguishes those which should make the basis of our repast from those which are only accessories, and others which, though not necessary, are an agreeable relief, and become the *obligato* accompaniment of convivial gossip.

It takes no less interest in the beverages intended for us, according to time, place, and climate. It teaches their preparation and preservation, and especially presents them in an order so exactly calculated that the pleasure perpetually increases, until gratification ends and abuse begins.

Gastronomy examines men and things for the purpose of transporting, from one country to another, all that deserves to be known, and which causes a well-arranged entertainment to be an abridgment of the world in which each portion is represented.

Gastronomical knowledge is necessary to all men, for it tends to augment the sum of happiness. This utility becomes the greater in proportion as it is used by the more comfortable classes of society; it is indispensable to those who have large incomes, and entertain a great deal, either because in this respect they discharge an obligation, follow their own inclination, or yield to fashion.

They have this special advantage, that they take personal pleasure in the manner their table is kept; they can, to a certain point, superintend the depositories of their confidence, and even on many occasions direct them.

The Prince de Soubise once intended to give an entertainment, and asked for the bill of fare.

The *maître d'hôtel* came with a list surrounded by *vignettes*, and the first article that met the Prince's eye was *fifty hams*. "Bertrand," said the Prince, "I think you must be extravagant; fifty hams! Do you intend to feast my whole regiment?"

"No, Prince, there will be but one on the table, and the surplus I need for my *epagnole*, my *blondes*, garnitures, etc."

"Bertrand, you are robbing me. This article will not do."

"Monseigneur," said the artist, "you do not appreciate me! Give the order, and I will put those fifty hams in a crystal flask no longer than my thumb."

What could be said to such a positive operation? The Prince smiled, and the hams were passed.

In men not far removed from a state of nature, it is well known that all important affairs are discussed at their feasts. Amid their festivals savages decide on war and peace; we need not go far to know that villages decide on all public affairs at the cabinet.

This observation has not escaped those to whom the weightiest affairs are often confided. They saw that a full-stomached individual was very different from a fasting one; that the table established a kind of alliance between the parties, and made guests more apt to receive certain impressions and submit to certain influences. This was the origin of political

gastronomy. Entertainments have become governmental measures, and the fate of nations is decided on in a banquet. This is neither a paradox nor a novelty, but a simple observation of fact. Open every historian, from the time of Herodotus to our own days, and it will be seen that, not even excepting conspiracies, no great event ever took place, not conceived, prepared, and arranged at a festival.

Such, at the first glance, appears to be the domain of gastronomy, a realm fertile in results of every kind and which is aggrandized by the discoveries and inventions of those who cultivate it. It is certain that before the lapse of many years, gastronomy will have its academicians, courses, professors, and premiums.

At first some rich and zealous gastronomer will establish periodical assemblies, in which the most learned theorists will unite with artists, to discuss and measure the various branches of alimentation.

Soon (such is the history of all academies) the government will intervene, will regularize, protect, and institute; it will seize the opportunity to reward the people for all orphans made by war, for all the Arianas whose tears have been evoked by the drum.

Happy will be the depository of power who will attach his name to this necessary institution! His name will be repeated from age to age with that of Noah, Bacchus, Triptolemus, and other benefactors of humanity; he will be among ministers what Henry IV. was among kings; his eulogy will be in every mouth, though no regulation make it a necessity.

Those predisposed to epicurism are for the most part of middling height. They are broad-faced, and have bright eyes, small forehead, short nose, fleshy lips, and rounded chin. The women are plump, chubby, pretty rather than beautiful, with a slight tendency to fullness of figure. It is under such an exterior that we must look for agreeable guests. They accept all that is offered them, eat without hurry, and taste with discrimination. They never make any haste to get away from houses where they have been well treated, but stay for the evening, because they know all the games and other after-dinner amusements.

Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has denied an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, are long-faced, long-nosed, and

long-eyed: whatever their stature, they have something lanky about them. They have dark, lanky hair, and are never in good condition. It was one of them who invented trousers. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, feel themselves bored at table, and live on cards and scandal.

This theory of mine can be verified by each reader from his own personal observation. I shall give an instance from my own personal experience: —

Sitting one day at a grand banquet, I had opposite me a very pretty neighbor, whose face showed the predisposition I have described. Leaning to the guest beside me, I said quietly that from her physiognomy, the young lady on the other side of the table must be fond of good eating. "You must be mad!" he answered; "she is but fifteen at most, which is certainly not the age for such a thing. However, let us watch."

At first, things were by no means in my favor, and I was somewhat afraid of having compromised myself, for during the first two courses the young lady quite astonished me by her discretion, and I suspected we had stumbled upon an exception, remembering that there are some for every rule. But at last the dessert came, — a dessert both magnificent and abundant, — and my hopes were again revived. Nor did I hope in vain: not only did she eat of all that was offered her, but she even got dishes brought to her from the farthest parts of the table. In a word, she tasted everything, and my neighbor at last expressed his astonishment that the little stomach could hold so many things. Thus was my diagnosis verified, and once again science triumphed.

Whilst I was writing the above, on a fine winter's evening, M. Cartier, formerly the first violinist at the Opera, paid me a visit, and sat down at the fireside. Being full of my subject, I said, after looking at him attentively for some time, "How does it happen, my dear professor, that you are no epicure, when you have all the features of one?" "I was one," he replied, "and among the foremost; but now I refrain." "On principle, I suppose?" said I; but all the answer I had was a sigh, like one of Sir Walter Scott's — that is to say, almost a groan.

As some are gourmands by predestination, so others become so by their state in society or their calling. There are four classes which I should signalize by way of eminence: the money-eyed class, the doctors, men of letters, and the devout.

Inequality of condition implies inequality of wealth, but inequality of wealth does not imply inequality of wants; and he who can afford every day a dinner sufficient for a hundred persons is often satisfied by eating the thigh of a chicken. Hence the necessity for the many devices of art to reanimate that ghost of an appetite by dishes which maintain it without injury, and caress without stifling it.

The causes which act upon doctors are very different, though not less powerful. They become epicures in spite of themselves, and must be made of bronze to resist the seductive power of circumstances. The "dear doctor" is all the more kindly welcomed that health is the most precious of boons; and thus they are always waited for with impatience and received with eagerness. Some are kind to them from hope, others from gratitude. They are fed like pet pigeons. They let things take their course, and in six months the habit is confirmed, and they are gourmands past redemption.

I ventured one day to express this opinion at a banquet in which, with eight others, I took a part, with Dr. Corvisart at the head of the table It was about the year 1806.

"You!" cried I, with the inspired tone of a Puritan preacher; "you are the last remnant of a body which formerly covered the whole of France. Alas! its members are annihilated or widely scattered. No more *fermiers-généraux*, no abbés nor knights nor white-coated friars. The members of your profession constitute the whole gastronomic body. Sustain with firmness that great responsibility, even if you must share the fate of the three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ."

At the same dinner I observed the following noteworthy fact. The doctor, who, when in the mood, was a most agreeable companion, drank nothing but iced champagne; and therefore in the earlier part of the dinner, whilst others were engaged in eating, he kept talking loudly and telling stories. But at dessert, on the contrary, and when the general conversation began to be lively, he became serious, silent, and sometimes low-spirited.

From this observation, confirmed by many others, I have deduced the following theorem: — "Champagne, though at first exhilarating, ultimately produces stupefying effects;" a result, moreover, which is a well-known characteristic of the carbonic acid which it contains.

Whilst I have the university doctors under my grasp, I must, before I die, reproach them with the extreme severity which they use towards their patients. As soon as one has the misfortune to fall into their hands, he must undergo a whole litany of prohibitions, and give up everything that he is accustomed to think agreeable. I rise up to oppose such interdictions, as being for the most part useless. I say useless, because the patient never longs for what is hurtful. A doctor of judgment will never lose sight of the instinctive tendency of our inclinations, or forget that if painful sensations are naturally fraught with danger, those which are pleasant have a healthy tendency. We have seen a drop of wine, a cup of coffee, or a thimbleful of liqueur, call up a smile to the most Hippocratic face.

Those severe prescribers must, moreover, know very well that their prescriptions remain almost always without result. The patient tries to evade the duty of taking them; those about him easily find a good excuse for humoring him, and thus his death is neither hastened nor retarded. In 1815 the medical allowance of a sick Russian would have made a drayman drunk, and that of an Englishman was enough for a Limousin. Nor was any diminution possible, for there were military inspectors constantly going round our hospitals to examine the supply and the consumption.

I am the more confident in announcing my opinion because it is based upon numerous facts, and the most successful practitioners have used a system closely resembling it.

Canon Rollet, who died some fifty years ago, was a hard drinker, according to the custom of those days. He fell ill, and the doctor's first words were a prohibition of wine in any form. On his very next visit, however, our physician found beside the bed of his patient the *corpus delicti* itself, to wit, a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a crystal cup, a handsome looking bottle, and a napkin to wipe the lips. At this sight he flew into a violent passion and spoke of leaving the house when the wretched canon cried to him in tones of lamentation, "Ah, doctor, remember that in forbidding me to drink, you have not forbidden me the pleasure of looking at the bottle!"

The physician who treated Montlusin of Pont de Veyle was still more severe, for not only did he forbid the use of wine to his patient, but also prescribed large doses of water. Shortly

after the doctor's departure, Madame Montlusin, anxious to give full effect to the medical orders, and assist in the recovery of her husband's health, offered him a large glass of the finest and clearest water. The patient took it with docility, and began to drink it with resignation; but stopping short at the first mouthful, he handed back the glass to his wife. "Take it, my dear," said he, "and keep it for another time; I have always heard it said that we should not trifle with remedies."

In the domain of gastronomy the men of letters are near neighbors to the doctors. A hundred years ago literary men were all hard drinkers. They followed the fashion, and the memoirs of the period are quite edifying on that subject. At the present day they are gastronomes, and it is a step in the right direction. I by no means agree with the cynical Geoffroy, who used to say that if our modern writings are weak, it is because literary men now drink nothing stronger than lemonade. The present age is rich in talents, and the very number of books probably interferes with their proper appreciation; but posterity, being more calm and judicial, will see amongst them much to admire, just as we ourselves have done justice to the masterpieces of Racine and Molière, which were received by their contemporaries with coldness.

Never has the social position of men of letters been more pleasant than at present. They no longer live in wretched garrets; the fields of literature are become more fertile, and even the study of the Muses has become productive. Received on an equality in any rank of life, they no longer wait for patronage; and to fill up their cup of happiness, good living bestows upon them its dearest favors. Men of letters are invited because of the good opinion men have of their talents; because their conversation has, generally speaking, something piquant in it, and also because now every dinner-party must as a matter of course have its literary man.

Those gentlemen always arrive a little late, but are welcomed, because expected. They are treated as favorites so that they may come again, and regaled that they may shine; and as they find all this very natural, by being accustomed to it they become, are, and remain gastronomes.

ANNE BRONTÉ.

ANNE BRONTÉ ("Acton Bell"), an English novelist, sister of Charlotte; born in Thornton, Yorkshire, 1820; died in Scarborough, May 28, 1849. She spent her life in her father's parsonage at Haworth; had a short experience as a governess; and published poems with her sisters. Her novels are: "Agnes Grey" (1847): "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" (1848).

DESPONDENCY.

I HAVE gone backward in the work;
The labor has not sped;
Drowsy and dark my spirit lies,
Heavy and dull as lead.

How can I rouse my sinking soul
From such a lethargy?
How can I break these iron chains
And set my spirit free?

There have been times when I have mourned
In anguish o'er the past,
And raised my suppliant hands on high,
While tears fell thick and fast;

And prayed to have my sins forgiven,
With such a fervent zeal,
An earnest grief, a strong desire
As now I cannot feel.

And I have felt so full of love,
So strong in spirit then,
As if my heart would never cool,
Or wander back again.

And yet, alas! how many times
My feet have gone astray!
How oft have I forgot my God!
How greatly fallen away!

My sins increase — my love grows cold,
And Hope within me dies:
Even Faith itself is wavering now;
Oh, how shall I arise?

I cannot weep, but I can pray;
Then let me not despair:
Now Jesus, save me, lest I die!
Christ, hear my humble prayer.

Resignation.

I HOPED that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie:
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high.

But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well;
I said so, with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.

Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away;
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night,
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost —
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost —
Can I but turn to Thee:

With secret labor to sustain,
In humble patience, every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
Whate'er may be my written fate:
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

. . . . . .

Should Death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow. —
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now.

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

Charlotte Brontë, an English novelist, born in Thornton, April 21, 1816; died in Haworth, March 31, 1855. Her "Jane Eyre" (London, 1847) was published under her pseudonym "Currer Bell"; and many personal experiences are embodied in her novels. "Shirley" was published in 1849, and was at once the means of discovering its author, some one having recognized Haworth from the description. The disclosure of her name at once introduced her to the acquaintance of the most celebrated literary men of London. Her sensitive nature shrank from publicity, and she gladly retreated to the quiet of Haworth. Her health was failing. At intervals she was able to work, and in 1853 she completed "Villette," the work which gives us, in the person of Lucy Snowe, the clearest insight into her own character, and the most vivid delineation of her own experience.

In June, 1854, Charlotte Brontë was married to the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, her father's curate. A few months of domestic happiness followed. But years of suffering had enfeebled her fragile body, and she died at the age of thirty-eight.

Charlotte Brontë is perhaps most widely known by her first novel, "Jane Eyre."

An Ill Omen.

(From "Jane Eyre.")

The wind fell, for a second, round Thornfield; but far away over wood and water, poured a wild, melancholy wail: it was sad to listen to, and I ran off again.

Here and there I strayed through the orchard, gathered up the apples with which the grass round the tree roots was thickly strewn: then I employed myself in dividing the ripe from the unripe; I carried them into the house and put them away in the storeroom. Then I repaired to the library to ascertain whether the fire was lit; for, though summer, I knew on such a gloomy evening, Mr. Rochester would like to see a cheerful hearth when he came in: yes, the fire had been kindled some

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

time, and burned well. I placed his arm-chair by the chimney-corner: I wheeled the table near it: I let down the curtain, and had the candles brought in ready for lighting. More restless than ever, when I had completed these arrangements I could not sit still, nor even remain in the house: a little timepiece in the room and the old clock in the hall simultaneously struck ten.

"How late it grows!" I said: "I will run down to the gates: it is moonlight at intervals; I can see a good way on the road. He may be coming now, and to meet him will save some minutes of suspense."

The wind roared high in the great trees which embowered the gates; but the road as far as I could see, to the right hand and the left, was all still and solitary: save for the shadows of clouds crossing it at intervals, as the moon looked out, it was but a long pale line, unvaried by one moving speck.

A puerile tear dimmed my eye while I looked — a tear of disappointment and impatience: ashamed of it, I wiped it away. I lingered; the moon shut herself wholly within her chamber, and drew close her curtain of dense cloud: the night grew dark; rain came driving fast on the gale.

"I wish he would come! I wish he would come!" I exclaimed, seized with hypochondriac foreboding. I had expected his arrival before tea; now it was dark: what could keep him? Had an accident happened? The event of last night again recurred to me. I interpreted it as a warning of disaster. I feared my hopes were too bright to be realized; and I had enjoyed so much bliss lately that I imagined my fortune had passed its meridian and must now decline.

"Well, I cannot return to the house," I thought; "I cannot sit by the fireside, while he is abroad in inclement weather: better tire my limbs than strain my heart; I will go forward and meet him."

I set out; I walked fast, but not far: ere I had measured a quarter of a mile, I heard the tramp of hoofs; a horseman came on, full gallop; a dog ran by his side. Away with evil presentiment! It was he: here he was, mounted on Mesrour, followed by Pilot. He saw me; for the moon had opened a blue field in the sky, and rode in its watery bright: he took his hat off, and waved it round his head. I now ran to meet him.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he stretched out his hand and

bent from the saddle: "You can't do without me, that is evident. Step on my boot-toe; give me both hands: mount!"

I obeyed; joy made me agile: I sprang up before him. A hearty kissing I got for a welcome; and some boastful triumph; which I swallowed as well as I could. He checked himself in his exultation to demand: "But is there anything the matter, Janet, that you come to meet me at such an hour? Is there anything wrong?"

"No; but I thought you would never come. I could not bear to wait in the house for you, especially with this rain and wind."

"Rain and wind, indeed! Yes, you are dripping like a mermaid; pull my cloak round you: but I think you are feverish, Jane: both your cheek and hand are burning hot. I ask again, is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, now: I am neither afraid nor unhappy."

"Then you have been both?"

"Rather: but I'll tell you all about it by and by, sir; and I dare say you will only laugh at me for my pains."

"I'll laugh at you heartily when to-morrow is past; till then I dare not: my prize is not certain. This is you, who have been as slippery as an eel this last month, and as thorny as a brier-rose. I could not lay a finger anywhere but I was pricked; and now I seem to have gathered up a stray lamb in my arms: you wandered out of the fold to seek your shepherd, did you, Jane?"

"I wanted you: but don't boast. Here we are at Thornfield; now let me down."

He landed me on the pavement. As John took his horse, and he followed me into the hall, he told me to make haste and put something dry on, and then return to him in the library; and he stopped me, as I made for the staircase, to extort a promise that I would not be long: nor was I long: in five minutes I rejoined him. I found him at supper.

"Take a seat and bear me company, Jane: please God, it is the last meal but one you will eat at Thornfield Hall for a long time."

I sat down near him; but told him I could not eat.

"Is it because you have the prospect of a journey before you, Jane? Is it the thoughts of going to London that takes away your appetite?"

"I cannot see my prospects clearly to-night, sir; and I hardly

know what thoughts I have in my head. Everything in life seems unreal."

"Except me: I am substantial enough: touch me."

"You, sir, are the most phantom-like of all: you are a mere dream."

He held out his hand, laughing: "Is that a dream?" said he, placing it close to my eyes. He had a rounded, muscular, and vigorous hand, as well as a long, strong arm.

"Yes; though I touch it, it is a dream," said I, as I put it down from before my face. "Sir, have you finished supper?"

"Yes, Jane."

I rang the bell, and ordered away the tray. When we were again alone, I stirred the fire and then took a low seat at my master's knee.

"It is near midnight," I said.

"Yes: but remember, Jane, you promised to wake with me the night before my wedding."

"I did; and I will keep my promise, for an hour or two at least: I have no wish to go to bed."

"Are all your arrangements complete?"

"All, sir."

"And on my part, likewise," he returned. "I have settled everything; and we shall leave Thornfield to-morrow, within half an hour after our return from church."

"Very well, sir."

"With what an extraordinary smile you uttered that word, 'very well,' Jane. What a bright spot of color you have on each cheek! and how strangely your eyes glitter! Are you well?"

"I believe I am."

"Believe! What is the matter? Tell me what you feel."

"I could not, sir: no words could tell you what I feel. I wish this present hour would never end: who knows with what fate the next may come charged?"

"This is hypochondria, Jane. You have been over-excited, or over-fatigued."

"Do you, sir, feel calm and happy?"

"Calm? no: but happy — to the heart's core."

I looked up at him to read the signs of bliss in his face: it was ardent and flushed.

"Give me your confidence, Jane," he said: "relieve your mind of any weight that oppresses it, by imparting it to

me. What do you fear? — that I shall not prove a good husband?"

"It is the idea farthest from my thoughts."

"Are you apprehensive of the new sphere you are about to enter? of the new life into which you are passing?"

"No."

"You puzzle me, Jane: your look and tone of sorrowful audacity perplex and pain me. I want an explanation."

"Then, sir, listen. You were from home last night?"

"I was: I know that; and you hinted a while ago at something which had happened in my absence; nothing, probably, of consequence; but, in short, it has disturbed you. Let me hear it. Mrs. Fairfax has said something, perhaps? or you have overheard the servants talk? your sensitive self-respect has been wounded?"

"No, sir." It struck twelve. I waited till the timepiece had concluded its silver chime, and the clock its hoarse, vibrating stroke, and then I proceeded.

"All day, yesterday, I was very busy, and very happy in my ceaseless bustle; for I am not, as you seem to think, troubled by any haunting fears about the new sphere, et cetera: I think it a glorious thing to have the hope of living with you, because I love you. No, sir, don't caress me now — let me talk undisturbed. Yesterday I trusted well in Providence, and believed that events were working together for your good and mine: it was a fine day, if you recollect — the calmness of the air and sky forbade apprehensions respecting your safety or comfort on your journey. I walked a little while on the pavement after tea, thinking of you; and I beheld you in imagination so near me, I scarcely missed your actual presence. I thought of the life that lay before me — *your* life, sir — an existence more expansive and stirring than my own: as much more so as the depth of the sea to which the brook runs, are than the shallows of its own straight channel. I wondered why moralists call this world a dreary wilderness: for me it blossomed like a rose. Just at sunset, the air turned cold and the sky cloudy: I went in. Sophie called me upstairs to look at my wedding-dress, which they had just brought; and under it in the box I found your present — the veil which, in your princely extravagance, you sent for from London: resolved, I suppose, since I would not have jewels, to cheat me into accepting something as costly. I smiled as I unfolded it, and devised how I would tease you

about your aristocratic tastes, and your efforts to mask your plebeian bride in the attributes of a peeress. I thought how I would carry down to you the square of unembroidered blonde I had myself prepared as a covering for my low-born head, and ask if that was not good enough for a woman who could bring her husband neither fortune, beauty, nor connections. I saw plainly how you would look; and heard your impetuous republican answers, and your haughty disavowal of any necessity on your part to augment your wealth, or elevate your standing, by marrying either a purse or a coronet."

"How well you read me, you witch!" interposed Mr. Rochester; "but what did you find in the veil besides its embroidery? Did you find poison, or a dagger, that you look so mournful now?"

"No, no, sir; besides the delicacy and richness of the fabric, I found nothing save Fairfax Rochester's pride; and that did not scare me, because I am used to the sight of the demon. But, sir, as it grew dark, the wind rose: it blew yesterday evening, not as it blows now — wild and high — but 'with a sullen moaning sound' far more eerie. I wished you were at home. I came into this room, and the sight of the empty chair and fireless hearth chilled me. For some time after I went to bed, I could not sleep; a sense of anxious excitement distressed me. The gale still rising seemed to my ear to muffle a mournful under-sound: whether in the house or abroad I could not at first tell, but it recurred, doubtful yet doleful at every lull: at last I made out it must be some dog howling at a distance. I was glad when it ceased. On sleeping, I continued in dreams the idea of a dark and gusty night. I continued also the wish to be with you, and experienced a strange, regretful consciousness of some barrier dividing us. During all my first sleep, I was following the windings of an unknown road; total obscurity environed me; rain pelted me; I was burdened with the charge of a little child; a very small creature, too young and feeble to walk, and which shivered in my cold arms, and wailed piteously in my ear. I thought, sir, that you were on the road a long way before me; and I strained every nerve to overtake you, and made effort on effort to utter your name and entreat you to stop, but my movements were fettered; and my voice still died away inarticulate; while you, I felt, withdrew farther and farther every moment."

"And these dreams weigh on your spirits now, Jane, when

I am close to you? Little nervous subject! Forget visionary woe, and think only of real happiness! You say you love me, Janet: yes — I will not forget that; and you cannot deny it. *Those* words did not die inarticulate on your lips. I heard them clear and soft: a thought too solemn, perhaps, but sweet as music — 'I think it is a glorious thing to have the hope of living with you, Edward, because I love you.' Do you love me, Jane? repeat it."

"I do, sir. I do with my whole heart."

"Well," he said after some minutes' silence, "it is strange; but that sentence has penetrated my breast painfully. Why? I think because you said it with such an earnest, religious energy; and because your upward gaze at me now is the very sublime of faith, truth, and devotion: it is too much as if some spirit were near me. Look wicked, Jane; as you know well how to look; coin one of your wild, shy, provoking smiles; tell me you hate me — tease me — vex me; do anything but move me: I would rather be incensed than saddened."

"I will tease you and vex you to your heart's content, when I have finished my tale: but hear me to the end."

"I thought, Jane, you had told me all. I thought I had found the source of your melancholy in a dream!"

I shook my head. "What! is there more? But I will not believe it to be anything important. I warn you of incredulity beforehand. Go on."

The disquietude of his air, the somewhat apprehensive impatience of his manner, surprised me: but I proceeded.

"I dreamed another dream, sir; that Thornfield Hall was a dreary ruin, the retreat of bats and owls. I thought that of all the stately front nothing remained but a shell-like wall, very high, and very fragile-looking. I wandered, on a moonlight night, through the grass-grown inclosure within: here I stumbled over a marble hearth, and there over a fallen fragment of cornice. Wrapped up in a shawl, I still carried the unknown little child; I might not lay it down anywhere, however tired were my arms, however much its weight impeded my progress, I must retain it. I heard the gallop of a horse at a distance on the road: I was sure it was you; and you were departing for many years, and for a distant country. I climbed the thin wall with frantic, perilous haste, eager to catch one glimpse of you from the top: the stones rolled from under my feet, the ivy branches I grasped gave way, the child clung round my neck in

terror, and almost strangled me: at last I gained the summit. I saw you like a speck on a white track, lessening every moment. The blast grew so strong I could not stand. I sat down on the narrow ledge; I hushed the scared infant in my lap: you turned an angle of the road; I bent forward to take a last look; the wall crumbled; I was shaken; the child rolled from my knee, I lost my balance, fell, and woke."

"Now, Jane, that is all."

"All the preface, sir; the tale is yet to come. On waking, a gleam dazzled my eyes: I thought — oh, it is daylight! But I was mistaken: it was only candle-light. Sophie, I supposed, had come in. There was a light on the dressing-table, and the door of the closet, where, before going to bed, I had hung my wedding-dress and veil, stood open: I heard a rustling there. I asked, 'Sophie, what are you doing?' No one answered; but a form emerged from the closet: it took the light, held it aloft, and surveyed the garments pendent from the portmanteau. 'Sophie! Sophie!' I cried again: and still it was silent. I had risen up in bed, I bent forward: first surprise, then bewilderment, came over me; and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Mr. Rochester, this was not Sophie, it was not Leah, it was not Mrs. Fairfax: it was not — no, I was sure of it, and am still — it was not even that strange woman, Grace Poole."

"It must have been one of them," interrupted my master.

"No, sir, I solemnly assure you to the contrary. The shape standing before me had never crossed my eyes within the precincts of Thornfield Hall before; the height, the contour were new to me."

"Describe it, Jane."

"It seemed, sir, a woman, tall and large, with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on: it was white and straight; but whether gown, sheet, or shroud, I cannot tell."

"Did you see her face?"

"Not at first. But presently she took my veil from its place; she held it up, gazed at it long, and she threw it over her own head, and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of the visage and features quite distinctly in the dark oblong glass."

"And how were they?"

"Fearful and ghastly to me — oh, sir, I never saw a face

like it! It was a discolored face — it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes, and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments."

"Ghosts are usually pale, Jane."

"This, sir, was purple: the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed; the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes. Shall I tell you of what it reminded me?"

"You may."

"Of the foul German specter — the Vampyre."

"Ah? What did it do?"

"Sir, it removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and flinging both on the floor, trampled on them."

"Afterward?"

"It drew aside the window-curtain and looked out: perhaps it saw dawn approaching, for, taking the candle, it retreated to the door. Just at my bedside the figure stopped; the fiery eye glared upon me; she thrust up her candle close to my face, and extinguished it under my eyes. I was aware her lurid visage flamed over mine, and I lost consciousness; for the second time in my life — only the second time — I became insensible from terror."

"Who was with you when you revived?"

"No one, sir, but the broad day. I rose, bathed my head and face in water, drank a long draught; felt that, though enfeebled, I was not ill, and determined that to none but you would I impart this vision. Now, sir, tell me who and what that woman was?"

"The creature of an over-stimulated brain; that is certain. I must be careful of you, my treasure: nerves like yours were not made for rough handling."

"Sir, depend on it, my nerves were not in fault; the thing was real: the transaction actually took place."

"And your previous dreams: were they real too? Is Thornfield all a ruin? Am I severed from you by insuperable obstacles? Am I leaving you without a tear — without a kiss — without a word."

"Not yet."

"Am I about to do it? Why, the day is already commenced which is to bind us indissolubly; and when we are once united, there shall be no recurrence of these mental terrors: I guarantee that."

"Mental terrors, sir! I wish I could believe them to be only such: I wish it more now than ever; since even you cannot explain to me the mystery of that awful visitant."

"And since I cannot do it, Jane, it must have been unreal."

"But, sir, when I said so to myself on rising this morning, and when I looked round the room to gather courage and comfort from the cheerful aspect of each familiar object in full daylight, there — on the carpet — I saw what gave the distinct lie to my hypothesis — the veil, torn from top to bottom in two halves!"

I felt Mr. Rochester start and shudder; he hastily flung his arms round me.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that if anything malignant did come near you last night, it was only the veil that was harmed. Oh, to think what might have happened!"

He drew his breath short, and strained me so close to him, I could scarcely pant. After some minutes' silence, he continued, cheerily, "Now, Janet, I'll explain to you all about it. It was half dream, half reality: a woman did, I doubt not, enter your room: and that woman was — must have been — Grace Poole. You call her a strange being yourself: from all you know, you have reason so to call her — what did she do to me? what to Mason? In a state between sleeping and waking you noticed her entrance and her actions; but feverish, almost delirious as you were, you ascribed to her a goblin appearance different from her own: the long, disheveled hair, the swelled, black face, the exaggerated stature, were figments of imagination; results of nightmare: the spiteful tearing of the veil was real: and it is like her. I see you would ask why I keep such a woman in my house: when we have been married a year and a day, I will tell you; but not now. Are you satisfied, Jane? Do you accept my solution of the mystery?"

I reflected, and in truth it appeared to me the only possible one: satisfied I was not, but to please him I endeavored to appear so — relieved, I certainly did feel; so I answered him with a contented smile. And now, as it was long past one, I prepared to leave him.

"Does not Sophie sleep with Adèle in the nursery?" he asked, as I lit my candle.

"Yes, sir."

"And there is room enough in Adèle's little bed for you.

You must share it with her to-night, Jane: it is no wonder that the incident you have related should make you nervous, and I would rather you did not sleep alone: promise me to go to the nursery."

"I shall be very glad to do so, sir."

"And fasten the door securely on the inside. Wake Sophie when you go upstairs, under pretense of requesting her to rouse you in good time to-morrow; for you must be dressed and have finished breakfast before eight. And now, no more somber thoughts: chase dull care away, Janet. Don't you hear to what soft whispers the wind has fallen? and there is no more beating of rain against the window-panes: look here" (he lifted up the curtain) — "it is a lovely night!"

It was. Half heaven was pure and stainless: the clouds now trooping before the wind, which had shifted to the west were filing off eastward in long, silvered columns. The moon shone peacefully.

"Well," said Mr. Rochester, gazing inquiringly into my eyes, "how is my Janet now?"

"The night is serene, sir; and so am I."

"And you will not dream of separation and sorrow to-night; but of happy love and blissful union."

This prediction was but half fulfilled: I did not indeed dream of sorrow, but as little did I dream of joy; for I never slept at all. With little Adèle in my arms, I watched the slumber of childhood — so tranquil, so passionless, so innocent — and waited for the coming day: all my life was awake and astir in my frame: and as soon as the sun rose I rose too. I remember Adèle clung to me as I left her: I remember I kissed her as I loosened her little hands from my neck; and I cried over her with strange emotion, and quitted her because I feared my sobs would break her still sound repose. She seemed the emblem of my past life; and he I was now to array myself to meet, the dread, but adored, type of my unknown future day.

Rochester's Serenade.

(From "Jane Eyre.")

The truest love that ever heart
  Felt at its kindled core
Did through each vein, in quickened start,
  The tide of being pour.

Her coming was my hope each day,
  Her parting was my pain;
The chance that did her steps delay
  Was ice in every vein.

I dreamed it would be nameless bliss,
  As I loved, loved to be;
And to this object did I press
  As blind as eagerly.

But wide as pathless was the space
  That lay, our lives between,
And dangerous as the foamy race
  Of ocean-surges green.

And haunted as a robber-path
  Through wilderness or wood;
For Might and Right, and Woe and Wrath,
  Between our spirits stood.

I dangers dared; I hind'rance scorned;
  I omens did defy:
Whatever menaced, harassed, warned,
  I passed impetuous by. . . .

I care not in this moment sweet,
  Though all I have rushed o'er
Should come on pinion, strong and fleet,
  Proclaiming vengeance sore:

Though haughty Hate should strike me down,
  Right, bar approach to me,
And grinding Might, with furious frown,
  Swear endless enmity.

My love has placed her little hand
  With noble faith in mine,
And vowed that wedlock's sacred band
  Our nature shall entwine.

My love has sworn, with sealing kiss,
  With me to live — to die;
I have at last my nameless bliss:
  As I love — loved am I!

EMILY BRONTÉ.

Emily Brontë ("Ellis Bell"), an English novelist, sister of Charlotte, born in Thornton, 1818; died in Haworth, Dec. 19, 1848. Her novel, "Wuthering Heights" (1847), shows a powerful and fantastic imagination.

The End of Heathcliff.

(From "Wuthering Heights.")

For some days after that evening Mr. Heathcliff shunned meeting us at meals; yet he would not consent formally to exclude Hareton and Cathy. He had an aversion to yielding so completely to his feelings, choosing rather to absent himself; and eating once in twenty-four hours seemed sufficient sustenance for him.

One night, after the family were in bed, I heard him go down-stairs and out at the front door: I did not hear him reenter, and in the morning I found he was still away. We were in April then, the weather was sweet and warm, the grass as green as showers and sun could make it, and the two dwarf apple-trees near the southern wall in full bloom.

After breakfast, Catherine insisted on my bringing a chair and sitting with my work under the fir-trees at the end of the house; and she beguiled Hareton, who had recovered from his accident, to dig and arrange her little garden, which was shifted to that corner by the influence of Joseph's complaints.

I was comfortably reveling in the spring fragrance around, and the beautiful soft blue overhead, when my young lady, who had run down near the gate to procure some primrose roots for a border, returned only half laden, and informed us that Mr. Heathcliff was coming in.

"And he spoke to me," she added with a perplexed look.

"What did he say?" asked Hareton.

"He told me to begone as fast as I could," she answered. "But he looked so different from his usual look that I stopped a moment to stare at him."

"How?" he inquired.

"Why, almost bright and cheerful — no, almost nothing — *very much* excited, and wild, and glad!" she replied.

"Night-walking amuses him, then," I remarked, affecting a careless manner; in reality as surprised as she was, and anxious to ascertain the truth of her statement — for to see the master looking glad would not be an every-day spectacle: I framed an excuse to go in.

Heathcliff stood at the open door — he was pale, and he trembled; yet certainly he had a strange joyful glitter in his eyes, that altered the aspect of his whole face.

"Will you have some breakfast?" I said. "You must be hungry, rambling about all night!"

I wanted to discover where he had been; but I did not like to ask directly.

"No, I'm not hungry," he answered, averting his head, and speaking rather contemptuously, as if he guessed I was trying to divine the occasion of his good humor.

I felt perplexed — I didn't know whether it were not a proper opportunity to offer a bit of admonition.

"I don't think it right to wander out of doors," I observed, "instead of being in bed: it is not wise, at any rate, this moist season. I dare say you'll catch a bad cold, or a fever — you have something the matter with you now!"

"Nothing but what I can bear," he replied, "and with the greatest pleasure, provided you'll leave me alone — get in, and don't annoy me."

I obeyed; and in passing, I saw he breathed as fast as a cat.

"Yes!" I reflected to myself, "we shall have a fit of illness. I cannot conceive what he has been doing!"

That noon he sat down to dinner with us, and received a heaped-up plate from my hands, as if he intended to make amends for previous fasting.

"I've neither cold nor fever, Nelly," he remarked, in allusion to my morning speech. "And I'm ready to do justice to the food you give me."

He took his knife and fork, and was going to commence eating, when the inclination appeared to become suddenly extinct. He laid them on the table, looked eagerly toward the window, then rose and went out. We saw him walking to and fro in the garden, while we concluded our meal; and Earnshaw said he'd go and ask why he would not dine; he thought we had grieved him some way.

"Well, is he coming?" cried Catherine, when he returned.

"Nay," he answered; "but he's not angry: he seemed rare and pleased indeed; only I made him impatient by speaking to him twice: and then he bid me be off to you; he wondered how I could want the company of anybody else."

I set his plate to keep warm on the fender; and after an hour or two he reëntered, when the room was clear, in no degree calmer: the same unnatural — it was unnatural! — appearance of joy under his black brows; the same bloodless hue; and his teeth visible now and then in a kind of smile; his frame shivering, not as one shivers with chill or weakness, but as a tight-stretched cord vibrates — a strong thrilling, rather than trembling.

"I will ask what is the matter," I thought, "or who should?" And I exclaimed, "Have you heard any good news, Mr. Heathcliff? You look uncommonly animated."

"Where should good news come from to me?" he said. "I'm animated with hunger; and seemingly I must not eat."

"Your dinner is here," I returned: "why won't you get it?"

"I don't want it now," he muttered hastily. "I'll wait till supper. And, Nelly, once for all, let me beg you to warn Hareton and the other away from me. I wish to be troubled by nobody — I wish to have this place to myself."

"Is there some new reason for this banishment?" I inquired. "Tell me why you are so queer, Mr. Heathcliff. Where were you last night? I'm not putting the question through idle curiosity, but — "

"You are putting the question through very idle curiosity," he interrupted, with a laugh. "Yet I'll answer it. Last night I was on the threshold of hell. To-day I am within sight of my heaven — I have my eyes on it — hardly three feet to sever me. And now you'd better go. You'll neither see nor hear anything to frighten you if you refrain from prying"

Having swept the hearth and wiped the table, I departed more perplexed than ever. He did not quit the house again that afternoon, and no one intruded on his solitude till at eight o'clock I deemed it proper, though unsummoned, to carry a candle and his supper to him.

He was leaning against the ledge of an open lattice, but not looking out; his face was turned to the interior gloom. The fire had smoldered to ashes; the room was filled with the damp, mild air of the cloudy evening; and so still, that not only the

murmur of the beck down Gimmerton, was distinguishable, but its ripples, and its gurgling over the pebbles, or through the large stones which it could not cover.

I uttered an ejaculation of discontent at seeing the dismal grate, and commenced shutting the casements, one after another till I came to his.

"Must I close this?" I asked, in order to rouse him, for he would not stir.

The light flashed on his features as I spoke. O Mr. Lockwood, I cannot express what a terrible start I got by the momentary view! Those deep black eyes! That smile and ghastly paleness! It appeared to me not Mr. Heathcliff, but a goblin; and in my terror I let the candle bend toward the wall, and it left me in darkness.

"Yes, close it," he replied in his familiar voice. "There, that is pure awkwardness! Why did you hold the candle horizontally? Be quick, and bring another."

I hurried out in a foolish state of dread, and said to Joseph, "The master wishes you to take him a light and rekindle the fire." For I dare not go in myself again just then.

Joseph rattled some fire into the shovel and went; but he brought it back immediately, with the supper tray in his other hand, explaining that Mr. Heathcliff was going to bed, and he wanted nothing to eat till morning.

We heard him mount the stairs directly. He did not proceed to his ordinary chamber, but turned into that with the paneled bed; its window, as I mentioned before, is wide enough for anybody to get through, and it struck me that he plotted another midnight excursion, which he had rather we had no suspicion of.

"Is he a ghoul, or a vampire?" I mused. I had read of such hideous incarnate demons. And then I set myself to reflect how I had tended him in infancy, and watched him grow to youth, and followed him almost through his whole course, and what nonsense it was to yield to that sense of horror.

"But where did he come from, the little dark thing, harbored by a good man to his bane?" muttered Superstition, as I dozed into unconsciousness. And I began, half dreaming, to weary myself with imagining some fit parentage for him: and repeating my waking meditations I tracked his existence over again, with grim variations; at last picturing his death and funeral; of which all I can remember is being exceedingly

vexed at having the task of dictating an inscription for his monument, and consulting the sexton about it; and as he had no surname, and we could not tell his age, we were obliged to content ourselves with the single word "Heathcliff." That came true — we were. If you enter the kirkyard, you'll read on his headstone only that, and the date of his death. Dawn restored me to common-sense. I rose, and went into the garden, as soon as I could see, to ascertain if there were any foot-marks under his window. There were none.

"He has staid at home," I thought, "and he'll be all right to-day!"

I prepared breakfast for the household, as was my usual custom, but told Hareton and Catherine to get theirs ere the master came down, for he lay late. They preferred taking it out of doors, under the trees, and I set a little table to accommodate them.

On my reëntrance I found Mr. Heathcliff below. He and Joseph were conversing about some farming business; he gave clear, minute directions concerning the matter discussed, but he spoke rapidly, and turned his head continually aside, and had the same excited expression, even more exaggerated.

When Joseph quitted the room, he took his seat in the place he generally chose, and I put a basin of coffee before him. He drew it nearer, and then rested his arms on the table, and looked at the opposite wall, as I supposed surveying one particular portion, up and down, with glittering, restless eyes, and with such eager interest that he stopped breathing during half a minute together.

"Come now," I exclaimed, pushing some bread against his hand, "eat and drink that while it is hot. It has been waiting near an hour."

He didn't notice me, and yet he smiled. I'd rather have seen him gnash his teeth than smile so.

"Mr. Heathcliff! master!" I cried. "Don't, for God's sake, stare as if you saw an unearthly vision."

"Don't, for God's sake, shout so loud," he replied. "Turn round and tell me, are we by ourselves?"

"Of course," was my answer, "of course we are!"

Still I involuntarily obeyed him, as if I were not quite sure. With a sweep of his hand he cleared a vacant space in front among the breakfast things, and leaned forward to gaze more at his ease.

Now I perceived he was not looking at the wall; for when I regarded him alone, it seemed exactly that he gazed at something within two yards' distance. And, whatever it was, it communicated apparently both pleasure and pain in exquisite extremes; at least the anguished yet raptured expression of his countenance suggested that idea.

The fancied object was not fixed either; his eyes pursued it with unwearied vigilance, and even in speaking to me, were never weaned away.

I vainly reminded him of his protracted abstinence from food. If he stirred to touch anything in compliance with my entreaties — if he stretched his hand out to get a piece of bread — his fingers clinched before they reached it, and remained on the table, forgetful of their aim.

I sat, a model of patience, trying to attract his absorbed attention from its engrossing speculation till he grew irritable and got up, asking why I would not allow him to have his own time in taking his meals? and saying that on the next occasion I needn't wait — I might set the things down and go. Having uttered these words, he left the house, slowly sauntered down the garden path, and disappeared through the gate.

The hours crept anxiously by: another evening came. I did not retire to rest till late, and when I did I could not sleep. He returned after midnight, and instead of going to bed, shut himself into the room beneath. I listened and tossed about, and finally dressed and descended. It was too irksome to lie up there, harassing my brain with a hundred idle misgivings.

I distinguished Mr. Heathcliff's step, restlessly measuring the floor; and he frequently broke the silence by a deep inspiration, resembling a groan. He muttered detached words also; the only one I could catch was the name of Catherine, coupled with some wild term of endearment or suffering, and spoken as one would speak to a person present — low and earnest, and wrung from the depth of his soul.

I had not courage to walk straight into the apartment; but I desired to divert him from his reverie, and therefore fell foul of the kitchen fire; stirred it and began to scrape the cinders. It drew him forth sooner than I expected. He opened the door immediately, and said: —

"Nelly, come here — is it morning? Come in with your light."

"It is striking four," I answered; "you want a candle to take upstairs — you might have lighted one at this fire."

"No, I don't wish to go upstairs," he said. "Come in, and kindle *me* a fire, and do anything there is to do about the room."

"I must blow the coals red first, before I can carry any," I replied, getting a chair and the bellows.

He roamed to and fro, meantime, in a state approaching distraction, his heavy sighs succeeding each other so thick as to leave no space for common breathing between.

"When day breaks, I'll send for Green," he said; "I wish to make some legal inquiries of him, while I can bestow a thought on those matters, and while I can act calmly. I have not written my will yet, and how to leave my property I cannot determine! I wish I could annihilate it from the face of the earth."

"I would not talk so, Mr. Heathcliff," I interposed. "Let your will be a while — you'll be spared to repent of your many injustices yet! I never expected that your nerves would be disordered — they are, at present, marvelously so, however; and almost entirely through your own fault. The way you've passed these last three days might knock up a Titan. Do take some food and some repose. You need only look at yourself in a glass to see how you require both. Your cheeks are hollow and your eyes bloodshot, like a person starving with hunger and going blind with loss of sleep."

"It is not my fault that I cannot eat or rest," he replied. "I assure you it is through no settled designs. I'll do both as soon as I possibly can. But you might as well bid a man struggling in the water rest within arm's-length of the shore! I must reach it first, and then I'll rest. Well, never mind Mr. Green; as to repenting of my injustices, I've done no injustice, and I repent of nothing. I'm too happy, and yet I'm not happy enough. My soul's bliss kills my body, but does not satisfy itself."

"Happy, master?" I cried. "Strange happiness! If you would hear me without being angry, I might offer some advice that would make you happier."

"What is that?" he asked. "Give it."

"You are aware, Mr. Heathcliff," I said, "that from the time you were thirteen years old you have lived a selfish, unchristian life: and probably hardly had a Bible in your hands during all that period. You must have forgotten the contents of the book, and you may not have space to search it now. Could it be hurtful to send for some one — some minister of any denomination,

it does not matter which — to explain it, and show you how very far you have erred from its precepts, and how unfit you will be for its heaven, unless a change takes place before you die?"

"I'm rather obliged than angry, Nelly," he said, "for you remind me of the manner that I desire to be buried in. It is to be carried to the churchyard in the evening. You and Hareton may, if you please, accompany me — and mind, particularly, to notice that the sexton obeys my directions concerning the two coffins! No minister need come; nor need anything be said over me. I tell you, I have nearly attained *my* heaven; and that of others is altogether unvalued and uncoveted by me!"

"And supposing you persevered in your obstinate fast, and died by that means, and they refused to bury you in the precincts of the kirk?" I said, shocked at his godless indifference. "How would you like it?"

"They won't do that," he replied; "if they did, you must have me removed secretly; and if you neglect it, you shall prove practically that the dead are not annihilated!"

As soon as he heard the other members of the family stirring, he retired to his den, and I breathed freer. But in the afternoon, while Joseph and Hareton were at their work, he came into the kitchen again, and with a wild look bid me come and sit in the house — he wanted somebody with him.

I declined, telling him plainly that his strange talk and manner frightened me, and I had neither the nerve nor the will to be his companion alone.

"I believe you think me a fiend!" he said, with his dismal laugh; "something too horrible to live under a decent roof!"

Then turning to Catherine, who was there, and who drew behind me at his approach, he added, half sneeringly: —

"Will *you* come, chuck? I'll not hurt you. No! to you I've made myself worse than the devil. Well, there is *one* who won't shrink from my company! By God! she's relentless. Oh, damn it! It's unutterably too much for flesh and blood to bear, even mine."

He solicited the society of no one more. At dusk he went into his chamber. Through the whole night, and far into the morning, we heard him groaning and murmuring to himself. Hareton was anxious to enter, but I bid him fetch Mr. Kenneth, and he should go in and see him.

When he came, and I requested admittance and tried to open the door, I found it locked; and Heathcliff bid us be damned.

He was better, and would be left alone; so the doctor went away.

The following evening was very wet; indeed, it poured down till day-dawn; and as I took my morning walk round the house, I observed the master's window swinging open, and the rain driving straight in.

"He cannot be in bed," I thought: "those showers would drench him through! He must be either up or out. But I'll make no more ado; I'll go boldly, and look!"

Having succeeded in obtaining entrance with another key, I ran to unclose the panels, for the chamber was vacant — quickly pushing them aside, I peeped in. Mr. Heathcliff was there — laid on his back. His eyes met mine, so keen and fierce that I started; and then he seemed to smile.

I could not think him dead — but his face and throat were washed with rain; the bed-clothes dripped, and he was perfectly still. The lattice, flapping to and fro, had grazed one hand that rested on the sill — no blood trickled from the broken skin, and when I put my fingers to it I could doubt no more — he was dead and stark!

I hasped the window; I combed his long, black hair from his forehead; I tried to close his eyes — to extinguish, if possible, that frightful, lifelike exultation, before anyone else beheld it. They would not shut — they seemed to sneer at my attempts, and his parted lips and sharp white teeth sneered too! Taken with another fit of cowardice, I cried out for Joseph. Joseph shuffled up and made a noise, but resolutely refused to meddle with him.

"Th' divil's harried off his soul," he cried, "and he muh hev his carcass intuh t' bargain, for ow't aw care! Ech! what a wicked un he looks, grinning at death!" and the old sinner grinned in mockery.

I thought he intended to cut a caper round the bed; but suddenly composing himself, he fell on his knees and raised his hands, and returned thanks that the lawful master and the ancient stock were restored to their rights.

I felt stunned by the awful event; and my memory unavoidably recurred to former times with a sort of oppressive sadness. But poor Hareton, the most wronged, was the only one that really suffered much. He sat by the corpse all night, weeping in bitter earnest. He pressed its hand, and kissed the sarcastic, savage face that every one else shrank from contem-

plating; and bemoaned him with that strong grief which springs naturally from a generous heart, though it be tough as tempered steel.

Kenneth was perplexed to pronounce of what disorder the master died. I concealed the fact of his having swallowed nothing for four days, fearing it might lead to trouble; and then, I am persuaded, he did not abstain on purpose: it was the consequence of his strange illness, not the cause.

We buried him, to the scandal of the whole neighborhood, as he had wished. Earnshaw and I, the sexton, and six men to carry the coffin, comprehended the whole attendance.

The six men departed when they had let it down into the grave; we stayed to see it covered. Hareton, with a streaming face, dug green sods and laid them over the brown mold himself. At present it is as smooth and verdant as its companion mounds — and I hope its tenant sleeps as soundly. But the country folks, if you asked them, would swear on their Bibles that he *walks*. There are those who speak to having met him near the church, and on the moor, and even within this house. Idle tales, you'll say, and so say I. Yet that old man by the kitchen fire affirms he has seen "two on 'em" looking out of his chamber window on every rainy night since his death — and an odd thing happened to me about a month ago.

I was going to the grange one evening — a dark evening threatening thunder — and, just at the turn of the Heights, I encountered a little boy with a sheep and two lambs before him. He was crying terribly, and I supposed the lambs were skittish and would not be guided.

"What is the matter, my little man?" I asked.

"They's Heathcliff and a woman yonder, under t' nab," he blubbered, "un' aw darnut pass 'em."

I saw nothing, but neither the sheep nor he would go on, so I bid him take the road lower down. He probably raised the phantoms from thinking, as he traversed the moors alone, on the nonsense he had heard his parents and companions repeat; yet still I don't like being out in the dark now, and I don't like being left by myself in this grim house. I cannot help it; I shall be glad when they leave it and shift to the Grange!

"They are going to the Grange, then?" I said.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dean, "as soon as they are married; and that will be on New Year's day."

"And who will live here then?"

"Why, Joseph will take care of the house, and perhaps a lad to keep him company. They will live in the kitchen, and the rest will be shut up."

"For the use of such ghosts as choose to inhabit it," I observed.

"No, Mr. Lockwood," said Nelly, shaking her head. "I believe the dead are at peace, but it is not right to speak of them with levity."

At that moment the garden gate swung to; the ramblers were returning.

"*They* are afraid of nothing," I grumbled, watching their approach through the window. "Together they would brave Satan and all his legions."

As they stepped upon the door-stones, and halted to take a last look at the moon, or more correctly at each other, by her light, I felt irresistibly impelled to escape them again; and pressing a remembrance into the hands of Mrs. Dean, and disregarding her expostulations at my rudeness, I vanished through the kitchen, as they opened the house-door; and so should have confirmed Joseph in his opinion of his fellow-servant's gay indiscretions, had he not fortunately recognized me for a respectable character by the sweet ring of a sovereign at his feet.

My walk home was lengthened by a diversion in the direction of the kirk. When beneath its walls, I perceived decay had made progress even in seven months — many a window showed black gaps deprived of glass; and slates jutted off, here and there, beyond the right line of the roof, to be gradually worked off in coming autumn storms.

I sought, and soon discovered, the three head-stones on the slope next the moor — the middle one, gray, and half buried in the heath — Edgar Linton's only harmonized by the turf and moss creeping up its foot — Heathcliff's still bare.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

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